

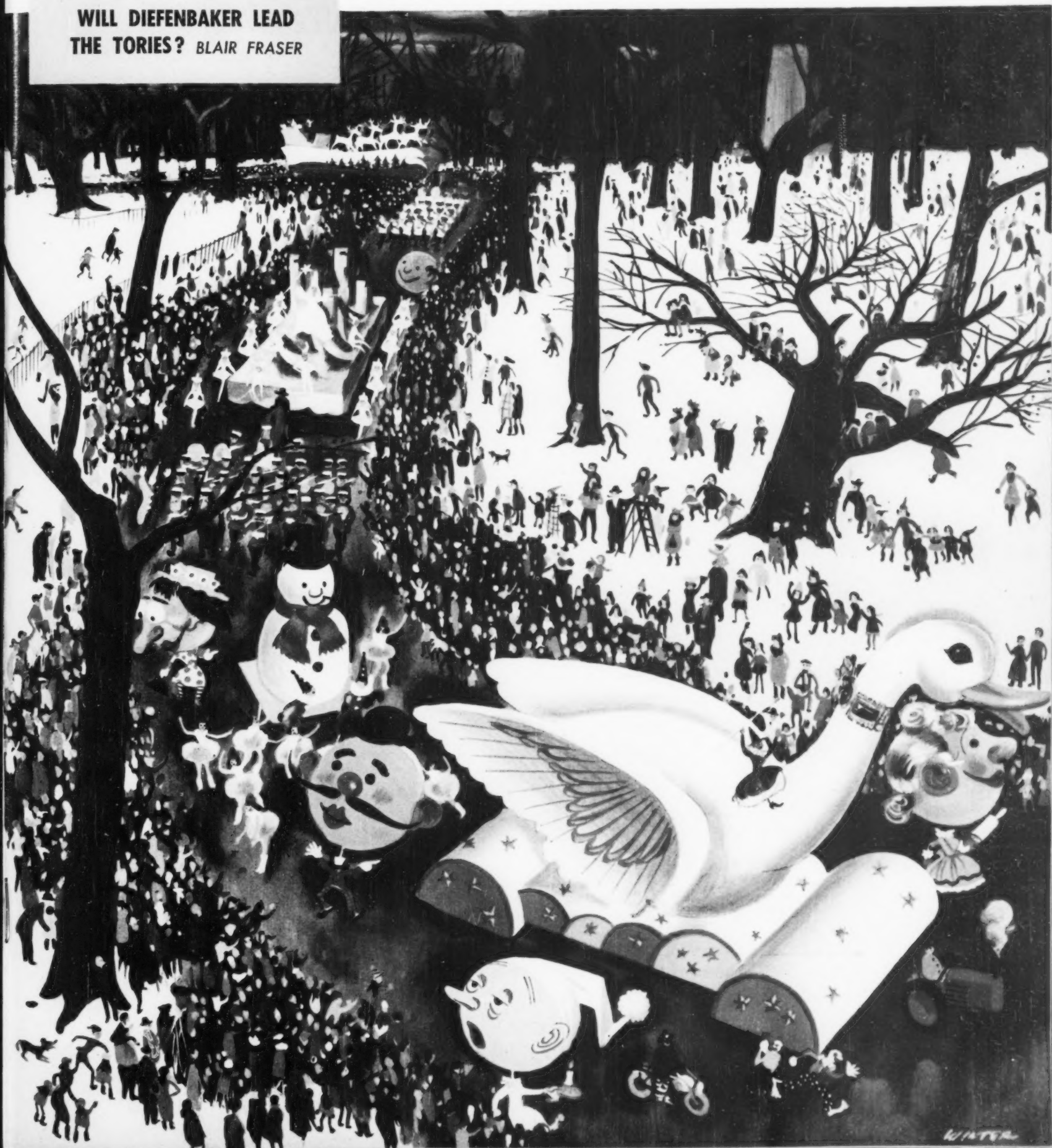
**Who Will Blow
THE GREY CUP
This Year?**

BY TRENT FRAYNE

**WILL DIEFENBAKER LEAD
THE TORIES? BLAIR FRASER**

MACLEAN'S

DECEMBER 1 1953 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





New Parker "51" . . . only pen with the Aero-metric Ink System. Set, Lustraloy caps \$22.50. With gold-filled caps \$27.50.

Always welcome—and the welcome lasts!

The welcome is immediate when first you see the graceful styling of the Parker "51".

The welcome is increased during the first few hours of smooth, instant-start writing you get from a single filling—thanks to Parker's famous Aero-metric Ink System.

The welcome lasts a lifetime as you discover the great

secret of the Parker "51"—the magic tip that adapts itself to their personal writing style; so much so that you can actually identify your own Parker "51" in the dark simply by writing a few words.

Why be content with ordinary gifts when a Parker "51" carries with it *all* those things looked for and remembered?

PARKER PEN CO. LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

new Parker "51"
PEN NAME FOR THE PERFECT GIFT

Other New Parker Pens for memorable gifts . . . from \$3.75

New Parker "51" Signet—\$30.00. Chased lines etched across gold-filled cap and barrel highlighted by signet area for owner's name. With matching pencil, \$45.00.

New Parker "51"—\$18.00. "51" features Super-smooth point, 7 colours. Gold-filled cap. With matching pencil, \$27.50.

New Parker "21"—\$5.75. Lustraloy caps. With matching pencil, \$10.00. New Custom "21" \$9.00—gold-filled caps. With matching pencil \$15.75.

New Parker desk sets with Magnetix sockets—\$11.00—\$225.00.

New Parker Duo-fold pen—\$3.75. With matching pencil—\$5.75.

PARKER PENS cost no more in Canada

⁶⁶Christmas
used to
drive me
crazy!⁹⁹

"Every year it was the same. Presents to buy and cash at low ebb. Running up bills... then I got smart. I started a special Christmas account* at the Royal Bank, adding something every pay day... and leaving it there. This year I'm ready for Christmas, with cash to pay for all the things that mean so much at this season of the year."

*You can have cash next Christmas, too.
Decide now to open a special Christmas account early in 1954. It pays to do your Christmas saving early.

**THE ROYAL BANK
OF CANADA**



EDITORIAL

A FEW WORDS
FROM A GLASS HOUSE

EARLY THIS fall an assistant professor of English at McGill wrote to the McGill Daily, the students' newspaper, to complain that the opening issue had been "a disgrace to the university."

He said, and gave examples to prove, that the Daily "abounds in errors for which students are failed in their freshman year." That particular issue, he went on, "contained such confused thought and expression, and so many outright errors in grammar, spelling and punctuation, that its publication on a university campus seemed presumptuous."

This reprimand inspired the student editors to devote a whole issue of the Daily to the question, "Are college students literate?" In several pages of articles by professors, interviews with schoolteachers and introspective essays by students, the Daily seems to conclude that the answer is "no."

We have no quarrel with this humility. College publications today have outgrown the callow pomposity that once was their greatest affliction, but they have acquired instead a sort of comic-book colloquialism, an arch and folksy flippancy that we find equally hard to bear. Their grammar and spelling have not improved.

However, what bothered us most in the McGill Daily's "literacy issue" was not the students' style, even in the horrible examples culled out by the accusing professor; it was the style of certain professors themselves, in their stately essays of reproof.

There were sentences many lines long, carefully constructed back to front. There were labored affirmations of the obvious which had to be read twice to be understood. There were pedantic examples of bad grammar which, in fact, remained just as bad prose when corrected.

H. M. Fowler addressed his masterly essay on the split infinitive to those who "betray by their practice that their aversion to the split infinitive springs not from instinctive good taste but from tame acceptance of the misinterpreted opinion of others." And he advises them, among other things, that "it is of no avail to fling oneself desperately out of temptation; one must so do it that no traces of the struggle remain." Traces of struggle remained in most of the learned professors' examples.

We realize, of course, that in getting into this debate at all we're asking for trouble and we'll deserve all the trouble we get. But before our voice is drowned out by the collapse of our own glass house, we venture a final observation.

Proper English can never, in itself, be a guarantee of good English. Legal documents and prepared speeches are almost always written in proper English, but in most cases any stevedore could talk *better* English and carry on a fist fight at the same time. Respect for our language is one thing; blind cowardice of it is another. The purists deserve to be heard and heeded, but it is possible to attach too much importance to the mere avoidance of mistakes.

Ralph Allen Editor
Pierre Berton Managing Editor
Leslie F. Hannon Associate Editor
Blair Fraser Ottawa Editor
Art Director: Gene Aliman. Assistant: Desmond English
Assistant Editors: Fred Bodsworth, N. O. Bonisteel,
Trent Frayne, Eric Hutton, Sidney Katz, Ian Sclanders,
Janice Tyrwhitt.

Regional Editors: David MacDonald, Maritimes;
McKenzie Porter, Quebec; Robert Collins, Western
Canada.

Editorial Assistants: Joan Daly, Lois Harrison, Mary
Reade, Joan Weatherseed.

Douglas M. Gowdy Business Manager
Hall Linton Advertising Manager
B. Wes Spicer Advertising Production Manager
George V. Laughton Circulation Director
R. Douglas Myles Circulation Manager
H. Napier Moore Editorial Director, Maclean-Hunter

CONTENTS

Cover: Painted by William Winter

Picture Essay

KARSH'S QUEBEC .. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21

Articles

WILL DIEFENBAKER LEAD THE TORIES?	11
Blair Fraser	
THE MOST HEARTBREAKING JOB IN CANADA.	12
June Callwood	
THE BATTLE OVER BLOOD. Fergus Cranin	22
MY NINE RUSSIANS. Lionel Shapira	23
WHO'LL BLOW THE GREY CUP THIS YEAR?	26
Trent Frayne	
"HE'S MY SON, JOE—I MIGHT KILL HIM"	30
Dr. Joseph B. Moody	
ARE YOU SURE THERE ARE NO GHOSTS?	34
R. S. Lambert	

Maclean's Award Novel

THE ALIEN. Chapter 6.	
SHE COULD HAVE BEEN MINE. W. O. Mitchell	24

Fiction

DEATH IN THE TOY PARADE. Vera Johnson	28
HARE. Ronald R. Smith	32

Departments

EDITORIAL	2
LONDON LETTER. Beverley Baxter	4
BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA. Blair Fraser	6
MACLEAN'S MOVIES.	
Conducted by Clyde Gilmour	36
CANADIANECNOTE: THE PARSON WHO CLIPPED	
EARS. M. and K. Wainwright	46
JASPER. Cartoon by Simpkins	56
MAILBAG	94
IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE	99
PARADE	100

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By—Illustrated (4), Star-Phoenix (11), Paul Rockett
(12, 13, 34), Karsh (14-21), Canadian Pacific
(23), Turofsky (26), The Telegram (27), Peter
Croydon (30), Dr. J. B. Moody (31).

BIRKS

The bracelet: 7,200.00

The cocktail ring: 2,400.00

The earrings: 1,000.00

The necklet: 12,000.00

The jewellery illustrated is one-of-a-kind. Settings are of platinum—designed and fashioned in our own Jewel Studios. Many other diamond-set pieces available at a wide range of prices—including a Christmas selection of diamond-set watches.

Hint gently this Christmas!
Whether his gift to you be
a ring, a bracelet, a necklet
or earrings... Birks Diamond
Creations bring a timeless touch
of magic to treasure always.



HALIFAX • SAINT JOHN • QUEBEC • MONTREAL • OTTAWA • SUDBURY • TORONTO • HAMILTON • LONDON
ST. CATHARINES • WINDSOR • WINNIPEG • REGINA • SASKATOON • EDMONTON • CALGARY • VANCOUVER • VICTORIA



Wet clothes... wet or cold feet... sudden changes of temperature, and drafts... all are contributing factors in catching cold. They often lower body resistance so that germs, called the "secondary invaders" can break through throat tissues and cause trouble.

TESTS SHOW

FEWER COLDS...FEWER SORE THROATS FOR LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC USERS!

Yes, research conducted over a 12-year period revealed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer and milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than non-users.

And personal experience impressively adds this:

Kills Germs on Throat Surfaces

Listerine Antiseptic, used at the first symptom of trouble, can often help head off a cold or sore throat due to a cold or lessen its severity.

That is because Listerine Antiseptic treats these infections as infec-

tions should be treated... with safe, germ-killing action.

Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill germs, including the "secondary invaders" that can contribute so much to the misery of colds.

So, no matter what else you do, guard against trouble with the daily Listerine routine, and, at the first sign of a sneeze or cough, increase the frequency of the gargle.

Lambert Pharmacal Company (Canada) Limited, Toronto, Ontario.



(Made in Canada)

LISTERINE

The most widely used antiseptic in the world

Every week on Radio:

"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET" See your paper for time and station

London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



The Offstage Tragedy of John Gielgud

FOR SEVERAL DAYS I have debated in my mind whether or not to write this London Letter. That it will give offense to some readers of Maclean's is certain. That it will shock and dismay many good friends of Britain and the British way of life is equally certain.

In the long trail of the years I have told the continuing story of the British Isles, nor have I dissembled my love and admiration for the people who dwell in this land of fog, romance and history. Some of my more ardent critics have attributed this to a cerebral enthusiasm for brushing shoulders with peers, press proprietors and potentates. May I assure them that London is a large and growing town and the centre is very crowded. It is difficult not to rub shoulders with nobles, confidence men, sad little ladies of joy, jockeys, judges, poets, poseurs and peddlers of dreams. Snobbery may exist in remote parts of the country but it died in London years ago. To paraphrase the words of Shakespeare: "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in us but in those who see in others the faults that are in themselves."

But in this London Letter I have to reveal something which has cast a dark and deepening shadow on the whole country. Unhappily the story must begin with Sir John Gielgud who was knighted at the time of the Coronation for his great services to the London theatre. Not only is he our finest actor, but he has never produced a play or acted in one that did not add importance or brilliance to the English stage.

Imagine then the dismay when we read in the newspapers that he had been arrested on the charge of being drunk and disorderly while importuning males for immoral purposes. He gave his correct name to the police but said that he was a self-employed clerk earning about a thousand pounds a year.

He came before the magistrate at Bow Street next morning and, of course, was recognized. The magistrate fined him ten pounds and told him to see a doctor at once. After which the magistrate declared that in the last twelve months he had dealt with six hundred cases of the same character.

Even those British newspapers which baiten on the sensational were aghast. They published the news without comment and without adding a single word to the short official account. It seemed as if the whole affair might recede into the autumn mists. But there was still the question of the Sunday papers.

One newspaper called me up and asked if, as a critic of the theatre, I would write a serious article on the relation of degeneracy to the stage, but I asked to be excused. The wound was so deep that none of us wanted to turn the knife.

It was Lord Beaverbrook's Sunday Express that broke the self-imposed silence of Fleet Street. The editor, John Gordon, writes a weekly comment on current affairs. Like a good Scot he is a man of character who has never indulged in pornography or ultra sensationalism to swell his newspaper's circulation. He has faults, but they do not lie in that direction.

Alone among the serious Sunday papers of that week he dealt with the Gielgud affair. It was concise and, because of its importance, I put his words before you:

"SIR JOHN GIELGUD should consider himself a lucky man to have met so gentle a magistrate. I am loth to make his punishment heavier by provoking wider discussion of his delinquency, but this moral rot implicit in the charge against him—'persistently importuning male persons'—menaces the nation much more than most people realize.

"Because the offense to which Gielgud pleaded guilty, with the excuse that he had been drinking, is repulsive to all normal people, a hush-hush tends to be built round it. Sensitive people shrink from discussing it. Newspapers are disinclined to swing on the searchlight of public exposure, regarding it as a peculiarly unsavory subject.

"What have been the consequences of that delicacy? The rot has flourished behind the protective veil until it is now a widespread disease. It has penetrated every phase of life. It infects politics, literature, the stage, the church, and the youth movements, as the criminal courts regularly reveal to us. In the exotic world of international politics it seems at times to be an occupational disease. A horrifying measure of its spread over Britain is the Gielgud case magistrate's revelation that about six

Continued on page 85

G-E First Again — General Electric Ultra-Vision acclaimed greatest advance in TV history



*When you see G-E Ultra-Vision
you'll discover TV's finest picture*

See this handsome G-E Ultra-Vision set operated side by side with any other set at your dealer's. Ordinary TV just can't match the almost unbelievable range of tones achieved with Ultra-Vision. INSIST on seeing G-E Ultra-Vision, no other set can give you its velvety blacks, positive greys, whiter whites. 21" Ultra-Vision cabinets are the work of craftsmen, finished in hand-rubbed Walnut, Mahogany or Light Oak. G-E Ultra-Vision—the ultimate in television—is at your dealer's now. See it today!

Every G-E Radio
*has the same superior engineering
that made Ultra-Vision possible*

G-E's new line of radios for 1954 will catch your eye the moment you step inside your G-E Dealer's store. Every set styled for modern living . . . engineered to give finer reception . . . built to give years of trouble-free entertainment. The same research that made G-E Ultra-Vision possible is constantly improving the quality of G-E Radios. Many of the new models incorporate G-E's new "Mechanized Chassis", dip-soldered in an exclusive new process which provides a uniform high quality of construction and greater improved performance. All G-E Radios have built-in Beam-A-Scope antennas, easy-to-read dials, extra-powerful Dynapower speakers. See these outstanding radios soon at your dealer's.

*Introduced in 1953 . . .
No picture like it in TV history*

Late January 1953 C.G.E. introduced Ultra-Vision with the extraordinary G-E Aluminized Tube to bring you the ultimate in Television! This Aluminized Tube achieves the widest range of tones in TV . . . increases picture brightness by 80% by means of a thin mirror-like inside-coating of aluminum that holds virtually all the light in your picture. Ultra-Vision's Stratopower dip-soldered chassis—another G-E first—is truly a power plant capable of operating Ultra-Vision to FULL efficiency. To complete your enjoyment of crystal-clear, life-like performance, G-E's exclusive Glarejector System and Filter Safety Glass eliminate every avoidable trace of reflections.



GENERAL ELECTRIC
Ultra-Vision

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

LEADER IN TV, RADIO AND ELECTRONICS

A HEINTZMAN BRINGS

TO THE HOME

MUSIC belongs to everyone—it is a priceless heritage for all. What finer way to preserve this heritage than a happy family gathering around the piano. And when you choose a Heintzman for your family piano, it will be a treasured possession for many years to come.

Every Heintzman console is a *grand piano in vertical form* and is built with the same precision and responsive touch as the Heintzman grand that has delighted concert artists the world over. The patented *Agraffe Bridge* is an exclusive feature found only in a Heintzman—it ensures lasting tone fidelity.

Before you choose your piano, be sure to see and hear the Heintzman . . . you'll be surprised how little extra it costs to own the best.



The new RICHMOND model

For further descriptive literature, write Dept. PO or consult the classified section of your telephone directory for your nearest Heintzman Dealer.

HEINTZMAN
Makers of fine pianos for over 100 years

195 YONGE STREET • TORONTO



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

at Ottawa

But Winnie Could Be Wrong

WHENEVER Washington and London have differed in recent years, Ottawa has happened to be on London's side. Some Canadians have come to take it for granted, in any such disagreement, that the British are right and the Americans wrong.

Canada's had no occasion for any formal official view on the latest Anglo-American argument, about Sir Winston Churchill's proposal that he and President Eisenhower meet Premier Malenkov. But many individuals in External Affairs, including L. B. Pearson, the minister, are inclined to think that in this case the British are wrong and the Americans right.

One bad effect of the argument has been to cloud the real point. Americans are not opposed to a meeting with the Soviet Union. They want one as soon as possible. They are anxious to sit down at a formal conference with a carefully prepared agenda, and discuss the real problems of world peace.

American diplomacy has pursued this objective with considerable skill. The Russians have been forced to choose between a peace conference which they don't want and a public admission that they don't want it.

But this is not the kind of conference Sir Winston has suggested. He proposes a personal chat among the three heads of government, a meeting "at the summit" such as he and Roosevelt used to have with Stalin. The three would have no agenda and next-to-no advisers. They would talk things over in a general way, perhaps over a good Russian dinner, and hope some hitherto unsuspected basis of co-operation might emerge.

Ottawa's first reaction was a feeling that "it can't do any harm and it might just possibly do some good." Some people still feel that way. Others, including Pearson, now lean to the American view that it couldn't possibly do any good and might do real harm.

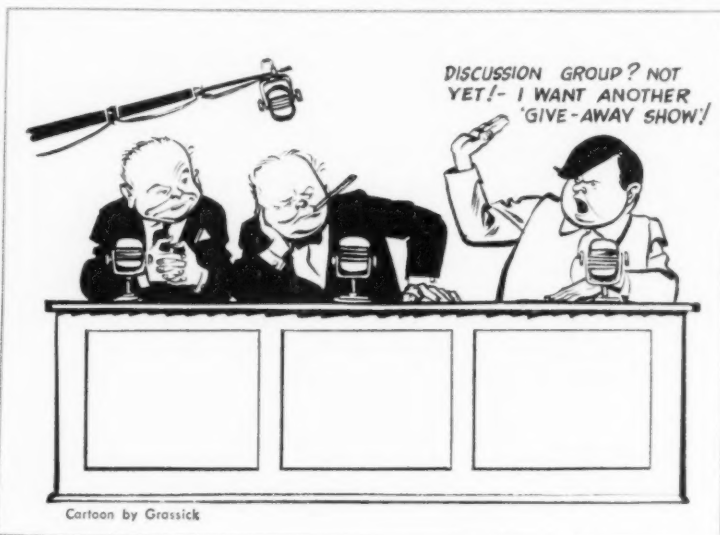
This doesn't necessarily mean the meeting won't be held. Now that it has been proposed, there is a grave political danger in refusing it: the Russians can and will argue that the Americans don't want peace. Since Americans are aware of this they may yet go along with Sir Winston's proposition. But they won't like it.

One of their arguments sounds like Prime Minister Mackenzie King's argument against the Imperial War Cabinet: No one man, detached from his colleagues and his parliament and his people, can make decisions or commitments binding a free nation.

It was different in wartime. Military decisions have to be secret anyway, and the military decisions of the Big Three were all fruitful. But when they ventured on political decisions at Yalta and Potsdam, the results were extremely unhappy.

Of course President Eisenhower would be fully aware of the gap between wartime and peacetime powers of a president of the United States, and he would not try to settle the fate of territories and continents over a dinner table. He would not, in fact, try to do anything tangible at all. But a Big Three meeting "at the summit" would arouse the interest, and inevitably the hopes, of the whole world—hopes that would be dashed by anything short of a quite impossible "agreement."

Moreover, *Continued on page 93*



Cartoon by Grassick

— He deserves the best
So — have him REACH for a Remington



No shaving instrument ever made can compare with the famous Remington 60 Deluxe! It's *Practical*, he'll enjoy using it every day. It's *Economical*, no blades, no soap to buy. It's *Safe*, no nicks or cuts. It's *Easy*, no mess, no bother; just plug in and shave anywhere. It's *Fast*, faster and smoother than any other electric shaver, yet shaves as close as a blade. And it's *Luxurious*, beautifully designed and packaged. You may give Remington with confidence, secure in the knowledge that it's fully guaranteed and more are sold throughout the world than any other make. At jewellery, department, drug and fine stores everywhere.

Remington
60 DeLuxe
ELECTRIC SHAVER

ELECTRIC SHAVER DIVISION, REMINGTON RAND LIMITED, TORONTO, ONTARIO

Here they are...

... IN ALL THEIR GLITTERING GLORY!

And what a striking picture they will make in your kitchen. Now, with copper and stainless steel once more in good supply, you can get a complete assortment of the world's finest cooking utensils to fill your every need.

Many times in the past you probably have tried to get some of these "Kitchen Jewels" and found they were not available.

Now you can get those pieces you have been wanting. With more material available all of the popular items formerly offered, and many



the world's finest!

new ones, are now on the counters of retail stores in the United States, and Canada. These beauties of stainless steel whisk clean in a jiffy . . . have copper clad bottoms that spread the heat quickly and evenly . . . do away with hot spots. Remember, Revere Ware uses less fuel, too. Foods taste better. Cooking actually becomes fun. Select the utensils you want from the Revere Ware Shopping List at the right. Then phone or see your dealer immediately. Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated, Rome Manufacturing Company Division, Rome, N. Y.

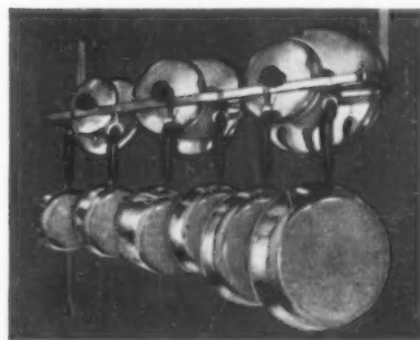


A SHOPPING LIST FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

- SAUCE PANS**—1-1½-2-3-4-5 quart
- DOUBLE BOILERS**—1½ pint-1½ and 2 quart
- SKILLETS**—6-8-10-12 inch
- BREAKFAST UNIT**—8 inch Skillet with 4 cup egg poacher (4 cup egg poacher also sold separately)
- SAUCE POTS**—4-6-8 quart
- BAIL HANDLE KETTLES**—4-6-8 quart
- DUTCH OVEN**—6 quart
- COFFEE MAKERS**—
6-8 cup Percolators, 8 cup Drip Coffee Maker
- STAINLESS STEEL MIXING BOWLS**—
1-2-4-6 quart, 4 piece set 1-2-4 quart Bowls with Rack
- STAINLESS STEEL HANDY PANS**—
1 pint, 1 and 2 quart
4 piece Set—1 and 2 quart, and 2 pans, 1 pint each
- TEA KETTLES**—2½ and 3 quart Whistlers, stainless steel with solid copper bottom,
5-6 quart Solid Copper Chrome Plated

Ask your dealer about these Special Sets that save you money. Packed in beautiful gift cartons.

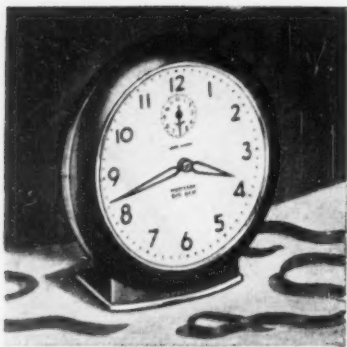
- 7 Piece Beginner's Set
- 11 Purpose Set
Revere Kitchen Jewel Chest



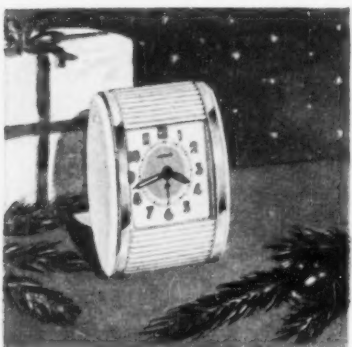
BEAUTIFY YOUR KITCHEN WITH REVERE UTENSIL RACKS

- No. 1720—4-Hanger Rack
- No. 1721—4-Hanger Rack
- No. 1722—DeLuxe Rack—10 Hangers
- No. 915—Mixing Bowl Rack

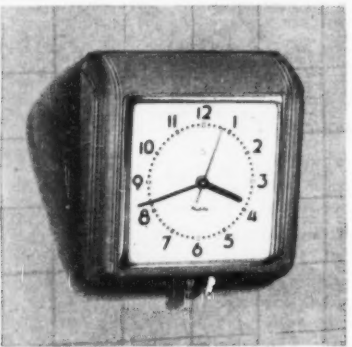




BIG BEN SPRING-DRIVEN ALARM. World-famous! A tick you can hear and a deep intermittent "fire-alarm" gong. \$7.50. With luminous dial, he's \$8.50.



TRAVELARM SPRING-DRIVEN. You can take it with you! Closes like a clam; tucks into corner of bag. Flip it open; it's on duty and on time. Luminous, \$8.95.

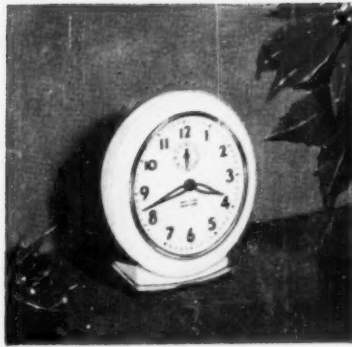


DUNBAR ELECTRIC WALL CLOCK. Attractive plastic case gracefully tilts forward for easier reading. Four colour choices—white, ivory, red, green. \$8.95.

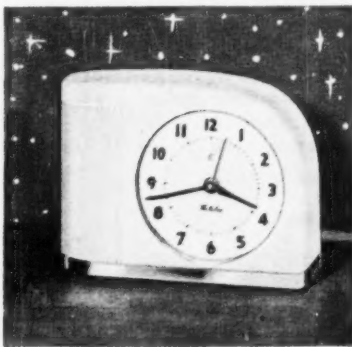


...and to all
a good time!

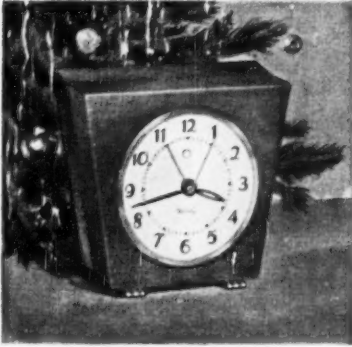
All kinds of time
—electric and spring-driven
clocks for every room
in the house.
Gifts that keep on saying
"Merry Christmas"!



BABY BEN SPRING-DRIVEN ALARM. "Little brother" of Big Ben. Has a quiet tick; a steady call, adjustable to loud or soft. \$7.50. With luminous dial, \$8.50.



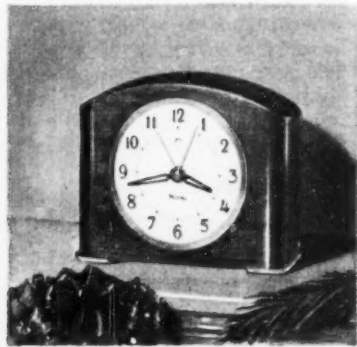
MOONBEAM ELECTRIC ALARM. Calls you silently. First call is flashing light; later joined by audible alarm. 60 cycle only. \$14.95. Luminous dial, \$15.95.



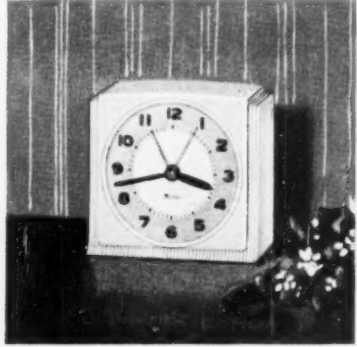
SPHINX ELECTRIC ALARM. Bold modern lines... stunning wood case in blond or rich mahogany finish. 4½ inches high. Clear bell alarm. \$10.95. Luminous, \$11.95.



SPUR SPRING-DRIVEN ALARM. Day-and-night reading feature at low price. Steady bell alarm. Base tilts clock at graceful, easy-reading angle. \$4.75.



GREENWICH ELECTRIC ALARM. Truly handsome. Rich, mahogany-finish wood case; pleasant-tone bell alarm. \$10.95. With luminous dial, one dollar more.

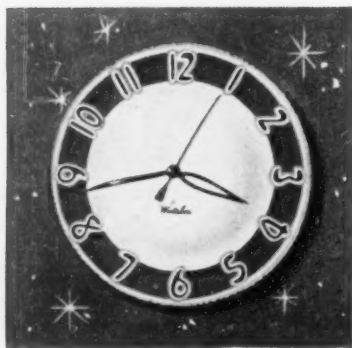


BANTAM ELECTRIC ALARM. This good-looking little chap is only 3½ inches high. Clear-toned bell alarm has cheerful call. \$4.95. Luminous dial, \$5.95.

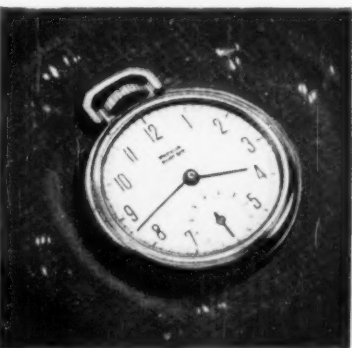
made by the makers of **BIG BEN**®

WESTCLOX

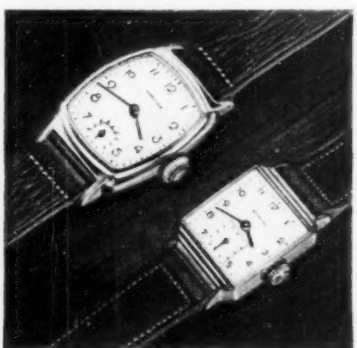
Western Clock Company Limited, Peterborough, Ontario. *Reg'd. Trade Marks.



MELODY ELECTRIC WALL CLOCK. Fits any room, any colour scheme. Mounts flush on wall; surplus cord concealed. Wide colour choice. \$9.95.



POCKET BEN. Thin, good-looking and reliable. Built for rugged service. A watch that "can take it". \$4.75. With luminous dial, he's a dollar more.



WRIST BEN. Thin, handsome, rugged. \$8.95. Luminous dial, a dollar more. **RAJAH.** Smart for dress, sturdy for work or play. Plain dial. \$11.95.

Will Diefenbaker Lead the Tories?

Mackenzie King called him "a natural Liberal."

Some men in his own party suspect that, too.

But if George Drew steps down, John George Diefenbaker is odds-on favorite to step up

By BLAIR FRASER

THE Progressive Conservative Party, still reeling from its defeat last August, hasn't yet made up its mind whether or not to replace George Drew as party leader. All it has decided is to postpone the decision: a Progressive Conservative Association meeting planned for October was called off. Drew—openly blamed by some Tories for the party's poor showing—will carry on until next year and perhaps longer, while the party ponders its future.

Several names are mentioned as possible successors. Donald Fleming, the Toronto MP who was a candidate in 1948; Davie Fulton, the bright young man who sits for Kamloops, B.C. George Hees, another Torontonian, was amazed to learn that someone was collecting money in September for a "George Hees leadership campaign." (Hees put a stop to it.)

But if Drew does retire in the near future (as his wife has wanted him to do for years) the odds are that the leadership will go to a more familiar figure than any of these. John George Diefenbaker, QC, Member of Parliament for Prince Albert and the only Saskatchewan Conservative to survive the last two elections, is the party's heir presumptive.

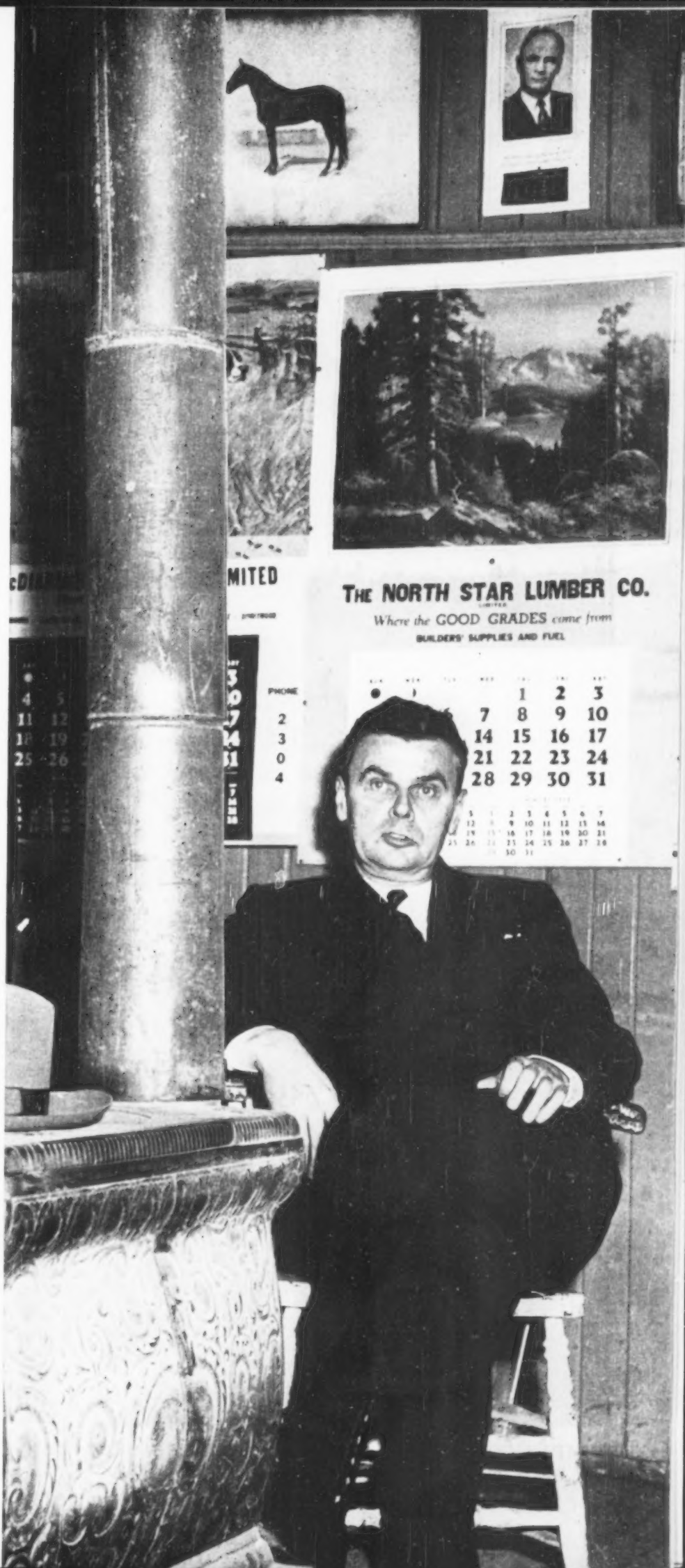
Already there have been attempts to put Drew out. Diefenbaker himself stopped one of them. When he was guest speaker at the British Columbia Progressive Conservative Association meeting in October, the executive told him they'd got resolutions from two local associations expressing non-confidence in the present leader and demanding a convention.

Diefenbaker advised them to tear up the resolutions and suppress the whole topic. Disloyalty of that kind, he said, would ruin any party—the thing to do was stand firmly united behind the chosen leader, whoever he might be, and build up the organization across the country. They took his advice.

That incident, soon noised abroad, has helped to smother piecemeal attacks on the leadership from provincial groups. It does not, of course, rule out the possibility that the national Conservative organization might call a

Continued on page 95

His strength in the grassroots, heir presumptive Diefenbaker sits prophetically under a John Bracken calendar in a livery stable.





DESPAIR: Detention cells are kept bare to prevent suicide attempts. This sixteen-year-old struck social worker on head with heavy pipe.

Sex delinquents in bobby socks, heavy drinkers in their teens, unloved castoffs from broken homes end up at the Training School at Galt, Ont. Seven in ten emerge as normal young women—thanks to Isabel Macneill, who has made a success of what most people would call

The Most Heartbreaking Job in Canada



SYMPATHY: Superintendent Macneill encourages a girl who feels others will ridicule her after her sentence in the cells.



AFFECTION: Asst.-Supt. Barrass mothers a child who, like the big majority detained at Galt, comes from an unhappy home.

FIVE and a half years ago, a crisp erect woman named Isabel J. Macneill found herself faced with what most people would consider the most heartbreaking job in Canada. With no previous training for the task she was placed in charge of Canada's largest school for juvenile girl delinquents, the Ontario Training School at Galt. Her job, which seemed almost impossible, was to return to normal society the byproducts of human cruelty and depravity—hundreds of teenage and under-teen-age girls who had been starved, beaten and raped, but seldom loved. Every year Miss Macneill receives about one hundred of these hard-eyed heartbroken children between the ages of nine and fifteen. It is her job to help them understand themselves and thus find their self-respect.

Miss Macneill was appointed precipitously when a Canadian writer, Gwenth Barrington, visited the school at its wartime location in Cobourg and reported that the children were flogged, locked in basement cupboards for such offenses as laughing or scraping their chairs, and were fed on bread and water for days at a time. The Ontario Department of Reform Institutions denied all the charges but there were some ugly stories the newspapers began to recall: a mass breakout had once been controlled only after a night supervisor had been slugged; a seventeen-year-old escapee had drunk iodine in a suicide attempt to avoid being returned. The superintendent resigned and the department selected Miss Macneill.

Her background included neither social work nor penology. During the war she had commanded all the Wren training in Canada at Galt, in the same buildings where the school now is (the school had been loaned to the navy). Sometimes she explains her appointment with a terse, "They hired me because I kept their buildings clean."

Among her qualifications were her intelligence, her administrative ability and her air of authority. She moves, with no waste of motion, like a woman accustomed to command.

"Don't turn your back on these girls," she was warned when she arrived to take over at Cobourg. "They're vicious!" She had expected to find eighteen-year-olds, and the tender ages of her charges shocked her. She had planned to give the job a year's trial; she knew, looking at the small bitter faces, that she would be there much longer.

For woven into the case histories of the children in the Galt school are tales of such horror and depravity that many Canadians will scarcely give them credence. Three out of every four girls are sex delinquents and dozens have been the victims of incest. One eleven-year-old child in Miss Macneill's care was earning forty to fifty dollars a day on Toronto's Jarvis Street as a prostitute. Another arrived boasting that she had relations with fourteen boys in one night.

Miss Macneill quickly recovered from her initial shock and began to attack her job with unflagging vigor and dispatch. She bought the latest books on experiments in the science of penology, and studied the theory of counseling a delinquent rather than merely containing her for the length of her sentence. Juvenile delinquents, she learned, never happen overnight. In every case she found a pattern of rebellious

behavior beginning with a seven or eight-year-old who lied, stole trifles and stayed away from school.

She found that the common denominator in all juvenile delinquency, without a single exception, was an unsatisfactory home—a home where there was divorce, separation, illegitimacy, prostitution, alcoholism, drug addiction, incest, unwanted children or, occasionally, overprotection so that the child never felt the consequence of her misdeeds. Delinquency, she discovered, is a word for the natural rebellion of a child against an unpleasant situation. Forcing table manners and good deportment on such children in an institution would only make them more efficient delinquents, better able to fool authorities; the child would have to recognize her problem and learn to live with it if she could ever expect to be a well-adjusted adult.

Under her command the school rapidly lost the heavy screens that had been placed over the windows. Corporal punishment was banished entirely—no one on the staff is permitted to touch a girl—and psychologists, case workers, a psychiatrist, sympathetic house supervisors and teachers were hired as the budget permitted. The cost of the rehabilitation program—four dollars and fifty cents a day per child—is the highest of any reform institution in Ontario, but Miss Macneill has made her school one of the world's most progressive penal institutions.

Her salvage record is impressive: almost seventy percent of her girls eventually rejoin the community as happy and well-adjusted women.

A delinquent girl may be committed to the school by the juvenile court any time before her sixteenth birthday. Though the school has had a child as young as eight, the majority of new girls are fifteen. A few girls are admitted each year at the request of some agency such as the Children's Aid Societies or the Big Sister Association. Girls are sent to the Training School only after every other treatment has failed: foster homes, beatings by their parents, warnings by schoolteachers, probations, terms in homes for pre-delinquent girls and counseling. They are committed to Galt not because they are a menace to the community as boy delinquents are but because they are a menace to themselves.

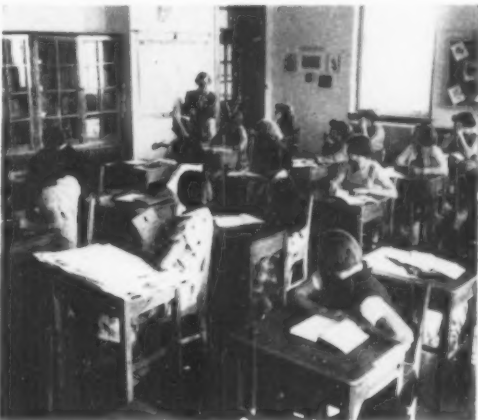
The girls are wards of the Department of Reform Institutions until they are eighteen. Most of them stay in the school eleven months, or until the staff feels the child is ready for a placement. Some go back to their homes with a new understanding; some hire out as domestics or student-helpers; some go into approved boarding homes and take jobs as factory workers, sales clerks, hairdressers or waitresses. Any violation until they are eighteen—such as a sex offense, drinking or failure to report a change of job—means that the girl is returned to the school.

The two-million-dollar Training School is housed in five neat red-brick buildings grouped with a tidy hand around a concrete square. The view is peacefully pastoral. Nowhere on the seventy-two acres of lawns and fields is there a fence or a wall. The only hint that these buildings are among the thirteen establishments under the control of the Department of Reform Institutions is the ornamental iron grilles, painted green, on the lower half of every upstairs.

Continued on page 90



INTERVIEW: Staff employs progressive techniques in ironing out behavior problems.



CLASSES: School is like school anywhere. Mrs. Helen Ingleby instructs Grades 7 and 8.



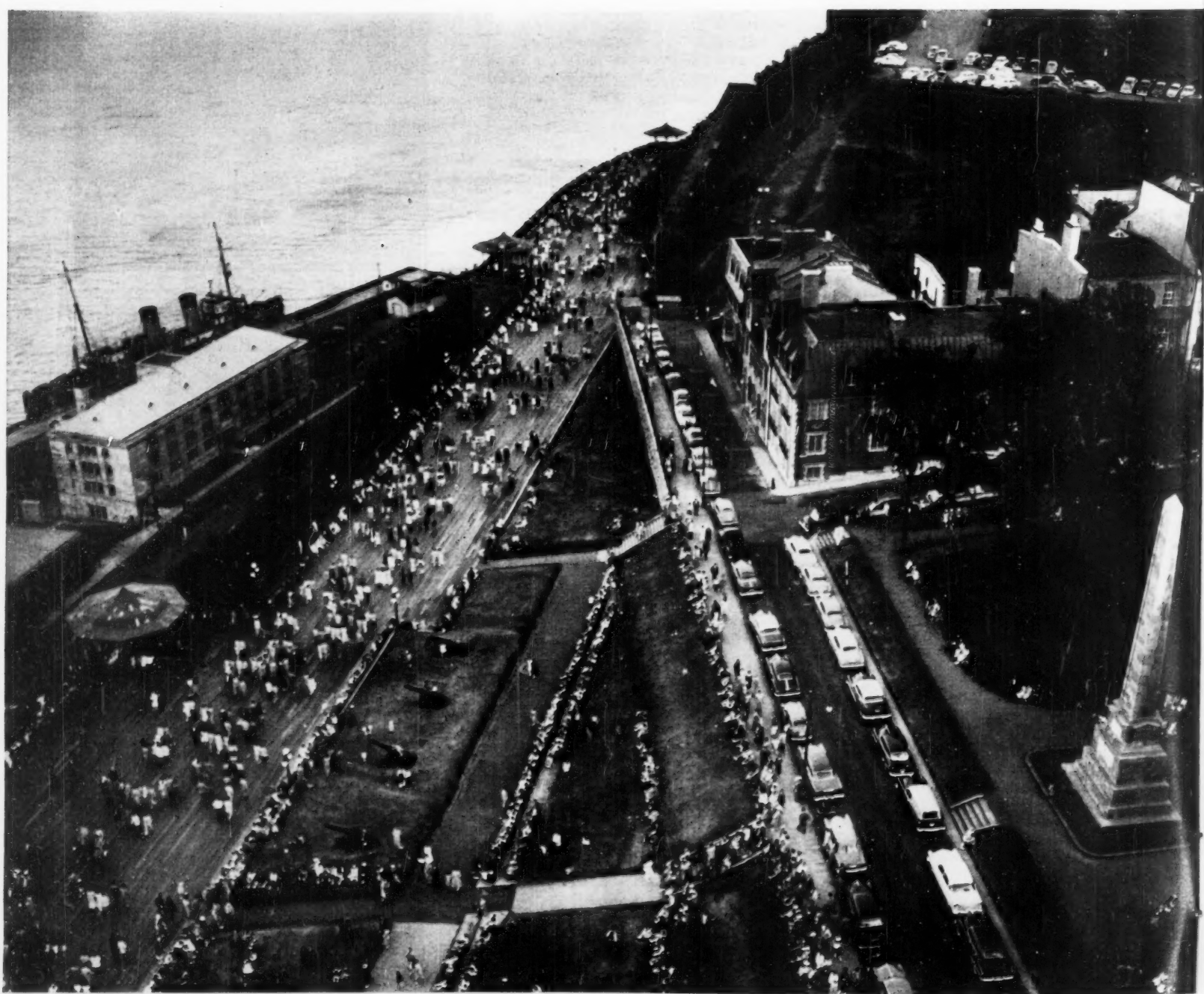
SEWING: Length of damaged silk was turned into evening dress and worn in a fashion show.



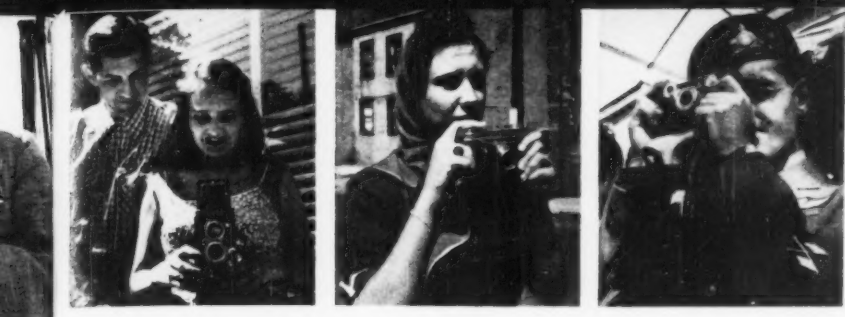
BEAUTY CARE: Hairdressing students practice on friends. Vivian Morris instructs.



Karsh photographs our most photographed city



On the evening of the festival of St. Jean Baptiste, Quebec's great patron saint, the people throng the Dufferin Terrace below the Citadel, to take the air and listen to the band.



In Quebec City, one of the continent's great tourist meccas, he finds himself among his own kind in a camera paradise

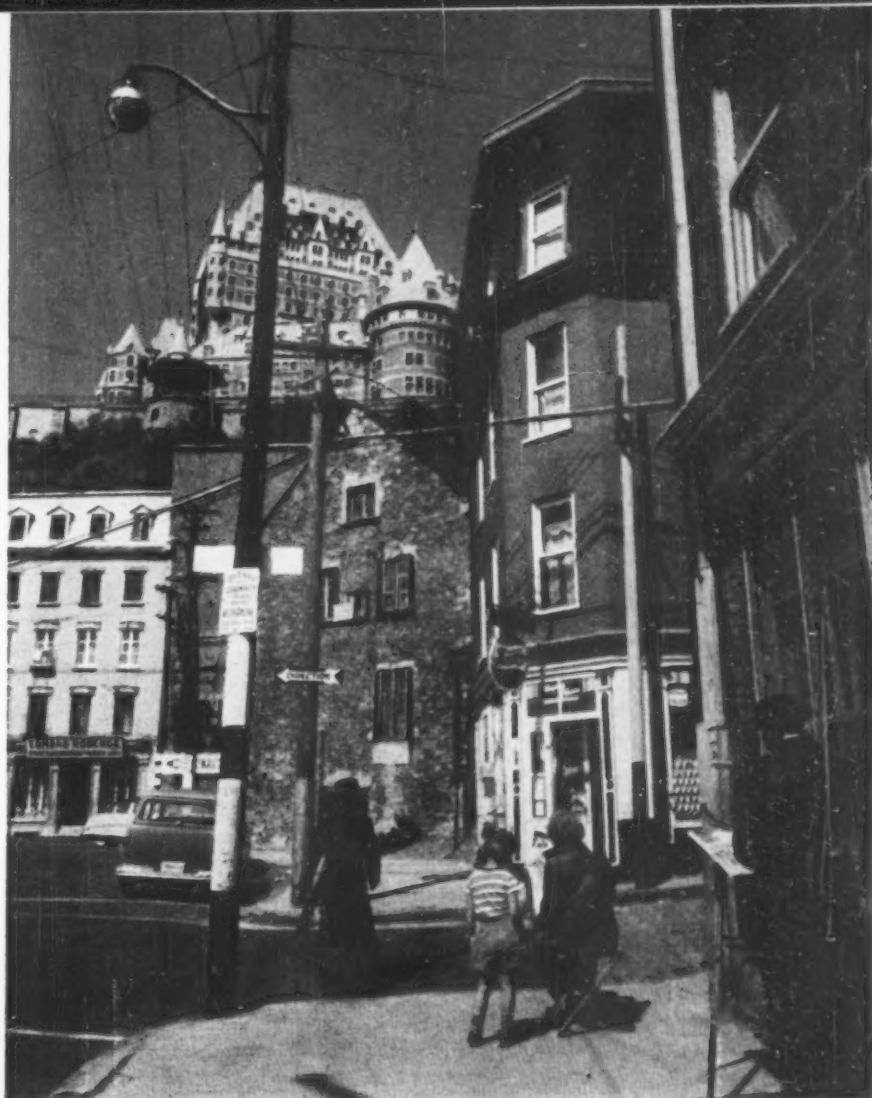
WHEN YOUSUF KARSH arrived in Quebec City he found that for once his camera went virtually unnoticed. All around him, tourists and citizens were clicking away at some of the scenes shown on these pages. Karsh was lost among the throng of shutterbugs. Although the city is a mecca for tourists Karsh says he found "no high-pressure salesmanship among the Quebec people" on

whom he brushed off his own better-than-tourist's French to describe as "gay bons vivants with a good deal of esprit de corps and a certain attitude of laissez faire." Most impressive to him were the great industrial strides taken in the city. He noted that the immense Price Brothers' lumber skyscraper now dominates the town as much as the tall church spires for which Quebec is noted.

Handwrought iron gate and fence on Donnacona Street goes back to 1639 when Marie de l'Incarnation, founder of the Ursuline nuns, started convent.



Karsh places Sgt. Philippe Charron, Korean veteran of famous "Van-Doos" against a background of the ancient King's Bastion.



Priests and painters are as familiar to Quebeckers as the Chateau Frontenac.



Pulpwood in foreground, lumber tower on skyline symbolize city's expansion.



Her beauty is ageless



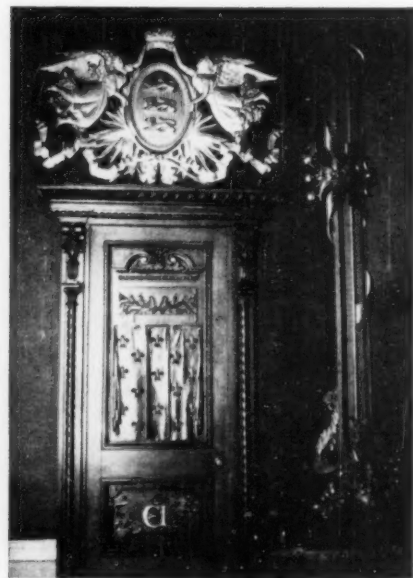
Down North America's

among North America's

Karsh finds elegance,

IF THE PICTURES on this page are studies in opposites, they also have a great deal in common, for in youth and in age, in wealth and in poverty, Quebec manages to maintain the poise of her years. The lady on the left is Mary Louise, Lady Langelier, whose late husband was the last lieutenant-governor of Quebec appointed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. She herself is the last of her generation to bear an English title. Her ancestors came to the New World in 1766, and one of them traveled by canoe to become a member of the

Carved door of Legislative Council, through which Lady Langelier's husband passed as a lieutenant-governor, is part of the rich texture of the old city.



s Her features, timeless

's narrowest street, and
's proudest old families
e, grace and quiet charm

first class of medical graduates from Harvard. She is eighty-nine years old, a great matriarch, a keen dominoes player and a continuing link with the Victorian Age which touched French Canada as much as the rest of the country. The young girl on the right posed unconsciously in Sous-le-Cap, the narrowest street in North America. She was watching boys beg for pennies when Karsh saw her standing in a doorway and made the portrait. Here, among these crumbling walls not far from the business section, the age of a city rests.

The narrow alleyway of Sous-le-Cap, where the girl on the right was photographed, is one of the first sights that tourists see when exploring Quebec City.



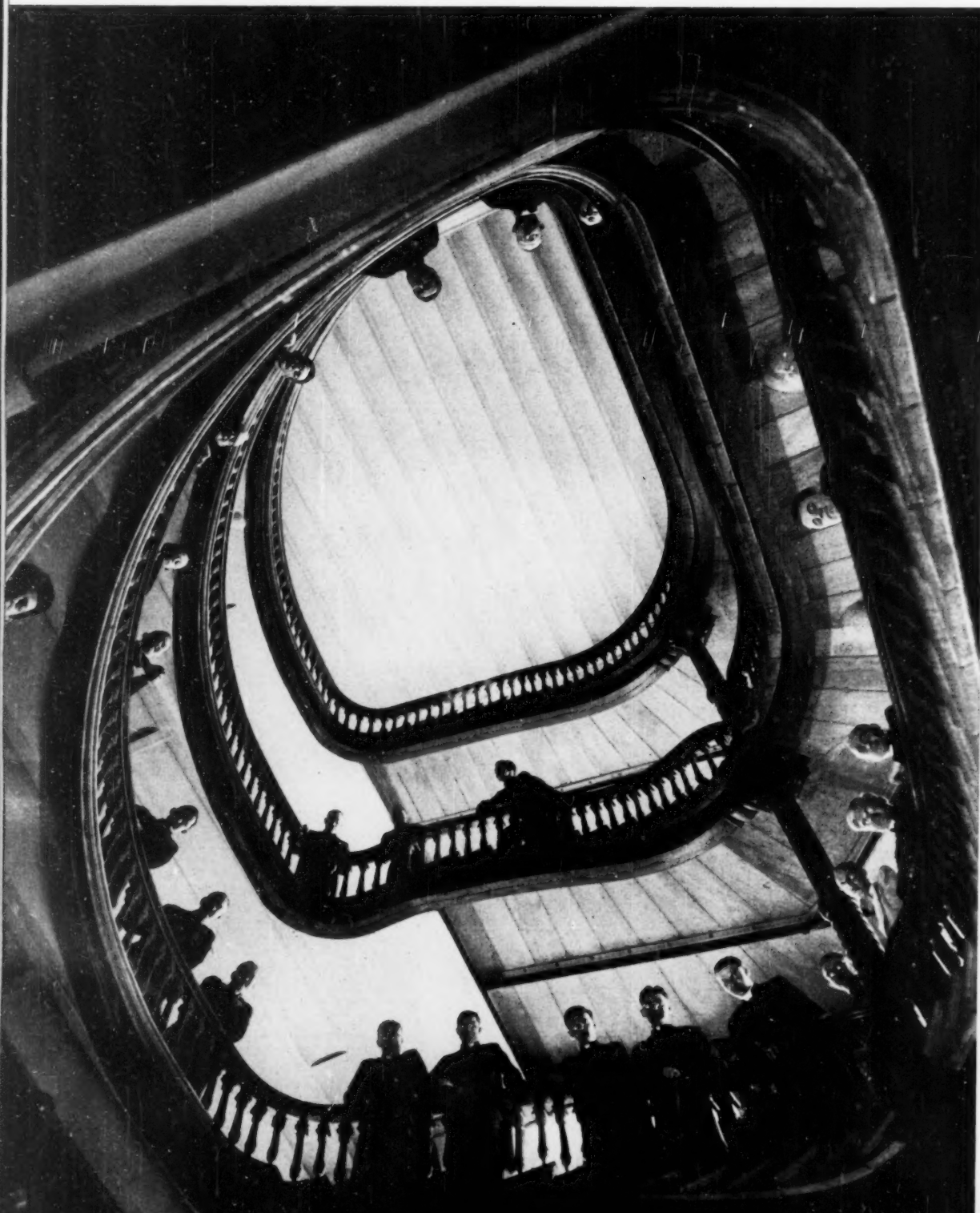
Karsh's Quebec *continued*

The way of the city is the way of the spirit

In university and parish church, in convent and in shrine,

Quebec's people mingle their work with their prayers

IN THESE PHOTOGRAPHS, Karsh has chosen four aspects of the church, each of which has an important bearing on the life of Quebec's people. The great Laval University was founded as a seminary by Canada's first bishop. The Ursuline order, whose convent still trains young Quebec girls, goes back even further. The church of St. Pierre on the Isle d'Orléans was built somewhere between the years 1680 and 1717. The old holy water stoup which shows in the photograph at extreme right, has been worn by the hands of generations of supplicants. Somewhat more commercialized is the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré shown below. This calm way of life goes on in Quebec against a background of industrial expansion which in five post-war years saw the amount of business construction leap from four to twelve million dollars annually.



◀ Priests marking examination papers in the Grand Seminary of Laval University pause to peer over the massive circular staircase as Karsh (lying on his back) makes photo.





On closing day at Ursuline Convent, pupils bring their specially dressed dolls for the careful inspection of Msgr. Cyril Gagnon. The dolls are dressed as queens and nuns.

Pilgrims climb the holy stairs of Ste. Anne de Beaupré on their knees, saying a prayer at every step. Karsh used dozens of flash bulbs as a mass flare to get this effect.



To the church of St. Pierre on the Isle d'Orléans, Henriette Asselin, aged eight, brings a bouquet of spring flowers for the Blessed Virgin and dips her finger in the ancient stoup.

Church and State dominate the city

The leaders of three major faiths, two religious - and one political - sit in characteristic pose for Karsh's camera

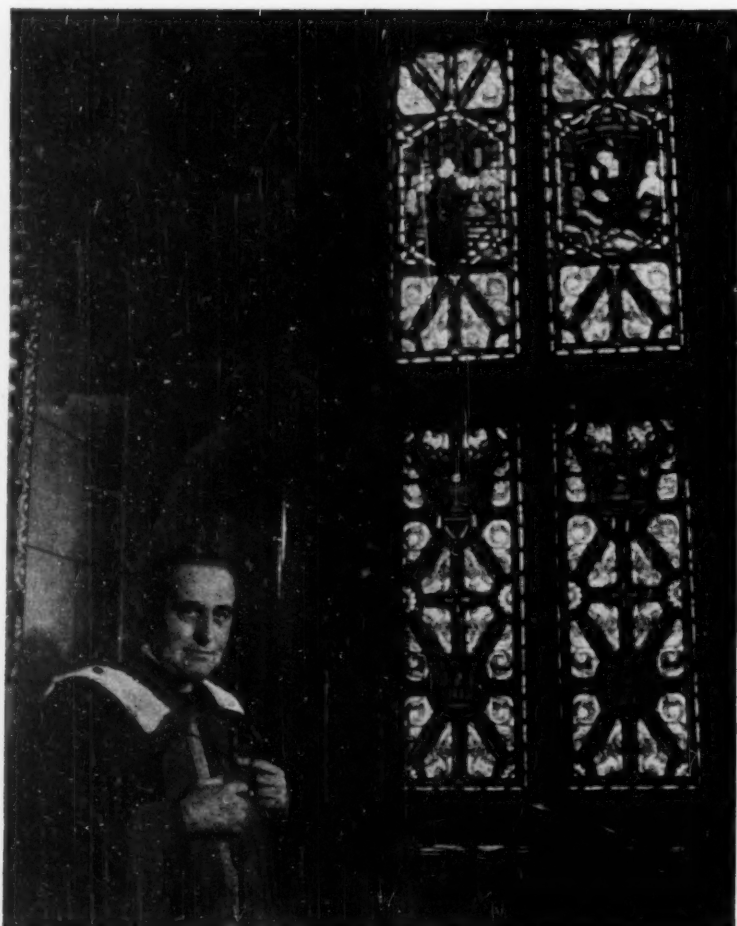
THE FOUR MEN pictured on these pages hold in their hands the reins of power, spiritual and temporal, in Quebec City. When Karsh made portraits of Msgr. Maurice Roy, Archbishop of Quebec (right), and of Msgr. Ferdinand Vandry, the rector of Laval (lower left), they both urged him to photograph the Archbishop of the Church of England in Quebec, His Grace the Most Rev. Philip Carrington, who is shown in the portrait at the lower right. "You cannot photograph Quebec without photographing Carrington," Vandry said. When Karsh told Carrington this, the Anglican archbishop in

turn praised his Roman Catholic colleagues whom he sees frequently at the various banquets and social functions to which the leaders of both churches are called.

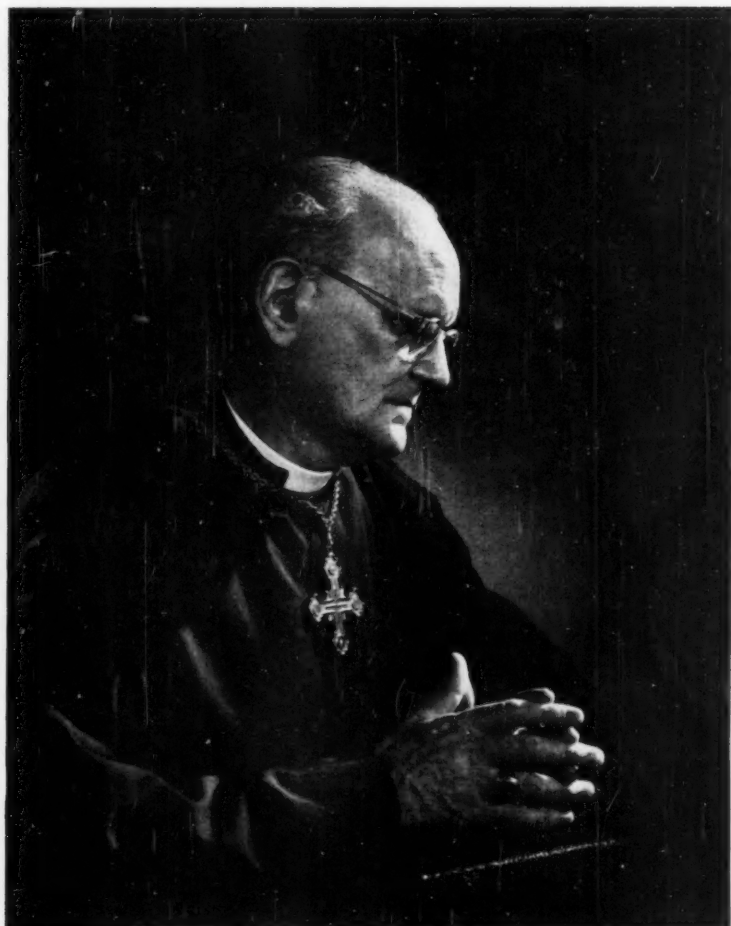
Maurice Duplessis, Premier of the Province of Quebec, adopted a characteristic pose when Karsh photographed him. He and Karsh discussed the Quebec flag which Duplessis has promoted vigorously, and which is reminiscent of the flag of Old France. Duplessis also expressed himself as emphatically in favor of a distinctive national flag for Canada, a point on which he argued, says Karsh, "long and very eloquently." ★



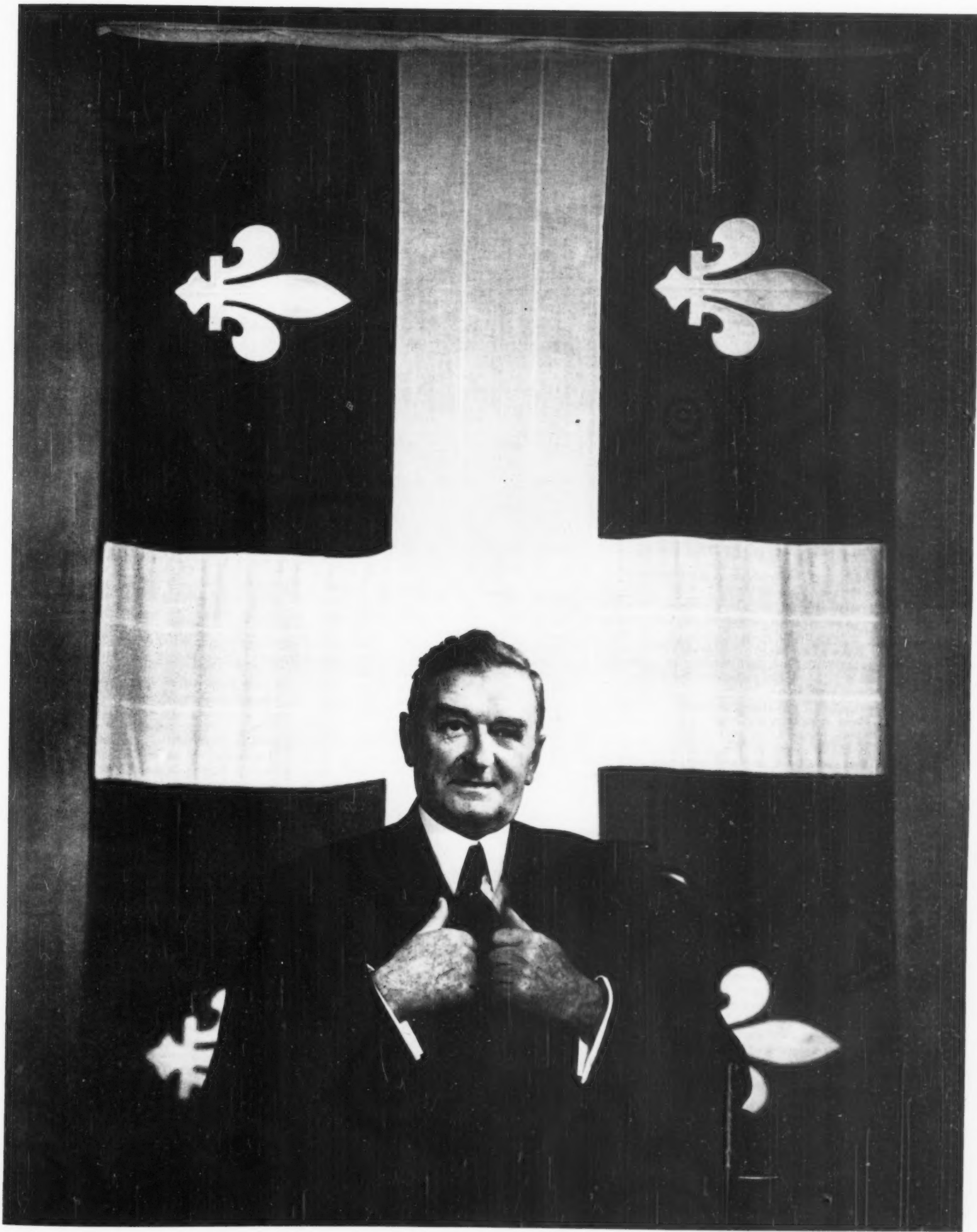
Msgr. Maurice Roy, Archbishop of Quebec.



Msgr. Ferdinand Vandry, Rector of Laval.



Most Rev. Philip Carrington, Anglican Archbishop of Quebec.



Premier Maurice Duplessis and the flag of Quebec.

The Battle Over BLOOD

A handful of big city hospitals and the Red Cross are deadlocked over the supplying of human blood. Their disagreement jeopardizes a national program to boost production of the new weapon against polio — gamma globulin

By FERGUS CRONIN

THIS YEAR, as every year, poliomyelitis played a grim game of tick-tack-toe on the map of Canada. The disease struck more than six thousand, mostly young people; it killed about two hundred and fifty and crippled considerably more than that number; it terrified the population of every city, town and crossroads from May, when an epidemic attacked Whitehorse, Yukon, until September, when Winnipeg's worst outbreak began to taper off.

There were actually more cases of polio in Canada during 1953 than in any other year on record, but it might have been worse if the spread of the disease had not been retarded for the first time by a new and hard-won medical weapon known as gamma globulin. This is not a cure and it is not a vaccine, but an injection of gamma globulin can give a child or adult virtual immunity from the crippling effects of polio for several weeks.

The source of this long-sought agent is human blood. It is the best known of several "blood fractions," microscopic protein particles in the liquid portion of the blood which have disease-killing qualities. This year there was only a limited quantity of gamma globulin, not a twentieth of what could have been used to good advantage had it been available for the epidemics in Whitehorse and Winnipeg, and in other cities like Toronto which were less seriously affected.

The goal of providing enough globulin for use in epidemic areas in 1954 is now being attacked from several directions. However, because the Red Cross and thirty-two big city hospitals in Toronto and Montreal can't get together on the collection and distribution of blood, the gamma globulin program may fail to supply minimum requirements and children may needlessly die of polio in Canada next year.

Up to now their disagreement has been no more serious than an honest difference of opinion between two factions equally devoted to the nation's health. Next year it may have a direct influence on the fight against disease.

This is what is being done:

A new laboratory for the production of gamma globulin is being built by the University of Toronto with the help of the federal and provincial governments.

The federal government has enlisted the Red Cross to supply

the required blood through its nationally-organized Blood Transfusion Service, organized in 1947 to provide blood and blood products from coast to coast for hospitals, the armed forces and civil defense. The federal government granted the Red Cross one hundred and fifty-seven thousand dollars to help collect blood for gamma globulin.

The Red Cross, which last year collected from Canadians 321,930 bottles of blood, will attempt to increase that total by one hundred and fifty thousand donations. On that attempt rests the degree of success the gamma globulin program will attain.

The production of gamma globulin is, however, only the newest and most spectacular front in the battle for blood. The Red Cross in the past six years has become Canada's major supplier of transfusion blood for the sick and injured, and the stalemate with the Toronto hospitals is the only large obstacle to the society becoming a national blood service, the collector and distributor in peace and war of what has become one of medicine's most important weapons.

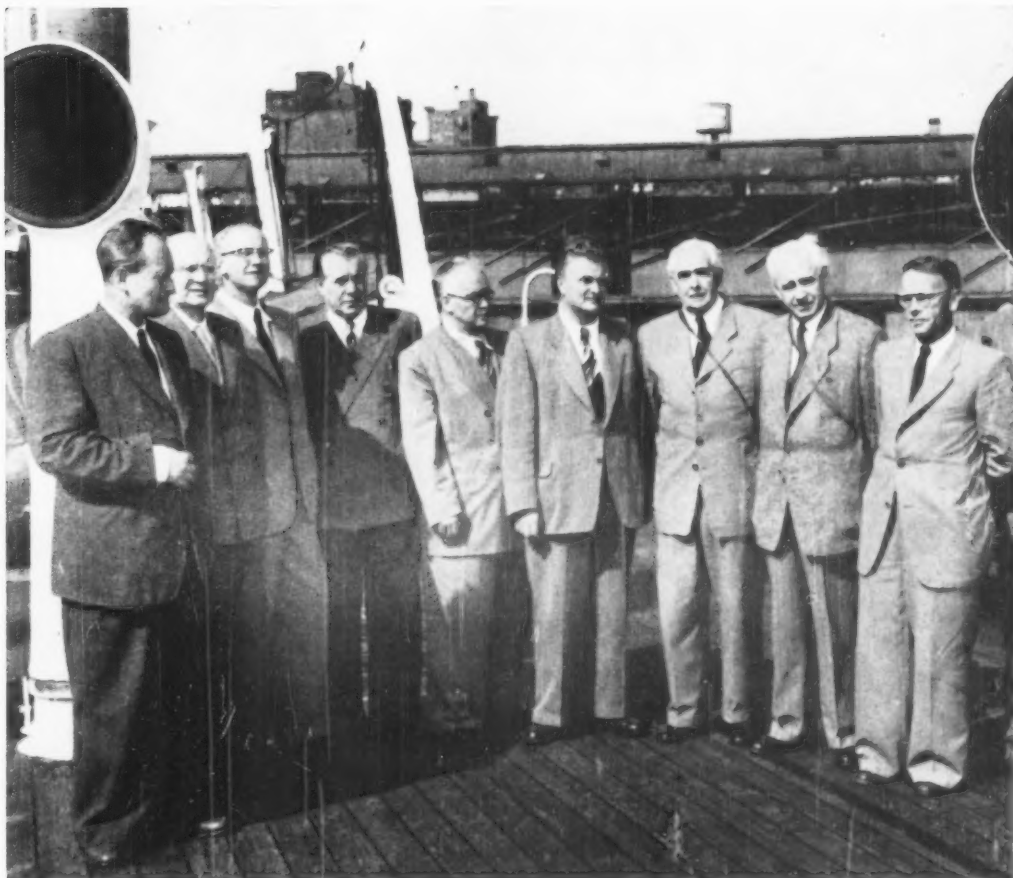
"If we go to war again," declares Dr. J. E. Pritchard, former head of the blood service of Montreal General Hospital, now a member of the Red Cross blood pool, "we will need an agency to collect blood in large quantities. The same type of agency would be necessary in case of civilian disaster. No other group has the experience of the Red Cross in handling and transporting blood."

When the Red Cross blood service was initiated in 1947 to provide blood and blood products from coast to coast for hospitals, the armed forces and civil defense, some hospitals refused to join in, on the grounds that the terms laid down by the Red Cross would mean that the hospital would lose full direct control over one of its most vital functions. It would also mean that blood transfusions would have to be given free, instead of at the usual rate of up to twenty-five dollars a pint, or a return of two pints donated by friends or relatives for every pint used on the patient. For the Red Cross agreement with the hospitals provided that in return for free blood and blood-transfusion equipment no charge was to be made to the patients.

Some hospitals accepted immediately; others have come in since. But today all hospitals in Toronto *Continued on page 40*

MY NINE RUSSIANS

By LIONEL SHAPIRO



The Russian professors, after sixteen days in Canada, pose willingly aboard the Empress of Australia. From left, they are L. G. Voronin, M. V. Serguievsky, G. D. Smirnov, D. A. Birukov, V. S. Russinov, I. T. Kurzyn, Konstantine Bykov, V. A. Engelhardt, N. I. Kassatkin. They'd attended a medical convention.

Maclean's European correspondent found himself on board an Atlantic liner with a group of Soviet scientists returning behind the Iron Curtain. In genial, informal discussions he got their opinions on Malenkov, Toronto, Lavrenti Beria, Canadian newspapers, Hollywood movies and Montreal hotels. Here's what they told him

LONDON
THE NINETEENTH International Physiological Conference, held every three years, took place in Montreal late in August. Among the hundreds of doctors who traveled from all parts of the world to attend were nine from the Soviet Union. The nine were accompanied by two interpreters and a secretary.

The party spent four days in Montreal and another twelve days traveling to Ottawa, Quebec, Toronto and Niagara Falls. The return to the Soviet Union was begun in the Canadian Pacific liner, Empress of Australia, which sailed from Montreal Sept. 11 and docked at Liverpool Sept. 19.

I sailed on the same ship. It is most unlikely that any Western correspondent traveling inside Russia could have had the same opportunity for long, frank and unguarded conversation with twelve intelligent Soviet citizens that I enjoyed across the neutral expanse of the North Atlantic. They did not know I was a reporter. There were no interviews; only quiet chats. I don't claim they provided me with any scoops or special insights but they did supply some observations that seemed to throw light on the mind of the Russian intellectual.

For the first three days they kept pretty much to themselves. This was when the ship was moving down the passage of the St. Lawrence to the Gulf

and the open ocean. The days were filled with sunshine and scenery, and the Russians gathered on a section of the boat deck, rather aloof from the other passengers, to enjoy the gifts of the weather. On those nights they would break into two or three groups and discuss the notes they had taken at the physiological conference in Montreal.

There was no mistaking them. The distinctive mark was the cut of their trousers. Soviet tailors have apparently just discovered the extra wide or balloon type of trousers which had a brief vogue in Canada and the United States about fifteen years ago, and with a certain misplaced zealotness they are cutting them even wider, with the result that the Russians looked like a grove of walking tree trunks whenever they edged into a mild breeze.

I am not being snide about this. An empire as huge as Russia's has every right to create its own fashions and there may even be some propaganda value in this. The trousers, billowing out like odd-shaped spinnakers, certainly advertised an abundance of the fruit of Soviet looms. If it were not for these super-pants the Russians would have had to be painstakingly identified. The nine professors looked like any nine professional men who have attained standing, security and white hair, and the three secretary-interpreters looked exactly as har-

ried as conscientious secretary-interpreters should.

The most striking faces belonged to Professors Konstantine Bykov, of Leningrad; G. D. Smirnov, of Moscow; and V. A. Engelhardt, of Moscow. Bykov, who teaches in Leningrad, is world-famous, almost a legend among medical men. He has the self-sufficient detached look that is associated with genius, and his wide, carelessly-trimmed mustache of pure white fits perfectly into the role. Smirnov is tall, slim and broad-shouldered; his lean, pleasant face and his crew-cut might be right out of Princeton, class of '20, but he happens to come from Moscow. Engelhardt is Mr. Chips himself. He has a sweet, sensitive face, melting eyes, hair of finely-spun silver, and the soft voice of a born baritone. All in all, the nine professors would have made perfect type-casting for a movie about the faculty of Old Siwash. Not a tiny pair of horns in the lot.

Only in their aloofness in those early days on the St. Lawrence did they reflect the conception of Russian tourists popularized by Hearst cartoonists. It seemed difficult to get to them, and I for one didn't try. When they walked the decks or sat in the lounge they were always in a solid phalanx.

The break came on the third night. The Russians were in their customary *Continued on page 79*





the alien

CHAPTER SIX

BY W. O. MITCHELL

She could have been mine

Victoria would be safe from the young braves if she spent the summer with them, Carlyle decided calmly. But, as he watched her romp with his child, he felt the danger that his ambitious hopes and plans for her might be wrecked in a fleeting moment

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON

FIVE YEARS as teacher and agent of the Paradise Valley Reservation had brought Carlyle Sinclair small satisfactions and deep frustrations. His bond of kinship with the Indians—through a full-blooded grandmother—spurred him to ambitious plans for lifting them from their ignorance, poverty and squalor. But as the years passed with meager accomplishment he became ever more impatient with government red tape and the indifference of most of his charges. And his life was increasingly complicated by his strange, unresolved relationship with the blossoming, half-white Victoria Rider, a relationship in which a man's desires and a guardian's ambitions were inextricably mingled.

VI

AT FIRST THE ROUTINE of school and dispensary had carried Carlyle smoothly along in the absence of Grace and Hugh; he found a moderate sort of pleasure in caring for himself and filling his solitude with the hermit tasks of cooking, cleaning, self-communion. And always there was the slight stir of excitement always dim in the back of his consciousness whenever his mind touched with thought the impending arrival of another child. Then he would wish that he were out in Victoria with Grace, and then too he knew that he wished the baby to be a daughter.

Three weeks after Grace had left, Dr. Sanders called; they spoke of Lucille Bear and Raymond Blaspheme;

Sanders expressed concern for Victoria Rider. He hoped that no young boys entertained romantic ideas toward Izaiah's daughter; it would be too bad if Carlyle's plans for Victoria's future were upset by the feckless agents of puberty and tumescence. Victoria's future was special; if Carlyle accomplished anything with her he would truly have succeeded in his work among the Paradise Indians.

Carlyle knew that he had done a great deal for these people in his five years, but when he considered their gardens, the improved cattle, land, the operation of the school, he sometimes felt that the changes were superficial ones. He had forced them through, but he had changed nothing actually because he had changed the people themselves very little. They were the same as when he had first come in Sheridan's time. Some of the children perhaps. Victoria, Sanders was right. This was different. This was the real thing; if he could manage this, then he had truly done something. She had. They had. They had done it themselves, not submitted to his authority. He wished that Sanders had not reminded him; but of course it wouldn't have mattered; the concern had always been there.

The Raymond-Lucille affair was the talk of the reserve. In school he looked at the empty desk to his right, then over to Victoria. His plans for her were so damned vulnerable! Perhaps they were hopeless; together they would never be able to lift the dead weight of her blood and the lifeless resistance of all her people.

Continued on page 46



It's not only the fans who catch Grey Cup fever.

Players fresh from a season's stardom suddenly start behaving like high-school scrubs
and the real contest seems to be not who can win but who can lose.

History again brings up the burning question—

WHO'LL BLOW THE GREY CUP THIS YEAR?

By TRENT FRAYNE

THE INK will be just nicely dry on these pages when a few hundred more than twenty-seven thousand people, many of whom think a safety touch is a loan from a friend, will surround Toronto Varsity Stadium's maligned gridiron in anticipation of seeing the finest football game of the season. In all likelihood, it won't be. The thousands will assemble in their gay holiday mood to see one of the contenders for the Grey Cup score a glorious victory, and in all probability what they'll see instead is the other contender blow it. For the evidence from most previous east-west finals shows that nobody wins the Grey Cup—somebody loses it.

The Grey Cup final has blossomed into the most colorful spectacle in Canadian sports and since it involves the champion of the west and the champion of the east it ought to provide the year's most thrilling plays and its most heroic deeds. But the fact is there hasn't been an exciting game, by most fans' standards, since 1947; and the most heroic deed in the last fifteen years was performed in 1950 not by a valiant, near-exhausted knight-errant but by a referee named Hec Crighton. Crighton observed Buddy Tinsley, who played the tackle position for the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, lying face-down in one of the hundreds of pools of slush that turned the field into a mudpack. Tinsley had had his wind knocked out and was quietly drowning in full view of the packed stands until Crighton turned him over, and saved his life.

Football-wise, however, there have been practically no heroes. Fritz Hanson, who won the Grey Cup for Winnipeg in 1935, and Red Storey, who did it for the Toronto Argonauts three years later, are among the few exceptions. More often than not the memorable play of the game has been an unaccountable fumble by the star player or the incomprehensible mental machinations of the quarterback or coach or, in some cases, the referee.

The Grey Cup was presented to the Canadian Rugby Union in 1909 by Governor-General Earl Grey and while it stood as the symbol of the senior rugby championship of Canada it became the exclusive property of Ontario teams until 1933 when Winnipeg began to make passes at it in earnest. What opposition the west offered before that was entirely token, and a pretty dubious token it was. For example, in 1923 Queen's University, led by their touchdown twins, Harry Batstone and Pep Leadley, nosed out Regina 54-0 in the most one-sided Grey Cup game of all.

But in the twenty years since it ceased being a pig-sticking and became a bona fide contest, the Grey Cup final has produced an almost steady procession of reverse-English victories. In that time only two games have been decided, with no room for debate or post-mortem, on the out-and-out superiority of the winner. Mental lapses by players have keynoted the opposing team's victory five times and mechanical errors by the bare-legged stalwarts have contributed two. Hollow noises in the brainpans of the coaches have engineered three victories for the other team, and referees' calls on tide-turning plays have directly influenced two decisions.

It was from the Grey Cup game, too, that a newsreel company fled in alarm when the possibility arose that its film might settle the facts if not the result of a wildly contentious play which, in 1947, would have given victory to the Winnipeg Blue Bombers had it not been ruled illegal by an official. While the football firmament swayed—and it sways on small provocation—as it eagerly awaited the developed prints, a company official decreed that the

telltale negatives be snipped from the film and destroyed. "We're not going to get tangled up in that," he announced firmly, even though under the rules of the contest the official verdict is binding and the pictures could merely have prolonged the argument without changing the game's result.

One of the Grey Cup game's great oddities, particularly in the last five years when all eight of Canada's professional teams have reached a point where they're squandering close to three hundred thousand dollars each in one year's operating costs, has been the inability of the western champion to measure up on the big day. Although the west attracts some of United States football's greatest players and invariably whips eastern teams in pre-season exhibition games, its representatives have carried away the Grey Cup only four times in the last twenty years and have contrived some singular methods of blowing it. By 1933 the west's futility had reached the point where the best team from the prairies was considered only good enough to get into the Grey Cup semi-finals. But in that year the Winnipeg showed up for their



1948 Mental lapse by Pete Karpuk, in white jersey, set up this winning touchdown run by Thodos when Calgary beat Ottawa.

semi-final against the Toronto Argonauts with three imported players in tow, Russ Rehholz and Greg Kabat from Wisconsin, and Carl Cronin, who had been imported from Notre Dame University as coach. Winnipeg lost 13-0 but made such an impression that a year later the west was elevated back into the final. Al Ritchie, still one of Saskatchewan's staunchest sportsmen, brought the Regina Roughriders to Toronto's Varsity Stadium and, with them, an imported halfback named Curt Schave, whom Ritchie still regards as the best he ever saw. However he rued his affection that day in 1934 because it overcame his better judgment and made him a goat before the game was five minutes old. He had a strong defensive team and when he won the toss he elected to kick off against Argonauts. He reasoned that since his team was strong defensively he would be able to hold the Argonauts in their own end of the field from the start.

That's when Curt Schave interceded, as Ritchie recalls the day.

"He implored me to receive the kickoff," he remembers. "He pointed out that the field was in fine condition and he said he felt like running and, oh my, how that boy could run. So I said, okay, we'll receive."

"Schave catches the ball and he starts up the field—he was a great runner, that boy. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty yards he comes and then he's at midfield. Bang! somebody hits him. Pop! goes the ball from his arms. Thud! an Argo grabs it and goes all the way with a touchdown."

"Well, I know now we should have kicked off and Schave comes over to the bench and says, 'Coach, make 'em kick off again. I'll get that one back for you.' He said he felt great, that he felt like running—and, my goodness, how that boy could run! So the Argos kick off to us again and Schave grabs the ball and starts up the field. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty yards he flies and then he's passing midfield, going like the wind. Bang! somebody hits him. Pop! goes the ball from his arms. Thud! an Argo grabs it and goes all the way! We're behind 12-0 and the game has just nicely started."

"One of the subs, I forget who now, slides along the bench beside me. 'Coach,' he says, 'I'm sure as hell glad I'm not sitting in your spot.' I ask him why. 'Well,' he says, 'there's a lot of people back home hearing about this game right now. Most of 'em know that you've got the strongest defensive team in the west. I imagine most of 'em's gonna be wondering who was the genius who decided we shouldn't kick off.'"

"But, oh my, how that Schave boy could run."

In 1935, on a slippery field in Hamilton, it was anticipated that the east's string of victories would be held intact by the Tigers. It probably would have, too, if the Hamilton outside wings, Jimmy Simpson and Seymour Wilson, hadn't behaved as though they were playing in the middle of a drought. Any coach will claim that the only way to play a runner on a slippery field is to



Grey Cup rhubarbs even include coach-quarterback wrangles. Filchok (left) had hot words with Eskimos' Arnold in '52.

approach him cautiously, let him commit himself and then tackle him. But Simpson and Wilson forgot all about this when they went in to tackle a little hundred and sixty-five blond Winnipeg halfback named Fritz Hanson.

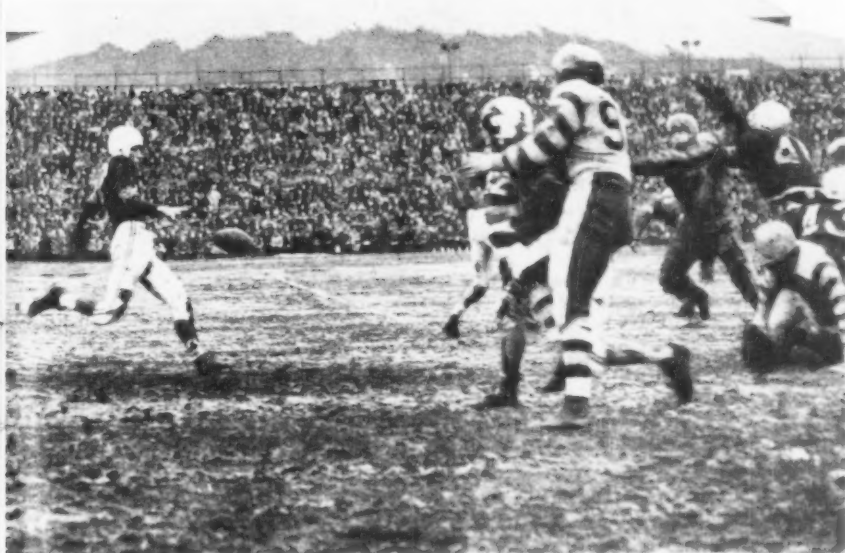
When long high kicks started falling toward Hanson, the Hamilton pair sped in on him with unrelenting stride. Each time Hanson did a little sidestep in the goo, watched the ends sail past him in midair and then started up the field. Once he gained traction he was a hard man to bring down and he got all the traction he needed that day, thanks to Simpson and Wilson. Hanson made seven runs for gains of from thirty-five to fifty yards and another one of eighty yards for a touchdown. Winnipeg won the game—the first time the west had ever won the Grey Cup—by an 18-12 count, a fact that probably revolutionized the Grey Cup final. The influx of Americans in the west and a resultant argument over rules prevented the east-west game from being played in 1936 and again in 1940 but the west had smelled blood the day Hanson ran away and hid on the Tigers, and the Grey Cup game had become the biggest event in the nation's sporting life.

Bob Fritz, who coached the Bombers in the 1935 game, led the charge into Toronto to meet the Argonauts in 1937 and, as

quarterback of the team, he decided he was a one-man gang. He ignored the elusive Hanson when calling signals most of the afternoon, preferring to call his own signal. He kept hammering into the Argonaut line with the ball and he so wearied himself that when a break came he was unable to take advantage of it. Argonaut halfback Art West fumbled a punt and Fritz recovered the loose ball. He charged down the field, pursued by determined but outdistanced Argonauts, and as he approached the goal line the demands he'd put on himself began to slow his stride. He was heaving as he crossed the fifteen-yard line and at the nine Bob Ishister of the Argos made a desperate lunge at him from behind, just tipping Fritz' heel with an outstretched hand. The quarterback-coach stumbled and fell and didn't have the strength to get up before other pursuing Argos had pinned him. The Bombers couldn't get the ball over from the seven-yard line.

But the play for posterity was still to come in that ball game. As the Bombers tore downfield under a punt they converged on Bill Stukus as that Argonaut player caught the ball and then dropped it. Bill Ceretti, a redheaded lineman, grabbed the ball and set off. He lumbered across the snow-dotted field into the end zone, apparently carrying victory. But then the delirious Winnipeg bench saw something to still its tumult. One of the officials, Eddie Grant, was signaling that the play was illegal. When Stukus had caught the ball, Grant ruled, the Winnipeg tacklers had not given him the required five yards of leeway before crashing him.


Continued on page 62



1950 Widely publicized Indian Jack Jacobs, getting away kick, was tremendous disappointment as Argonauts whipped 'Peg in mud.



1952 Edmonton coach Filchok and Rollie Miles cover Al Bruno (left) while Argo O'Connor takes game-clinching TD pass.



Santa Claus and his comic court meant fun for the jam-packed cheering kids. But to the terror-stricken girl fleeing through Toronto from the madman with the gun it spelled the threat of

DEATH IN THE TOY PARADE

By **VERA JOHNSON**

ILLUSTRATED BY ED VEBELL

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1953. Some days the sun rose behind a bank of grey brooding clouds, lurking in the vapors while its milky light spread desolation over Toronto. But not this day. This day it rose warm and bright and full of treacherous promise.

When Ellen awoke it was as if the sun came up within her. She could feel the glow spreading, radiating to every corner of her being, until the intensity of her happiness was more than she could bear. She opened her eyes and smiled at the ceiling as if it were an old friend. "Saturday," she said, "November the fourteenth." Then she rolled off the bed and rummaged beneath it for her slippers.

Everything this morning held a special delight—the air, the sky, the sound of bacon sizzling in the frying pan, the look of her new black hat with its jaunty red feather, the smell of the coffee as it bubbled in the percolator. Even the sound of the phone ringing brought her a sudden joy. "It's Bill!" she thought, and held her breath while it rang a second and a third time. Slippers slopped along the hallway, flap-flap, all the way to the phone. Then Mrs. Jarecki hollered, "Hello?" There was a silence—a long silence, it seemed—before she bellowed, "Ellen!" and the slippers flap-flapped back to the kitchen.

Ellen clattered down the stairs.

"Hello!" she said happily—but the voice that replied was not the one she was expecting.

"Hello, Ellen. It's Harry. I trust you're well this morning."

"Oh," Ellen said—and then, flatly, "Yes, thank you. Quite well."

"I hope I didn't get you out of bed. It's such a fine morning, I thought we might pack up a lunch and go somewhere for the day."

He had a high voice, raspy and unpleasant. Hearing it, she could see him at the other end of the line—the intent brown eyes, the narrow pointed nose, the thin lips, the prominent Adam's apple. He was a singularly unattractive boy.

"I'm sorry," Ellen said, "but I'll be busy all day."

"Oh. I see. Well, what about tomorrow?"

Ellen tried to sound regretful. "I'm afraid I've made other arrangements, Harry."

"That's not very considerate of you." His voice

Continued on page 73



She saw Harry
fifteen feet away and pushed
her way into the parade.

Stubble



Chesley Russell, a hypodermic poised over his boy's head, cried into the microphone . . .

"He's my son, Joe . . .

I might kill him"

Here is the gripping account of a young Arctic doctor whose practice spanned a thousand miles of ice and muskeg and who often had to diagnose and operate by radio

By DR. JOSEPH P. MOODY

I DIDN'T really know what was expected of a general practitioner in the Arctic—and I certainly didn't expect that it would include diagnosing and treating patients hundreds of miles away by radio. In spite of that, or possibly because of it, my Arctic practice was a fascinating and unforgettable experience and next year I'm going back.

I was thrilled when my application for a post as a medical health officer in the Department of National Health and Welfare was accepted and I was assigned a territory of six hundred thousand square miles sweeping west from Hudson Bay. My headquarters was to be at Chesterfield Inlet, one thousand miles straight north of Winnipeg, and I was to be the general practitioner for whatever was living and within my reach, regardless of whether it meant moving across the wastes by canoe, plane or dog team.

The system worked quite simply, once the initial shock wore off. All through the Arctic the Department of Transport has its radio transmitters. There were also the "senders" of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and, as in-between links, one could rely on the radio equipment of the Hudson's Bay Company trading centres. In addition there were the weak individual senders of prospectors, trappers and research men who happened to be in the area. Obviously, doctoring by radio could not have been a success without the continued and devoted co-operation of all the inhabitants of the region. The fact that, throughout the area, across miles and miles of barren land, there would be people breathlessly following every move you made did cause a certain amount of stage fright, but the help that could be rendered by those same people sometimes gave me the reassurance that, after all, I did not face it quite alone.

What did bother me, though, was the realization that I would have to live under the strain of having to do the right thing on a long-distance basis. I am one of those doctors who takes his work very seriously, who grieves for a long time if anything goes wrong, and who feels a personal and lasting loss when death occurs. I dreaded the arrival of the first telegram asking me to get on the air, first to diagnose from a summing up of symptoms by an inexperienced layman, then proceed to explain the steps that might lead to recuperation and satisfaction or death and despair.

A great help was that a supply of drugs and basic instruments had been placed at nearly all posts and communities and that I had a record of what was available. This enabled me to make the best of it in most of the cases I had to deal with and also to utilize the medication that was at hand.

A brief telegram announced one of my first cases soon after I had settled in the northland:

BABY RUSSELL AGE FIFTEEN MONTHS TEMPERATURE 103 PULSE 120 HEADACHES MIGRAINE TYPE HAD A COLD FOR WEEK STIFFNESS IN SHOULDERS AND NECK SPINE SEEMS TO CURVE STOP LOOKS BAD MOTHER DESPERATE PLEASE CONTACT BY RADIO HBCO ESKIMO POINT

It was from Chesley Russell, the manager of the Hudson's Bay Company post at Eskimo Point, about two hundred miles south of Chesterfield Inlet. I had spoken to him over the air quite a few times before and we had kind of become friends.

The patient was his little boy, an only child and one of the few white babies in the Canadian Arctic. The case looked serious, and there would be no time for me to fly down and examine the boy myself. I immediately sent a wire telling him to get on the air at seven that evening so that I could speak to him. The Department of Transport had a strong transmitter in Eskimo Point and it looked as if we might *Continued on page 56*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Young Dr. Joseph Moody, with his wife Viola, took over a practice covering one-sixth of Canada's total area when he graduated from the University of Western Ontario in 1946. In collaboration with W. de G. van Embden, he now describes some of his pioneering medical adventures from his three and a half years in the north. Another article will appear shortly.



The traveler went looking for a friend,
a man who had driven his tank at the enemy
while wearing a bowler hat. Surely seven years of peace and the love
of a good and sensible woman couldn't change

John Evelyn Blount

HARE

By RONALD R. SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY KEN ZEALLEY

THE INSTRUMENT in the booth smelled rather of fish. Across the street in the lamplight the Marquis of Cramby discreetly rotted. It would have been more agreeable to telephone from the Cramby. But inside it had an air of impending bankruptcy. The staff had shy doomed smiles which had turned into agonies of remorse and shame when he had twice nearly broken his neck—the rooms on the ground floor almost all being at different levels, necessitating unsuspected steps. He hadn't had the heart to risk wounding them further with disconcerting questions about the telephone. Or so Scott told himself.

He dialed. How did one greet a man one had not seen since the war ended? One was unhearty, naturally; avoided by-godderly and verbal backslapping. Also, Hare would have changed in eight civilian years, even Hare. Harebrain Hare, the soldier, and Hare the surveyor or whatever it was.

"Helen Hare!" The voice fluted into his right ear, gay, piercingly sweet, the sort of voice he attributed to certain of the young women who display underwear in the advertisements, the voice of a very fully integrated personality. Scott liked women to leave their personalities alone. He half considered throwing over the whole thing. But it wasn't a reason, really.

He said austerely: "I would like to speak to Mr. Hare, if I may."

"Who did you say was speaking?" In spite of its implied criticism of his manner of telephoning the voice remained uncompromisingly sweet and full of sunshine.

Dazzlingly full. Scott experienced an unconquerable reluctance to expose his name naked to this blast of sunshine. "This is"—he made a complicated noise—"a friend of his."

"I beg your pardon. I didn't quite catch . . ."

He was well aware that women with fully integrated personalities are quite capable of blandly admitting half a dozen times if necessary that they failed to catch something—a curious lack of *savoir-vivre*. But he had to go on now that he had started. He repeated the noise precisely.

"Ah yes. Well, Mr. Hare isn't at home at the moment. He's not far away though. He's at a neighbor's watching the handicrafts thing on television." She laughed radiantly.

"He's not ill, is he?"

"On the contrary. Healthy to the point of

rudeness." She laughed even more radiantly. He could almost see the advertisement—"light as a cobweb, soft to the touch as a rose petal, these slenderizing . . ."

"We are talking about John Evelyn Blount Hare, aren't we?"

"Of course. Of course we are. I say, you aren't by any chance one of the County Sanitary people, are you?"

"No," Scott said. His first instinct had been right: renounce. Go back to the Cramby, get a whisky—if they had any—and a book and retire to his medieval bedchamber with "Brunswick Room" neatly painted on the door which had the habit of suddenly springing open with a lecherous sigh.

"Is there any message I could give my husband, Mr.—er—oh, do forgive me. I'm so stupid about names. I become so interested in what people are saying, in their voices . . ."

"Tissnnbbnns," Scott said brusquely as he felt a tendency toward good will creeping in. Was it honestly worth all this trouble simply to have a couple of drinks with a man one hadn't seen or heard from in seven years? Meanwhile he found himself saying: "Would you tell him I'm staying overnight at the Marquis of Cramby; ask him to drop in if he has time? I'd be most grateful, Mrs. Hare."

"But couldn't you come round here? We'd be delighted . . ."

"Quite impossible." This integrated type of woman was always hospitable to a fault. "Much as I would like to, quite impossible. You see I have to"—his inventiveness deserted him—"to expand my notes," he contrived finally, the good will gone.

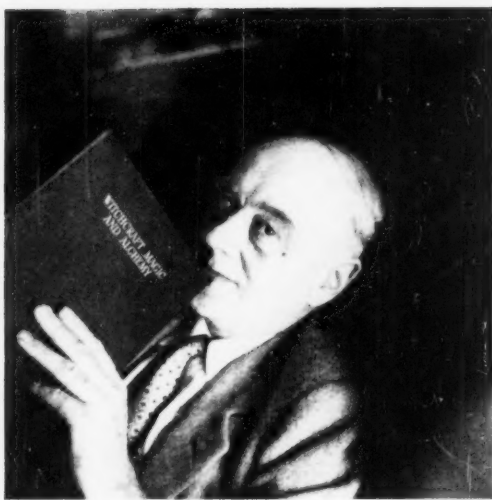
Mrs. Hare produced a cogent, close-knit argument why that was all the more reason . . . Scott was adamant. The sunshine was rather veiled when he resolutely ended the conversation. He closed the door of the booth behind him on the odor of fish and domesticity. He was becoming less and less sure that he would get any particular pleasure out of seeing Hare. Even Hare was going to have insidious little patches of the domestic blight on him.

Scott lit a cigarette and stood frowning down the darkened street. He had not escaped the domestic blight

Continued on page 70

Hare bounded in. "Looking for a chap," he said. "We met somewhere before?"





Are You Sure There Are No Ghosts?

If there aren't, how did bullets pierce John McDonald's windows without leaving holes? What made Esther Cox swell up like a balloon? Canada's best known psychic sleuth tells of strange spookings from Halifax to Vancouver that scientists can't explain

By R. S. LAMBERT

BELIEVE in ghosts? Well, that depends on what kind. I don't believe in the old-time spooks that haunt graveyards, drag clanking chains along castle battlements, or ride about headless on horseback. No, those fellows are quite out of date, fit only for Halloween pranksters. But I do believe—to paraphrase Hamlet—that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our science. I believe our laws of physics are imperfect; that there are things happening around us that are inexplicable in our present state of knowledge; and that it is the duty of science to investigate these facts and either explain them away or enlarge its own boundaries to include them.

The fashion in ghosts began to change about seventy years ago when the British Society for Psychical Research was formed by a few open-minded scientists to undertake an organized probe into ghostland.

Unfortunately the human senses are fallible, while human capacity for fraud and credulity seem almost unlimited. The physical phenomena in general—including apparitions and hauntings, inexplicable lights and noises, movements of objects—are not yet accepted by most scientists. However even in this field psychical research has accumulated a substantial body of evidence, some of which cannot be attributed to fraud or hallucination, yet are not in accordance with existing scientific laws.

The type of physical ghost that looks most promising from the research point of view is the poltergeist. This word, derived from German, means simply "noisy spirit." It covers all that class of hauntings where physical disturbances occur, such as noises, fires, lights, showers of water or stones, throwing and breakage of objects.

The definition of a poltergeist given by the late Harry Price, founder of the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation, is the best I know. He calls it "an invisible, intangible, malicious and noisy entity that is able, by laws yet unknown to our physicists, to extract energy from living persons (often the young) and to direct intelligently this stolen power."

In the majority of cases the phenomenon centres around an individual, usually a young person who is sick or emotionally disturbed.

The poltergeist can fairly claim to be the oldest, the most widespread and the most consistent of all types of ghost. He is found in fairy tales and in ancient literature. He intrudes into the lives of saints and mystics. He crops up in countries as far apart in distance and culture as Iceland, India, China, Britain, France and Brazil. Travelers have found him at work among African Negroes and American Indians. And everywhere the poltergeist's method of operation is recognizably the same.

Poltergeists do not confine their activities to the older countries and cultures. They abound on the North American continent. The American Society for Psychical Research has investigated numerous poltergeists in the United States and some in Canada, without as a rule finding evidence of fraud or credulity. In fact, Canada is rich in poltergeists. I have traced examples in every province, some of which have become world famous.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

R. S. Lambert's hobby of ghost-hunting has intruded into his profession of writer and radio producer. In England he planned the first of the BBC's famous series of spirit-seeking broadcasts. Now the CBC's supervisor of school broadcasts, Lambert has found in Canada a wealth of ghostlore and collected it into a book tentatively titled *Out Of This World*, to be published by McClelland and Stewart.

I have collected records of more than twenty-five cases from Halifax to Vancouver. Among them are the possession of a young girl by a foul-mouthed demon at Clarendon, Que., in 1889; the window-smashing epidemic that occurred on the Manser farm at Crosshill, Ont., in 1879; the antics of a ghostly firebug at Woodstock, N.B., in 1887, and at Caledon Mills near Antigonish, N.S., in 1921; the explosions of plaster in three Forest Hill Village houses in suburban Toronto in 1947, and the roof-hammerings of a Chilliwack, B.C., poltergeist in 1951.

My own interest in the subject originated in a personal experience of a poltergeistic disturbance in my family circle. It was a typical case of repressed adolescence, producing sudden and mysterious disintegration of objects such as vases and statuettes, close to but not touched by the person concerned. In cases of this sort one ounce of direct evidence is worth a pound of hearsay. I cannot accept fraud as an explanation of what I saw and heard.

But I imagine quite a few people would be satisfied only if they too met a real poltergeist. To these—in lighter but not disrespectful vein—I offer the following recipe, of which the ingredients are all Canadian:

Wait until you and your wife are well on in years. Then acquire a more or less tumble-down farmhouse in a remote part of Ontario or the Maritimes. Adopt a female adolescent orphan with a poor health record or a neurotic disposition. Then wait and see what happens to your furniture, walls, windows, linen, barns and cattle! This is what cookbooks call a "well-tried recipe." It contains the ingredients which have been found in most recorded poltergeist cases in this country.

In the 1890s two teen-age poltergeistic girls, one at Clarendon, and the other at Thorah, Ont., were found to have graduated from the same orphanage at Belleville, Ont., where perhaps they had had the opportunity of comparing techniques!

For our earliest Canadian poltergeist we must go as far back as 1661 in Quebec. An Ursuline nun, Mother Mary of the

Continued on page 65

12 Good Reasons Why People Borrow Money

JANUARY



FEBRUARY



MARCH



APRIL



MAY



JUNE



JULY



AUGUST



SEPTEMBER



OCTOBER



NOVEMBER



DECEMBER



From the soaring fuel bill in January to the expensive car breakdown in May, in every month there is a constant demand for money.

Sometimes the family paycheck just won't stretch far enough to cover these and other current expenses. This is certainly no disgrace. It happens to nearly everyone. Then there is an essential need for prompt, dependable money help.

This month and every month, Household Finance will provide this service—cash loans on sensible terms—to more people than any other company of its kind . . . in the world.



Backed by 75 years of experience

MONEY WHEN YOU NEED IT

HOUSEHOLD FINANCE

Corporation of Canada

Phone book lists office nearest you

Canada's largest and most recommended consumer finance company



RONSON VANSTAN Gas Lighter. A brand-new lighter you fuel with a throw-away cartridge. In satin finish chromium. \$12.50. Fuel cartridges extra.



RONSON ADONIS Pencil-stim case, fashion-wise covering. Genuine Calcutta lizard in favourite shades of green, red, brown. \$14.25.

**"No problem
this year—
they all asked for
RONSONS!"**



RONSON PRINCESS. She'll use it oftener than she uses her lipstick. Dainty feminine lighter in grey or blue, opto-enamel. Just \$6.50.



RONSON SPARTAN DESK LIGHTER. Guaranteed to put a glim in his eye. In heavy chromium plate with indentured bands of rich ebony enamel. \$15.00.

"And no wonder . . . when they're so perfect for giving and getting. Low prices, too, from just \$6.50. Here are some of my favourites to show you what a wide variety there is but your Ronson dealer can show you many, many more.

And every Ronson has the famous precision workmanship and safety action that guarantees dependability. So give the gift they *asked* me for—a genuine *Ronson*. (If Mrs. Claus reads this . . . I'd like one too!)"



RONSON WHIRLWIND. Ideal for the outdoors set . . . disappearing windshield protects flame in any weather. Distinctive engine-turned chromium. \$11.00.



RONSON QUEEN ANNE PAIR. Homemaker's pride! Silver plated table lighter and matching solid walnut cigarette box. \$32.00. (Lighter alone, \$13.50).

FOR GENUINE PRIDE AND PLEASURE,
MAKE SURE IT'S A GENUINE
RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER
RONSON - TORONTO

Maclean's Movies

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE:

Alec Guinness scores again, this time as a subtle sea dog who believes that civilized bigamy is man's key to happiness. The basic joke seldom runs thin in this roguish British comedy. Mousy Celia Johnson and sexy Yvonne de Carlo are the captain's better halves.



Yvonne de Carlo steps high as one of two Guinness wives in *The Captain's Paradise*. Versatile Alec shines in this light one.

LITTLE BOY LOST: Bing Crosby does astonishingly well in an almost non-crooning role as an American newsman trying to find out whether a lovable waif (Christian Fourcade) is really his vanished son in France. Sluggish in spots, this is still a good sentimental item for family audiences.

MAIN STREET TO BROADWAY: Brief glimpses of numerous show-business celebrities and Tallulah Bankhead's funny caricature of a demure housewife are hardly enough to outweigh the many deficiencies of this strained, synthetic comedy-drama.

MR. SCOUTMASTER: Clifton Webb, author of TV shows for children, joins the Boy Scouts to freshen up his material. The writers of this movie should have done something equally drastic about theirs.

RETURN TO PARADISE: A leathery adventurer (Gary Cooper) meets a tyrannical missionary (Barry Jones) and a dusky belle (Roberta Haynes) on a Technicolor island in the South Seas. Better-than-average escapism, in authentic Samoan settings.

RIDE, VAQUERO! Plucky homesteader Howard Keel and his pantherish wife (Ava Gardner) tangle with bandits Anthony Quinn and Robert Taylor in Mexico. A corny, dead-serious western.

THE SEA AROUND US: Spectacular but haphazard marine photography competes with a banal commentary in a factual film suggested by Rachel L. Carson's superb best-seller.

SO THIS IS LOVE: The late Grace Moore's early struggles toward soprano stardom are fancifully sketched with Kathryn Grayson singing prettily and fluttering her kewpie-doll lashes.

THUNDER BAY: Jimmy Stewart and Dan Duryea strike oil under water in a Louisiana fishing village. A rather tame "outdoor actioner," with Joanne Dru supplying most of the romance.

Gilmour Rates

- | | |
|---|---|
| Bad Blonde: Sexy drama. Poor. | The Last Posse: Western. Good. |
| The Band Wagon: Musical. Excellent. | Let's Do It Again: Comedy. Fair. |
| Call Me Madam: Musical. Tops. | Lili: Musical fantasy. Excellent. |
| Champ for a Day: Ring mystery. Good. | The Master of Ballantrae: 18th-century comedy-drama. Good. |
| Charge at Feather River: Western in 3D. Fair. | The Maze: Horror in 3-D. Fair. |
| City of Bad Men: Western. Fair. | Member of the Wedding: Drama. Fair. |
| City That Never Sleeps: Crime. Fair. | The Moon Is Blue: Comedy. Good. |
| The Cruel Sea: Navy drama. Excellent. | Moulin Rouge: Drama. Excellent. |
| Dangerous When Wet: Musical. Good. | Powder River: Western. Fair. |
| East of Sumatra: Adventure. Fair. | Roman Holiday: Comedy. Excellent. |
| The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T.: Anti-music fantasy. Fair. | Shane: Western. Excellent. |
| From Here to Eternity: Army-camp drama. Excellent. | South Sea Woman: Comedy. Fair. |
| Genevieve: British comedy. Good. | Split Second: Suspense. Good. |
| Gentlemen Prefer Blondes: Comedy plus music. Good. | Stalag 17: Prison-camp tale. Good. |
| The Glass Wall: Drama. Fair. | Story of Gilbert and Sullivan: Musical biography. Good. |
| Great Sioux Uprising: Western. Poor. | Sword and the Rose: Drama. Fair. |
| Innocents in Paris: Comedy. Good. | White Witch Doctor: African jungle melodrama. Fair. |
| Julius Caesar: Shakespeare. Excellent. | Wings of the Hawk: 3-D western. Fair. |
| The Lady Wants Mink: Comedy. Poor. | Yellow Balloon: Suspense. Excellent. |
| | Young Bess: Historical drama. Good. |

"I'm never in a lather now!"

I know the **RIGHT** electric shaver can give Close shaves!"



"I'm through with working up a lather — or working *myself* into a lather! I'm done with scrapes and nicks. I'm finished with having to remember to buy new blades. Now I get the *closest* shaves I ever had — in the easiest way I ever imagined! You see, I found the *right* electric shaver — the Schick '20' — the only one that has all 3 of the features you need for close shaves..."

The man is right! Only the Schick "20" has all these 3 Close-Shave features:

THE RIGHT EDGES



Bevelled Comb Edges. Just like a comb, they lift up the whiskers, lead them in for a close shave.

THE RIGHT HEADS



Face-Fitted. Not bulky, but scientifically sized to get in anywhere, get every whisker.

SELF-SHARPENING



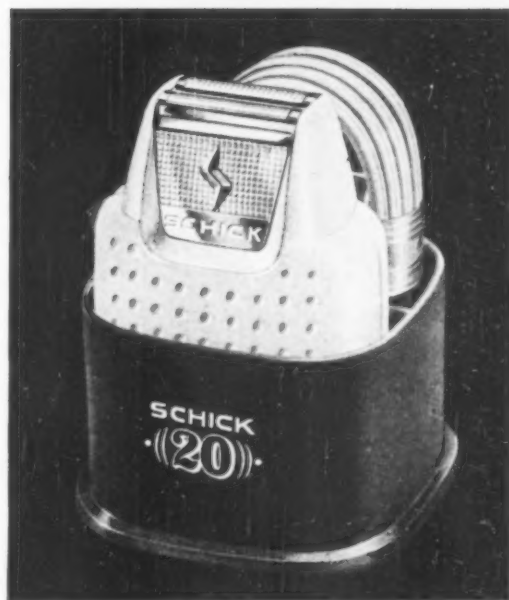
Sharpens As You Shave. Doesn't get dull, assures close shaves always.

Schick "20" —better-built for closer shaves

MORE MEN USE SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVERS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

Skeptics Invited! SCHICK 10-DAY NO-RISK HOME TRIAL

Tell your dealer — or any Schick Electric Shaver Shop — that you want to take home a Schick "20" and shave with it for 10 days. Then see if this isn't the easy, comfortable, no-fuss way to get close shaves. You *must* say it is, or take the shaver back to the dealer within those 10 days and get back every cent! No "ifs" or "buts" about it. You are the only judge!

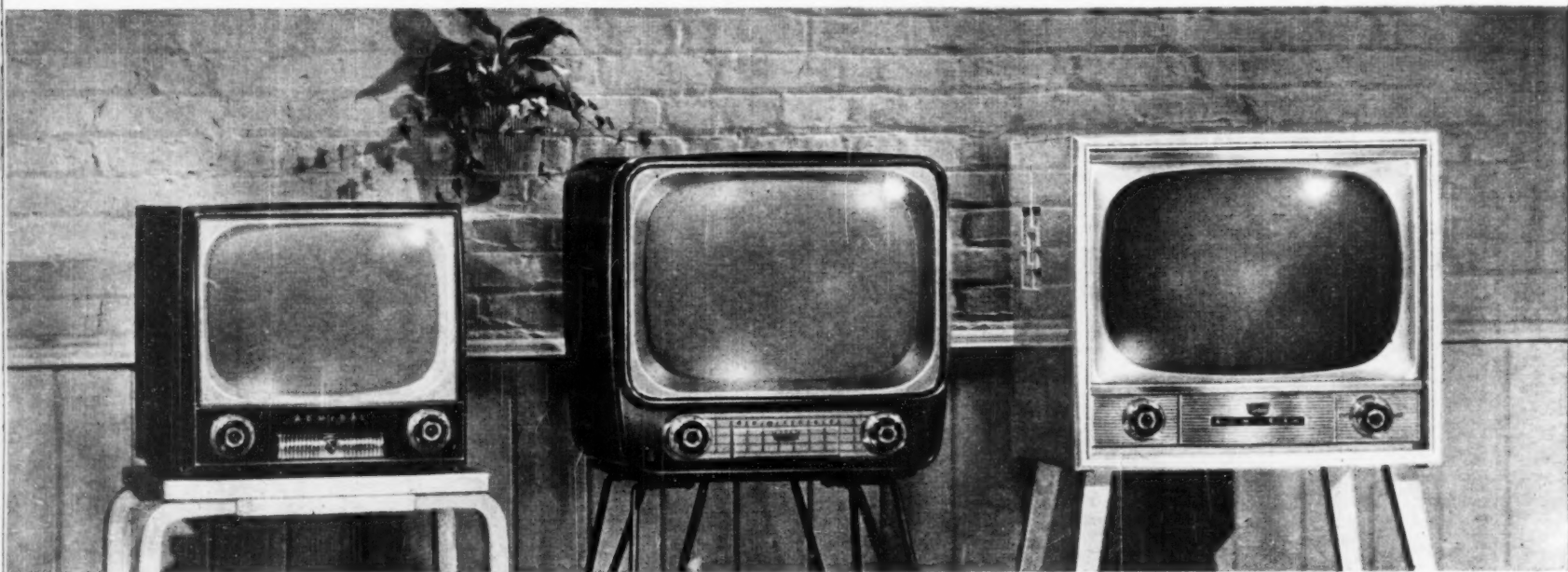


In Caddie Case, \$29.95 • New Schick "Colonel," \$22.95

ALL-NEW 1954

Admiral

BRINGS YOU TELEVISION'S FINEST PICTURE



Model T1822X—17" screen—mahogany finish with Cascade Chassis only **\$249.95***

Model T2222X—21" screen—mahogany finish 21" models start at **\$299.95***

Model T2217X—21" limed oak, legs included 21" walnut models start at **\$399.95***



Model C2227X—21" limed oak console 21" consoles start at **\$449.95***

Model H2216X—21" Mahogany Console 21" half-door consoles start at **\$509.95***

Model C2516X—24" mahogany console. Also in limed oak. Mahogany or walnut only **\$649.95***

FOUR REASONS WHY...

Start with TV's newest, most powerful *long distance chassis*. Add the depth and brilliance of an *aluminized picture tube*, plus the restful, glare-free benefits of a *scientific optic filter*. Then surround this amazing picture with the beauty of a gleaming *golden picture frame*—and you have television as only Admiral can bring it to you. Remember—*not just one, but four* perfectly coordinated elements account for Admiral's superlative performance!

All-New Super Cascade Long Distance Chassis. Over mountains, over plains, over water—it moves you *in close* where viewing is best! A superb performer in *any* signal area, with all-new picture power . . . all-new stepped-up sensitivity . . . all-new noise elimination . . . all-new locked-in stability . . . and incorporating amazing new printed circuits that resist vibration and moisture!

All-New Aluminized Picture Tube. In 21", 24" and 27" screen sizes, this amazing new picture tube gives whiter whites, deeper blacks, and the full range of "in-between" shades that add so much to picture quality. Brings you TV's brightest picture . . . the most *lifelike* you've ever seen!

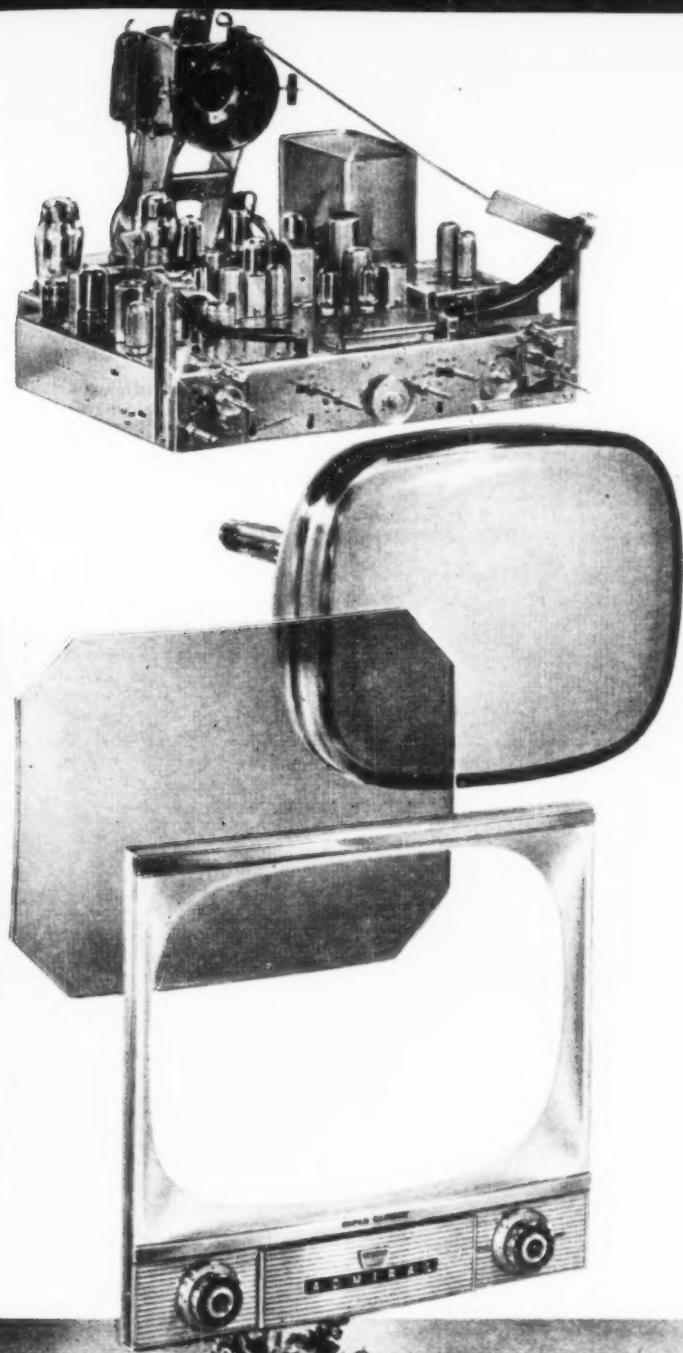
All-New Anti-Glare Optic Filter. Scientifically tinted to just the right degree—not too light, not too dark—Admiral's all-new Optic Filter safety glass prevents washed-out pictures caused by room lighting . . . eliminates glare . . . gives you the most *restful* viewing in all television!

All-New Golden Picture Frame. Enhances the beauty of Admiral's fine cabinet woods . . . makes the picture appear larger, deeper, more *real*! Brings the picture tube forward, for a new glare-free, third-dimensional effect!

Admiral

CANADA'S LARGEST TELEVISION MANUFACTURER

*Prices slightly higher in West. Subject to change without notice.



Model F2817X—27" lined oak console
27" half-door consoles start at . . . \$849.95*

Model L2216X—21" TV-Radio-Phonograph
21" combinations start at . . . \$579.95*



NEW SUPER "600" AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPH

Featured exclusively in Admiral TV Combinations is this all-new Super "600", fully automatic phonograph. Plays all records, all sizes. One control does everything. Just select the desired speed, 33-1/3, 45 or 78 rpm. Adjusts itself for record diameter. No needle adjustment. Shuts off after last record. Up to 5 hours uninterrupted playing.

Lasting
ways
to say



Best
Wishes

Irish
Linen

handkerchiefs



THE IRISH LINEN GUILD

137 WELLINGTON STREET, WEST, TORONTO



When good friends get together
they say O.K. for

O'Keefe's

A-54-2

NO FINER ALE WAS EVER BREWED

The Battle Over Blood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

and two in Montreal still refuse to participate, and collect and distribute blood on their own. Whoever—if, indeed, anyone—is at fault, the silent battle for blood between the thirty-two eastern hospitals and the Red Cross threatens serious harm to the nation's blood program and to next year's blueprint for fighting polio with gamma globulin.

Particularly in regard to the Toronto area, where the hospitals' attitude controls the over-all blood-collection program, the Red Cross puts forward two serious contentions:

Donated blood is only a trickle of what it might be.

What blood is collected is inefficiently used.

Dr. W. Stuart Stanbury, forty-eight-year-old National Commissioner of the Red Cross and the most militant figure in the battle for blood, points out that the Society set up a fully-equipped blood-donor depot in Toronto in 1949, but because of the refusal of the hospitals to participate, blood has been solicited only for military and veterans' hospitals and the armed forces. Last year in Toronto the Red Cross collected seventeen bottles of blood per thousand population, compared with sixty-five bottles in Hamilton, fifty-four in Winnipeg and thirty-nine in Vancouver.

Of course this is not a true comparison of the amounts of blood actually given. Many Torontonians give blood to individual hospitals; how much isn't known. But this blood and its byproducts are not available to the Red Cross' national pool.

"We don't expect to get a great amount of blood for gamma globulin in Toronto," says Dr. Stanbury. "We haven't been able to collect a large amount there since we started the service because the people know they wouldn't get blood free themselves. And where we cannot provide free blood service, we have found our appeals for blood donations have met with poor response."

The Red Cross argues that individual donors give proportionately less blood than they would to the national pool. Most hospitals which handle their own blood procurement have arrangements with industries and societies to supply blood transfusions to employees, and members or their families as long as these groups maintain a blood credit in the hospitals' banks. When a group's credit gets low it is asked for blood donations. People in such groups are reluctant to answer Red Cross appeals for blood because they don't know when they might be called on to contribute to their own hospital bank. In practice such people may give blood once a year or even less often.

There is a further loss of potential blood collections, according to Dr. Stanbury, in the fact that "replacement donors are one-shot donors." Most who give blood to private blood banks to replace blood used by a friend or relative never give blood again. The same people, embraced by the Red Cross system, might join those who give regularly three or four times a year.

Moreover, the Society claims that because it can't set up an all-purpose service in Toronto, it can't afford to extend service to a hundred-and-twenty-five-mile strip from Oakville to Belleville and up to North Bay, covering about twenty thousand square miles and containing about half a million people outside of the Toronto area. The comparatively small volume of blood

that would be handled, coupled with the long distances it would have to be transported, would make unit operating costs too high.

So half a million people in that area are without the free Red Cross blood service—and Canada is without the full potential blood contribution of those half million people for the making of gamma globulin. According to the Red Cross, that is not the end of the influence of the Toronto hospitals on the blood picture.

Toronto has influenced other large Ontario centres, says Dr. Stanbury, and is responsible for the fact that cities like London and Ottawa have not been provided with blood service before many less-populated parts of Canada. Last year the London contribution to the Red Cross was six bottles of blood per thousand population, Ottawa's eleven bottles, both considerably lower even than Toronto.

Although Hamilton and the Niagara area it serves have an outstanding blood-donation record, most of the rest of Ontario is without a Red Cross blood service. The other major areas of Canada which lack this service are Newfoundland and the province of Quebec east of Three Rivers. The



Red Cross is equally outspoken in the charge that non-participating hospitals handle blood inefficiently. Toronto hospitals make no gamma globulin from their blood; in general the blood in their banks is used solely for transfusions, either fresh or in the form of plasma. The hospitals keep fresh blood up to three weeks and if it is not needed for transfusions it is processed into plasma. And if a hospital builds up a surplus of plasma its stock of fresh blood may be thrown away as it reaches its age limit. An official of Toronto Western Hospital stated that last year the hospital discarded one hundred and fifty bottles of blood.

The Red Cross on the other hand contends that no blood donated to it is wasted. The Red Cross makes these uses of blood:

Fresh blood for transfusions.

Plasma.

Gamma globulin.

Storage of residue for later byproduct use.

At present the substance left after gamma globulin is extracted from blood cannot be processed in Canada, but three highly useful products will be made from it by the new Connaught Laboratory equipment. And there is a backlog of the raw material, according to Dr. Stanbury, since all the residue from gamma globulin production this year has been saved in cold storage.

These byproducts of gamma globulin are fibrin foam, fibrin film and serum albumin. Fibrin foam is a whitish, sponge-like material used to stop bleeding from surgical or accidental wounds. It can be sewn up inside the body and eventually is absorbed and disappears. Fibrin film is a cellophane-like sheet which can be used to repair tissues in brain and nerve surgery. Serum albumin is superior to blood plasma for transfusion in case of shock or in emergencies until whole blood is available.

The Toronto hospitals' blood policy,



The Wonders of Scotland . . .

Culzean Castle, built in 1777, is now held by the National Trust for Scotland and is open to the public. Special apartments have been set aside as a Scottish home for President Eisenhower.

Photographed by ANDREW McDUGALL



361

THE OLDEST NAME IN SCOTCH

FAMOUS FOR OVER 300 YEARS

Don't be Vague... say

Haig & Haig

SCOTCH WHISKY

DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS BOTTLE SIZES



**GIVE
YOUR EYES
A TREAT**



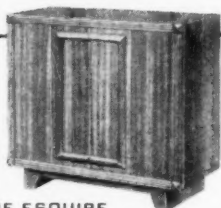
THE MARDI GRAS,
AUTOMATIC RADIO, PHONOGRAPH,
TV COMBINATION

SEE

Electrohome eye-tested television

If you haven't had the pleasure of watching Electrohome Eye-Tested Television, you should arrange to do so as soon as you can. Here's why: Electrohome offers you what you want, and what you have a right to expect—a clear, steady picture—a picture you can watch for as long as you like, *without any eye-strain whatsoever*. Give your eyes a treat—arrange with your nearest Electrohome dealer to show you Eye-Tested television in your own home—soon!

Choose from a wide range of table or console models in period or modern designs—all providing clear, steady viewing enjoyment. Equipped for UHF-VHF reception. \$349.50 to \$950.00.



THE ESQUIRE
Electrohome Deilcraft-styled cabinets and famous concert-hall tone have become synonymous with the best in radio and record entertainment. From smart table models to the finest AM-FM combinations. Electrohome is priced to fit every budget—styled to complement every room. \$29.95 to \$399.50.

Now, more than ever, you'll be proud to own

Electrohome TELEVISION and RADIO

FURNITURE STYLED BY Deilcraft

Electrohome, Kitchener, Ontario—Makers of "Eye-Tested" Television, Radios, Fans, Heat Circulators, Humidifiers, Custom Radio and TV for "Built-ins", Dehumidifiers, Home Freezers, Automatic Clothes Dryers and Deilcraft Occasional Furniture.

the Red Cross maintains, ignores two important factors: that gamma globulin to be most efficacious should be made from blood gathered in the widest possible area; and that Toronto is falling down in its contribution to the nation's supply of the precious stuff.

To be most useful in fighting the spread of a polio outbreak anywhere in Canada, gamma globulin should contain the antibodies—substances created in the blood to combat infection—of all three types of polio virus. One of these three types of antibodies exists in the blood of three adults out of every four, most of whom have had polio in so mild a form that they never knew it. But one part of the country might have been free of one of the three types of polio for years, and the blood of most people living there would not contain the antibodies which act on that type.

The Red Cross says this fact lends a double danger to the stalemate over blood in Toronto and the partial stalemate in Montreal. As a result of the stalemate it's not getting enough gamma globulin and what it is getting may not contain the best possible mixture of antibodies.

Nevertheless, gamma globulin will be used in Canada next year wherever polio strikes in force. People in all parts of the country are being asked to give blood for its production, although it might not come back to them or even to their own province. It is a form of insurance, with a sharing of the total cost and sacrifice. But the present rate of Red Cross donations in Toronto, for example, means that city is not contributing its share. Should a polio epidemic strike its own citizens, Toronto's use of quantities of gamma globulin would in effect be taking advantage of the good will of the rest of the country.

Hospitals Want to Charge

What is behind the refusal of some hospitals to join the Red Cross service?

In 1949 the opposition of Toronto hospitals to the service was summarized in the publication Canadian Hospital: "Hospitals now providing their patients, rich and poor, with an adequate blood service, simply cannot understand the, to-put-it-mildly, arbitrary and undiplomatic methods adopted by the Red Cross . . . It is absurd for Dr. Stanbury to say that hospitals can still maintain their blood banks when they cannot themselves accept blood from patients' relatives or any other source."

"It is the possibility that the Red Cross may not be able to meet the anticipated large demand for free blood . . . that makes a number of the eastern hospitals reluctant to discontinue well-organized blood banks which it has taken years to bring to their present perfection . . ."

"The Red Cross could keep faith with its donors and could avoid alienating a host of very fine people in the hospital field (which it is now doing) if it would issue a statement that the blood will be free, as promised, but that, because of various items of expense, the hospital will make a small service charge."

There has been no apparent change of heart on the part of Toronto hospitals in the past four years. A member of the Toronto Hospital Council executive said the matter has not even been brought up at meetings since 1949. Arthur Swanson, superintendent of the Toronto Western Hospital, who was president of the Canadian Hospital Council in 1949 and has been referred to as "leader of the opposition," refused to be quoted.

Another use -
In tomato
juice!



**LEA &
PERRINS***

**BELONGS . . . ON YOUR TABLE
AND IN YOUR COOKING**

The same fine sauce which, for over 100 years, has enhanced the cuisine of world-famous restaurants.



THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

**Buy Direct
FROM SWITZERLAND
25-JEWEL**

Self-Winding

Raised luminous
numerals



MAN'S

**AUTOMATIC
FULLY GUARANTEED**

In stainless steel case \$49.50
In rolled gold case \$54.50

ONLY \$5 DOWN, FAST DELIVERY

CHALET WATCH COMPANY
9 Richmond St. E., Toronto

Name _____
Address _____

I enclose \$5. Please send 25-jewel man's Chalet.

☐ Stainless steel case
☐ Rolled gold case

Complete with leather wrist strap and gift box. I will pay postman \$2.50 on delivery and send \$5 monthly until balance is paid.

☐ Send me free circular on all your watches.

The Red Cross, in rebuttal, says member hospitals may keep their own banks, but the Red Cross must be the sole source of blood supply for legal reasons. If there are mixed sources, in the event of reaction to a transfusion and a resulting lawsuit it might be difficult to prove whether or not the blood came from the Red Cross, which is insured against such accidents. The Society makes an exception in cases of emergency, when the hospital may obtain blood from any source, so long as it informs the Red Cross of what it has done.

Red Cross officials claim one reason these hospitals have not joined the service is because it would mean giving up what has become a source of revenue. They point out that Dr. Lorne Gilday, secretary of the Montreal Hospital Council, said in 1949, "We have accepted the free transfusion service although we regret the considerable income we will lose by this service." It was estimated at the time that the income from a private blood bank ranges from about nine thousand dollars for a small hospital to thirty thousand for a large one.

Dr. Pritchard, of the Montreal General, says his bank, before he closed it, broke about even but he had asked replacement only on a one-for-one basis. "It can be a revenue producer," he states.

"They can't help but make a profit," says Dr. Stanbury, "and it will not necessarily show on their balance sheet, because they can charge a proportion of every hospital service against the blood bank." Ingram and Bell Ltd., when trying to sell transfusion equipment to hospitals, use the sales argument that blood banks make money. "Anybody knows it's a source of revenue," says the company's president, C. C. White.

The hospitals concerned deny that they make any appreciable profit. Dr. Paul Weil, head of the bank at Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital, says the annual revenue from his bank is about forty-two thousand dollars, and the annual cost about forty-one thousand, including the cost of blood research.

The Royal Victoria, Montreal's largest hospital, had accepted the service with the rest of the hospitals that belong to the Montreal Hospital Council but, according to Stanbury, withdrew after the Red Cross turned down its proposal that the society rent space in the hospital for the blood depot. The hospital, Stanbury says, asked that the society pay about a hundred thousand dollars for alterations to the building necessary to accommodate the depot, plus about fifteen thousand dollars yearly rental. Dr. Weil denies that the disagreement over space rental had anything to do with the hospital's decision not to join the plan. His version is that the Royal Victoria approved the Red Cross program "in principle" along with other members of the Montreal Hospital Council, but since it had a good blood bank of its own it decided to "wait and see"—and is still doing so.

As to the ability of the Red Cross blood service to maintain supplies to hospitals, which opponents of the plan doubted, Dr. Cecil Harris, of Montreal, provincial director of the service, makes this statement: "A large central source of supply is able better to absorb the day-to-day fluctuations in demand, both over-all and in the various groups and types, than if each hospital relied on its own limited facilities. That is not to say that a Red Cross depot is never relatively short of blood and unable immediately to meet every demand made upon it. Such relative shortages are inevitable no matter what

system is used. Our experience is that the Red Cross units are much less frequently compelled to ration out the available supplies than are the independent banks."

The Red Cross entered the blood supply field at a time when transfusions were in the midst of a tremendous increase. Fifteen years ago blood transfusions were given purely as an emergency measure; in the last decade alone the volume of transfusions has increased sevenfold. Today transfusions cut down deaths from several causes and enable surgeons to perform heart

brain and lung operations which were impossible or highly hazardous in the 1930s. In any major surgery blood is used almost as a matter of course. One large Toronto hospital which in 1944 gave fifteen hundred transfusions has this year given more than eight thousand.

The pay-or-replace policy of the hospitals—still adhered to by all Toronto hospitals and two Montreal hospitals—often resulted in staggering hardship to those people who were not poor enough to rate free treatment as indigents and not well enough off

to buy blood from their savings. Blood-bank files record the case of a Toronto woman who hemorrhaged after childbirth and required seventeen bottles of blood within a few hours; of another in Montreal who needed one hundred and ten bottles of blood in ten days; of Iginio Robesco, a Montreal carpenter who needed thirty-two bottles during one operation.

On the other hand there were large areas in Canada where blood couldn't be had at any price; there were great metropolitan hospitals not getting nearly as much blood as they

"A glass of Jordan
Challenge is usually
part of our dinner,"
says Mrs. Lomer Gouin*.

"Like thousands of
others, we find that
good sherry adds
to our enjoyment."

Monique M. Gouin



*Mrs. Gouin is the
wife of a Montreal
lawyer

"ALL CANADA KNOWS JORDAN"



CACAO

BASE OF
THE alexander cocktail

BLACKBERRY

the wonderful aroma
of the fruit

CURAÇAO

MADE WITH
genuine curaçao oranges

ANISETTE

straight...
frappée... or with water

APRY

the soul of the apricot

MENTHE

peerless quality

For after-dining enjoyment...
no liqueurs equal the excellence
of these renowned

MARIE BRIZARD

HAVAS

IMPORTED FRENCH LIQUEURS

needed. These conditions were discovered by Dr. Stanbury when he returned to Canada from his wartime job of running Britain's largest Blood Transfusion Service. In Canada he was assigned to the organizing of an equally ambitious service for Canada. His first survey showed, in addition to the facts noted above, that many general hospitals lacked up-to-date transfusion facilities; that in Saskatchewan there was not a single blood bank, but that due to new uses and new techniques developed during the war the need for blood had increased many times.

Immediately the Red Cross blood service was set up. In 1947 all hospitals in British Columbia and Alberta joined the service. Nova Scotia and P. E. I. joined in 1948. A large section of Quebec, centred in Montreal, was embraced in 1949, and the same year a depot was established in Hamilton which services the whole of the Niagara Peninsula. Manitoba and New Brunswick joined in 1950 and Saskatchewan in 1952. Yellowknife, N.W.T., and Whitehorse, Yukon, are supplied by plane from Edmonton.

The Red Cross blood service now supplies about sixty-six percent of all hospital beds in Canada. These beds are within reach of half the country's fourteen million people. The hospitals which run their own blood banks serve an additional two million. The other five million, living in small towns and rural areas, have no blood bank facilities to call upon.

Meanwhile the Society has invested heavily in the success of its Blood Transfusion Service and on the appeal of the service to the public pocket. In 1952 the service was the largest single item on its budget, \$1,754,263, representing nearly twenty-five percent of total expenditures. With the expanded gamma globulin program that percentage will increase.

The emotional appeal of one person being able to save the life of another by a free donation of blood has always been great, and the possibility of preventing polio has supplied a new element which has increased that appeal.

Not that gamma globulin is a sure-fire preventive for polio. Its recent widespread use is based on a report published in the Journal of the American Medical Association last April. The report described the work of a group of four doctors led by Dr. William McD. Hammon of Pittsburgh, who in the polio seasons of 1951 and 1952 conducted field tests with polio in Utah, Texas, Iowa and Nebraska. Fifty-five thousand children were inoculated, half of them with gamma globulin and half with a harmless gelatine.

A total of one hundred and four children became paralyzed, seventy-three of them in the untreated group, the remainder having had gamma globulin. But between the second and fifth weeks only seven who had had globulin were stricken, compared to thirty-nine in the untreated group.

It was the best news yet in what seemed to the public, and perhaps even to researchers, a long and even hopeless fight against a disease which is far from being the most common but is one of the most dreaded.

Since 1948 the Connaught Medical Research Laboratories, a branch of the University of Toronto, have been working under the sponsorship of the United States National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis on the effect of gamma globulin upon polio. The Connaught researchers exchanged all information with three United States institutions, Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia and the Children's Medical Centre of Boston.

Directed by Dr. Andrew Rhodes, an international authority on polio and now Director of Research at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, Connaught's particular contribution was to discover that the effectiveness of a gamma globulin dose was temporary. This was done by injecting fifty Toronto children with the pale amber fluid and sampling their blood periodically over a period of eight weeks. The antibodies could be detected, but they disappeared after about five weeks.

Canada's first move toward producing gamma globulin came in the fall of 1952 soon after the results of the U. S. field tests were known. The Connaught Labs still had several thousand bottles of dried blood serum, collected during the war, which had been found not entirely suitable for transfusion purposes. The serum had been set aside, according to Dr. R. D. Defries, the director, "because we wanted to find a use for it." There was no inkling at the time that it might play a part in the war against polio.

Old Blood Was Potent

Tests were conducted to see if the wartime serum, eight to ten years old, still contained the antipolio antibodies which ran in the veins of the donors. It did. Dr. Defries broke the news and the federal health department called a meeting of the country's top health and research men to discuss its possibilities. As a result, Connaught Labs were granted seventy-five thousand dollars by the federal government to set up equipment immediately for production of gamma globulin. The group also recommended that a committee be appointed to advise the national health department on distribution of the material, and that the Red Cross be enlisted as the collection

By Appointment Marmalade Manufacturers
to the late King George VI.
James Robertson & Sons
(Preserve Manufacturers) Ltd.



EXTRA SPECIAL!
IMPORTED
FROM SCOTLAND



Robertson's
Goliwog trade
mark is known
everywhere as
the symbol of purity, flavor
and highest quality. Have Robertson's
world-famous preserves for your own table!

Robertson's
Silver Shred
Marmalade

GINGER MARMALADE
GOLDEN SHRED MARMALADE
SCOTCH MARMALADE
BLACKCURRANT JAM • REDCURRANT JELLY
WILD BRAMBLE JELLY

Made and Packed in Scotland

agency for the all-important blood which would be needed as soon as the wartime serum ran out.

Connaught Labs were soon—but none too soon—turning out about fifteen hundred doses of gamma globulin a week.

The gamma globulin committee, with Dr. B. D. Layton as secretary, held its first meeting on April 25 and decided how the precious fluid would be distributed. Obviously there would not be enough for all needs. So it was decided it would be better to try to use the limited supplies for a field trial in epidemic areas.

It was believed there was lots of time before the polio season began in July—then in May, as one committee member put it, "Whitehorse blew up."

It was one of those things which completely rule out any attempt to predict what polio will do. It usually comes with the heat of summer—and it came in the middle of spring in the Yukon town of Whitehorse. Gamma globulin was rushed to Whitehorse. Supplying the serum by air was a combined army and civilian operation, first supplies going on June 5. By the end of June, when the scourge had run its course, there had been a hundred and thirty-eight cases of polio, including five deaths and thirty-three cases of paralysis. By mid-September there had been only three more cases, one of them a health department nurse.

As the Yukon epidemic waned, the carefully kept graphs in Dr. Layton's office in Ottawa began to show a dangerous trend: In both Manitoba and Ontario polio cases were on the increase. Gamma globulin—what pitifully little there was of it—was made available to both provinces.

But by mid-July the Ontario curve began to drop off before reaching epidemic proportions while the disease

rate in the west continued to mount. More globulin was released for the Winnipeg area, by now suffering its worst polio outbreak. At the King George Isolation Hospital in Winnipeg at one time in September there were seventy-six polio patients in iron lungs. Quantities of gamma globulin were distributed also in Newfoundland, Alberta and British Columbia, where there were minor epidemics, and in scattered localities in Quebec, Ontario and Saskatchewan. By the end of the polio season Connaught had produced about twenty-five thousand vials of globulin, "A splendid production job," according to Dr. Layton. With a new laboratory it is expected production by the end of next year's polio season will be one hundred thousand, requiring about two hundred thousand blood donations.

The anticipated production still will be insufficient to immunize all children who might be exposed to polio next year—an estimated one hundred and fifty thousand of the country's three and a half million children under the age of fifteen. But it is felt that the amount produced will minimize the effect of polio. In Winnipeg it was found that the number of household contacts for each case of polio averaged out to about four. Should there be a big outbreak of polio in, say, Ontario, the most populated province, even one as big as Ontario's 1937 epidemic when there were a record 2,546 cases, it would take about ten thousand doses to inject all household contacts. Next year's planned production, then, would be sufficient to handle several such epidemics—provided only household contacts were immunized.

Gamma globulin, according to Dr. Rhodes, gives a person what is called "passive immunity." It does not induce the body to produce any immunity of its own, as diphtheria toxoid does, and the immunity is gone when the injected antibodies are excreted in a few weeks. It is sometimes necessary to give a second injection. The antipolio effort in the research laboratories now is toward the discovery of a permanent preventive.

"The situation is developing very quickly," says Dr. Rhodes. "But gamma globulin, as far as polio is concerned, will be in the picture for three or four years, and it may always play a part in the prevention and lessening of disease."

The Department of National Health and Welfare is working now on reports gathered in each area to which gamma globulin was sent. Health officers are convinced that what little globulin they were able to distribute helped limit the disease. A member of the gamma globulin committee says, "The general feeling is that it was reasonably effective." But Dr. Layton said that until results have been completely analyzed it is impossible to make a positive assessment of the effectiveness of gamma globulin in Canada.

Certainly the need for a means of fighting polio is increasing. The incidence of the disease fluctuates from year to year, but the increase in the past three years, compared with the previous three, has been very great. In 1948, 1949 and 1950 there were an average of fifteen hundred polio cases in Canada; in 1951, 1952 and 1953 the average jumped to over four thousand—with this year's estimated sixty-one hundred cases the highest on record.

If gamma globulin can reduce deaths and crippling from polio—and most medical authorities agree it is the most hopeful method to turn up yet—the disagreement over ways and means of obtaining sufficient raw material will become of increasing importance to us all. ★

A QUESTION OF CHOICE . . .



What are You Giving for Christmas?



Every year it's that same question—and so often we find it hard to answer! But the choice of a thoughtful and appropriate gift for many of the people on your Christmas list can be a simple, satisfying task when you select good stationery, especially suited to each of them. Then

you're bound to be right! Visit your stationer and ask to see the wide selection of Barber-Ellis Stationery . . . you'll find the perfect answer to many of your Christmas shopping problems. There is a Barber-Ellis note paper for every writing need . . . attractive gift boxes of every size for the ladies, from "Thank You" notes to deluxe drawer cabinets . . . for the men on your list, "Sir!" and other designs . . . handy writing tablets for the young fry . . . delightful stationery novelties . . . all at a price to please. Some are illustrated above . . . and your stationer will gladly help you choose the most suitable styles and sizes.

Barber-Ellis 
CREATORS OF FINE STATIONERY

Serve PEEK FREAN'S TWIGLETS

WHEN
ENTERTAINING

Put swank in your party. Twiglets lend a London flavour when you serve refreshments. And these long, thin "twigs" which have a zesty taste are appetizing as well as novel.



Mr. Peek
& Mr. Frean

MADE BY
PEEK FREAN'S
MAKERS OF
Famous ENGLISH Biscuits

614



FOR CHRISTMAS A DRESSING GOWN OF 'Viyella'

"WASH AS WOOL—IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE"

The finest Dressing Gowns and Robes are made of 'Viyella' Flannel in plain shades, delightful checks and authentic tartans. So light—so warm—so wearable. 'Viyella' is washable and colour-fast, and guaranteed by the unique pledge "Wash as Wool—if it shrinks we replace." 'Viyella' is entirely British made—spun, woven, and finished in Great Britain by William Hollins & Company Ltd., since 1784.



'Viyella' Garments and 'Viyella' by the yard are sold in all leading stores.



WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LTD.
266 KING ST. W. TORONTO, ONT.

The Alien

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Sanders was right, he thought again with astonishment as he looked out to her during a morning class. She was altogether fine—her face—her throat was almost white—even her hands winking blue and green and ruby with the splendor of the Five-and-Ten; they were pale articulate fingers. She could have been his own child—the child to be born soon. Oh God, he and Grace would have to do something about her soon—when Grace got back! They must have some way of keeping an eye on her until she would go away to residential school!

He brought himself to with a start as he saw that the Grade Threes were looking patiently up at him; he realized that he had left them hanging in their spelling lesson for several minutes. He lifted the pointer to the board.

"Now this word—colour—in the States it's spelled c-o-l-o-r—but we spell it this way—c-o-l-o-u-r—and your next word..." He lowered the pointer a notch... "porridge." He must remember he was teaching them another language—English—as well as their spelling. It had been stupid—telling them that—the two ways of spelling colour—but he must underline each word somehow. He must pin them in their minds.

"Porridge—do you know what porridge is? It's what you eat in the morning—for breakfast." What had they eaten—not porridge—a chunk of boiled elk—tea—bannock.

"Ralph—what's porridge?"

He waited while Ralph looked up at him from under a lifeless mop of hanging hair. Now the boy was smiling idiotically as embarrassment tightened within him. "What do you do with porridge, Ralph?"

"Eat it." The words were barely audible.

"That's right. Does anyone know what it's made of? It comes in a box—in a sack—you buy it at the Post."

"Wheat." Someone had whispered it at his left; he could not tell which one.

"Yes. Cracked wheat and oats. Oatmeal—in Scotland—that's way over the sea—where my people came from—they eat porridge made of oats three times a day. It's good for you." What were they thinking? What were they thinking out there before him! Oats—oats—oats were for horses not humans. Elk—deer—boiled and stinking spring bear—muskrat legs—porcupine—not oats. "It fills you!" As he spoke he realized that his voice had tightened. It was as though they disagreed with him, and he could not help the irritation he felt. "It has vitamins," he insisted, "stays—fills..."

He saw Ruby lean across the aisle, her half-closed hand held to her mouth as she whispered to Mary Jane. Grade Three! The business still of Lucille and Raymond Blaspheme. Sergeant James had the right idea; it worked in the Peace River—two Mounties going to work with fists and boots on the boy—two hours to leave him bruised and bleeding and unconscious and taught! They learned then—that was the only way to reach into them—not this way!

He pointed automatically to the next word on the spelling list.

"Outdoors." Out of doors—out of doors—the door. "What does this one mean? Where is outdoors?"

No one volunteered.

"Is it here? Is it—it's a place? Where you are now? Inside this place? Is that it? Or is it—" he lifted the pointer—"is it out there—beyond the door? Outdoors?"

Several heads nodded almost imperceptibly.

"That's right!" he said heartily as though the entire class had risen and shouted the answer for him. "And indoors is inside this door."

His pointer rested on the next word. "Suddenly. What does suddenly mean, Harold, Herbert, Melvin, Toots! Answer me! Tell me!" His voice ripped out high. "Anybody!"

He saw Victoria's head lift, lips slightly parted—eyes astonished. No coarse broadness in the cheekbones. She could be his own! Oh God, he wished the baby were born, that Grace and Hugh were back with him!

"Quick."

Quick? Quick? She'd said it clearly—cleanly. Oh—Yes, Victoria. Quick. Suddenly means quick. To do a thing quick is to do it suddenly. Now—all of you—write the words down—neatly, carefully." They bent over, picked up pencils, opened scribbles.

"Moses, get to work. Yesterday you didn't, you know."

A gnome of a child in the second row by the window, Moses gave no sign that he heard or cared. "You hear me, Moses? That arithmetic—you could have done it yesterday. You didn't. You still have to. Now—get those words down like the others." He felt a pang of contrition for his sharpness. "You're a smart boy, Moses. Your father asks a lot about you. I told him last week you were smart. He wants you to be smart. You want your father to be proud of you, don't you?"

Moses picked up his pencil. Was there no way of telling whether he had got through to them—past the sliding pupil, the giggle of embarrassment, the lowered lids? Was there no way to get by their eyes? And Victoria—hers were the same—they were not white eyes at all! They were—they were! It was just the years of stinging camp-fire smoke. That was all. It was the way they had to live.

He turned away from the Grade Threes. The drawing lesson now. Today they were to do the owl.

CANADIAN ECDOTE



The parson who clipped ears

THE Rev. Norman McLeod, a strong-willed hot-tempered reformer, was Presbyterian minister of St. Ann's, Cape Breton, from 1820 to 1850. He was such a magnetic orator that a hundred families followed him to St. Ann's from his previous parish at Pictou; such a pessimistic pastor that he deemed no one in his congregation, including himself, fit to receive Holy Communion; and such a stern judge that he once cropped the ear of an innocent child.

In 1830 criminals looked for no mercy from an outworn criminal code. Shoplifting was still punishable by death and seditious talk by mutilation. The Scots colonists of St. Ann's expected their minister to interpret the law of the land as well as the law of God. So when a local boy of twelve was suspected of stealing a purse McLeod was asked to administer justice.

Because his accusers threatened him with a night in the graveyard, the child pleaded guilty. McLeod then pronounced sentence: "In Old Testament times Achan and his household were stoned to death for

a similar sin. You are only a child, but the law is the law. Hand me the shears! Your right ear shall be clipped!"

Though the people of St. Ann's later discovered that the purse had been stolen by a wandering peddler they never questioned McLeod's authority. His unmistakable sincerity won the loyalty of churchgoers who literally followed him to the ends of the earth. For when McLeod, deciding at the age of seventy that St. Ann's was too hemmed in by trivial restrictions, built a boat and made the twelve-thousand-mile voyage round the Horn to Australia, eight hundred and eighty-three of his parishioners went too.

One elderly couple who couldn't make the long journey stayed behind at St. Ann's and showed their devotion to McLeod in a different way. When he paid his farewell visit they nailed up the door through which he left, as a permanent memorial to the fiery minister of St. Ann's.

—M. and K. Wainwright.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.



JASPER

by Simpkins

GIVE YOUR FRIENDS 21 SURPRISES FOR CHRISTMAS

The best way to do this is to give *all* your friends MACLEAN'S this Christmas. Then you give them 21 pleasant surprises . . . 21 issues of entertainment, information and enjoyment which keep on coming twice each month throughout 1954. And this year you also give them this big feature: Thomas B. Costain's long-awaited story of early French Canada, **THE WHITE AND THE GOLD**, presented in a series of lavishly-illustrated chapters *ahead of book publication*.

Use MACLEAN'S gift subscriptions **NOW** to solve all your gift problems. You please your friends with a gift everyone in the family enjoys. You avoid frantic last-minute shopping. You eliminate wrapping and mailing problems and you save money as well. The next few weeks are going to be busy ones, so do your Christmas shopping **NOW** in the comfort of your own home. Order your gifts of MACLEAN'S TODAY.

3 GIFTS only \$5.00

Each additional gift above three only \$1.65 each.

2 GIFTS \$4.00

1 GIFT \$3.00

These rates good in Canada only. For new and renewal gift subscriptions to all addresses outside of Canada, please add \$1.50 for each gift.

ORDER NOW — PAY LATER

There is no need for you to send payment with your order, unless you wish. We will be glad to bill you after January 1st to help you spread your Christmas gift budget over a longer period. But make sure you don't disappoint your friends, order now.

FREE GIFT CARDS

We will send an attractive greeting card, signed in your name to each of your friends to announce your gift of MACLEAN'S. OR if you prefer, we will send YOU the cards to sign and mail personally. Please indicate your preference on the order form below.

SPECIAL GROUP OFFER

When you order three or more gifts of MACLEAN'S you may also order up to 10 gifts of each of these Maclean-Hunter magazines at these special gift rates:

CHATELAINE	\$1.00
CANADIAN HOMES AND GARDENS	\$1.65
MAYFAIR	\$1.65

These special rates are good in Canada only. You may include your own new or renewal subscription if you wish.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

MACLEAN'S

481 University Ave., Toronto, Canada.

Please send one-year gift subscriptions of MACLEAN'S to:

- ☐ Mail gift cards signed as indicated
OR ☐ Send cards to me for personal signing
☐ I enclose \$..... in payment
OR ☐ Please bill me after January 1.

YOUR OWN SUBSCRIPTION
may be included in this order but you may not order more than 10 gifts of any one magazine at these special rates.

Name <input type="checkbox"/> new <input type="checkbox"/> renewal Address City Prov. Sign card from	Name <input type="checkbox"/> new <input type="checkbox"/> renewal Address City Prov. Sign card from	Name <input type="checkbox"/> new <input type="checkbox"/> renewal Address City Prov. Sign card from
Name <input type="checkbox"/> new <input type="checkbox"/> renewal Address City Prov. Sign card from	Name <input type="checkbox"/> new <input type="checkbox"/> renewal Address City Prov. Sign card from	YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS Name Address City Prov. Please include my own <input type="checkbox"/> new or <input type="checkbox"/> renewal MM-Dec. 1



*Faithfully
yours*



HOVERTA ROTOMATIC

by Hofer of Switzerland

A WATCH FOR A LIFETIME imported from Switzerland for men of discriminating taste who demand precision and superb design. A product of three generations of Swiss master-craftsmanship, featuring the unique 17-jewel *Rotomatic* movement that winds itself, and the new *Vimetal* mainspring, guaranteed to last a lifetime. Waterproof, shockproof, anti-magnetic, and unaffected by temperature variations—available in gold, chrome, and stainless steel, in a variety of sizes and designs.

On display now at your jeweller's

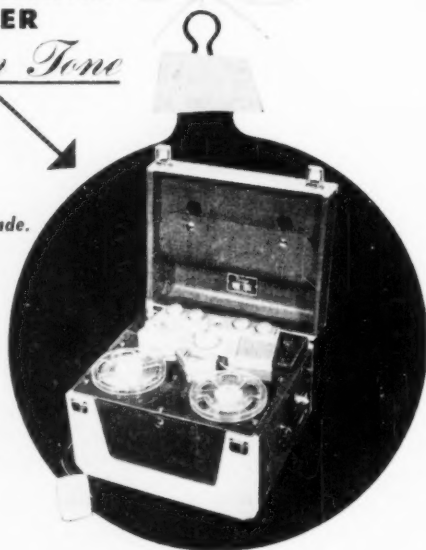
PH-2

*Make this Christmas
LIVE FOREVER
give Golden Tone*

WEBSTER ELECTRIC
Ekotape
TRADE MARK

the finest portable tape recorder made.

The cries of delight as the children open their gifts... the beautiful carols on the radio... special Christmas services... parties... family events throughout the year—all can be recorded on this beautifully designed, high fidelity tape recorder. Memories kept alive forever to enjoy for a thousand tomorrows. Two speeds allow choice of long playing or high fidelity performance—to be kept forever or erased at will.



DOMINION SOUND EQUIPMENTS LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: 4040 St. Catherine Street West, Montreal

Please forward data	Advertising Department Dominion Sound Equipments Limited 4040 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal, Que.
NAME	
COMPANY	
ADDRESS	
CITY	

DS-53-31

BRANCHES AT:

Halifax,
Saint John,
Quebec,
Montreal,
Ottawa,
Toronto,
London,
Winnipeg,
Regina,
Calgary,
Edmonton,
Vancouver.

HE PHONED to Grace three times in the ten days before the baby was to be born; the wait had become intolerable for him now. He wanted the thing over with and he wanted his family back with him. His last call Grace promised she would stay only a couple of weeks after she had come out of the hospital; she was to be admitted the next day; her mother would wire him. Three days later the station agent phoned out to him the telegram Mrs. Brockman had sent. He had a daughter now—eight pounds—Cynthia. Grace was fine. He supposed the woman had the sex right; by Cynthia she no doubt meant Sylvia, the name they had decided upon if they had a girl. He was unutterably relieved and for the rest of the week he walked upon air. The Friday after, he went up to the dance and church tent where the Indians were celebrating a calf cheque payment. He danced the Owl dance with Susan Rider, two Rabbit dances with Lucy Baseball and Mrs. Powderface. When he announced that he had a daughter now, the shrill who-whoos filled the tent and the drum rolled tight applause. He walked home through full moonlight, the night soft with spring, pulsing with the dying drum and the beating chorus of frogs.

Grace stayed a week longer than she had promised. He drove the department truck in to meet her late in the afternoon when June shadows lay along over the young crops spreading on either side of the road. Sitting high in the cab, jolting over cattle guards and ruts, he caught the brightness of a meadow lark now and again; the lightness of the afternoon, the season, the birds' song seemed to have entered him. He was the luckiest man in the world! He had Grace and two children now! He'd never die—never! A son—a daughter—never—never die! The words tyrannized his consciousness—they chanted themselves—ran together and lost their meaning—crystallized with sense again. Never die—never die—Sinclair'd never die. Sinclair never dies—he just goes rolling along—old man Sinclair with his two children of his own flesh goes rolling along—immortal in the department truck to meet his wife and son and baby girl!

He came to the town just after dusk, a half an hour before train time; over the main street hung festively colored strings of lights. He had trouble finding a parking place, since cars and trucks of ranchers in for Saturday night for the show, for the week's shopping, for the beer parlor—had lined the street solidly. They sat in their cars, watching the crowds go by on the walk; here and there a friend leaned with elbows on a lowered window to chat with those inside. A woman with slightly anxious face stood waiting before the beer parlor's green windows, the door opening now and again to emit a belch of laughter, talk, and shouts. Wide-armed, wide and unsteady-legged, a drunk fought emptiness before the hotel. The town had a carnival air.

Just as he climbed from the truck, Carlyle saw Pete Lafayette.

"We're stranded, Mr. Sinclair."

Pete was grinning at his predicament.

"Can we come home with you tonight?"

"Sure, Pete. Sure." He found himself smiling. "How many of you?"

"The wife—the kids—there's Judy and his family and Old John and..."

"How many, Pete?"

"Maybe fifteen."

"Can you all get in the back?"

"I guess we can."

"All right. The cab'll be full, Pete. Mrs. Sinclair's on the train."

"That's nice, Mr. Sinclair."

"And Hugh and the baby."

"What is it, Mr. Sinclair?"

He heard the train whistle in the

distance. "A girl, Pete. Sylvia."

"That's a nice name for her. I'll tell John and Judy and the others. We got our groceries too."

"You see where the truck is, Pete. Load up there right away because I'm pulling out. I'm not waiting."

He turned away. The train had already stopped in the station. He saw Grace holding the baby in a blue blanket, her eyes straining for him, Hugh by her side. Her face lighted.

"Darling, darling, how are you—how..."

He went to her with arms outstretched.

"Easy, Car. Watch out for her!"

He kissed her on the cheek, looked down at the blanketed bundle. In the dusk of the station lights all he could make out was a small nose, a fist. A cry threaded up.

"She's a sweetheart, Car—but she's got to be fed."

"Now?"

"By the time we get to the valley



won't be too late if we leave right away."

"Where are your bags?"

She turned—with her head she indicated the suitcases.

"Give me a hand, son. How are you?"

"Fine, dad."

"The truck's just across the street. It'll be full of Indians and groceries by now. We'll put them in the back."

Before the agency buildings they stopped; the Indians piled out, thanked Carlyle for the ride, staggered off with sleeping children and cartons of supplies. With his arm around Grace's shoulder he walked to the back door. Hugh and Grace and the baby waited just inside while he found his way through the dark kitchen to the table and the lamp. The match lit up the interior fitfully; then the mantles were fizzing white and the room was stark with the glaring light.

"All right," said Carlyle, "let's have a look at her."

Grace turned back one corner of the blanket. Her hair was thick—the unrelieved black he had seen in so many Indians, lacking all life-light on the small egg-shaped head. Olive skin—the lids of the eyes... He looked up at Grace.

"She—she's—she looks..."

"She's Sylvia, dear." Grace was smiling. "Take her."

As he held her one fluttering fist trembled to her mouth; the plump face grimaced; there came a thin high sound like the start of the Chicken-dance song; it paused, took up again with tight fury and anguished need.

"Temper and lungs to go with it," Grace laughed. "To bed now, Hugh. This little papoose has to have her supper."

FOR CARLYLE the summer seemed to stand still, July and August stretching interminably; his concern for Victoria came back to trouble him. He spoke to Grace, asking her if there wasn't something they could do for the

'White Horse' please!

*such PERFECT FLAVOR
and satisfying as
only White Horse
can be!*

*such SMOOTH SCOTCH
with that special
White Horse
smoothness!*



*such FINE OLD WHISKY
with White Horse
quality known
the world over!*

Enjoy

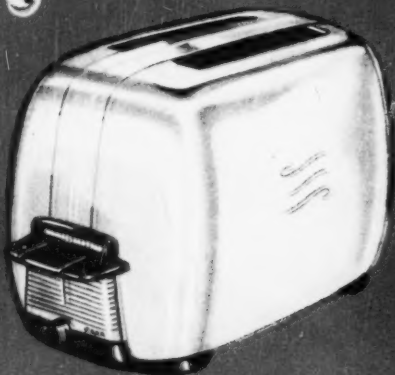
WHITE HORSE Scotch Whisky

Distilled, Blended and
Bottled in Scotland
Available in Various Bottle Sizes





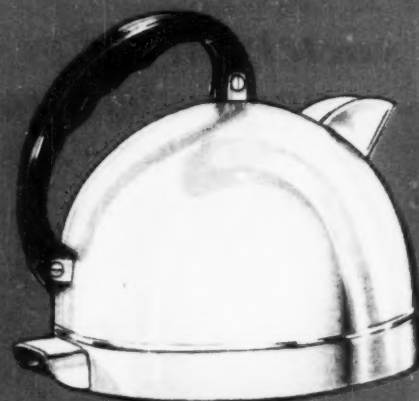
Add to their pleasure with GENE



A gift everyone will welcome, the new Automatic Toaster "pops up" toast to your taste every time . . . in 1/2 minute. Beautifully styled with easy-to-clean, long life chrome.



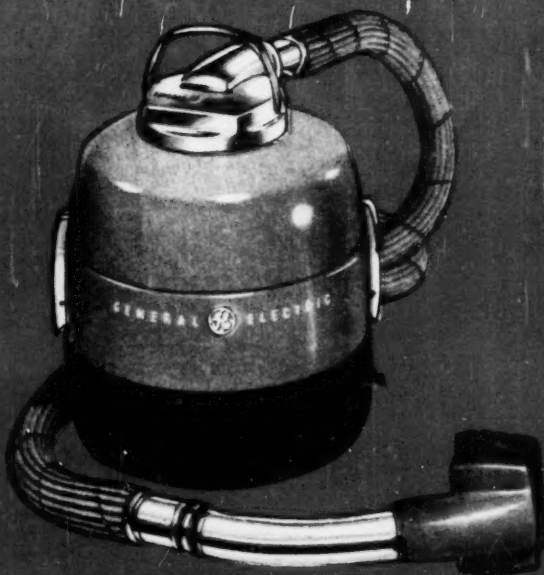
New low-priced, full powered Mixer will earn a special "thank you." Mixes everything . . . batter to frostings. A real wife-saver. Available in limited quantities only, until early 1954.



Housewives really appreciate the gift of a G-E Kettle. In the kitchen or at the cottage it provides boiling water fast even when the range is busy.



A work-saving Floor Polisher makes an ideal gift for home-lovers. Floors shine in a hurry. Just guide it . . . two fast-moving brushes do all the work.



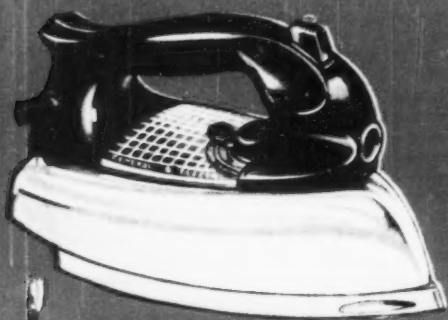
Swivel-top Vacuum Cleaner lets you clean an entire room without once moving the cleaner. Powerful suction, extra-large "Throw-Away" bag, matched interlocking attachments.

G-E GIFTS catch the spirit of Christmas giving. For you, there is the satisfaction of knowing that you give the very finest. For those you care for, there is the pleasure of receiving gifts that will add to their comfort and their leisure every day of the year . . . for years to come. These discriminating gifts are priced as low as \$4.95, yet every one bears the famous G-E Trade-Mark . . . your assurance of incomparable styling and performance. For a very merry Christmas, give distinctive General Electric gifts.

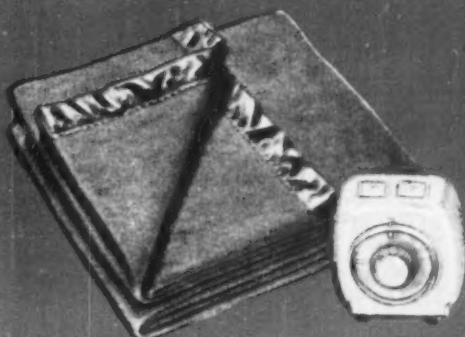
Small Appliance Department

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
LIMITED

ure...and their leisure GENERAL ELECTRIC GIFTS



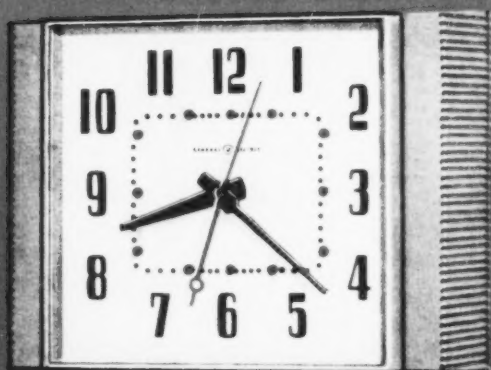
The lightweight Steam Iron does a wonderful steampressing job... touch a button and it's a fully automatic dry iron. It's really 2 irons in 1.



The G-E Blanket is the gift of perfect sleep. Set it for the exact warmth you like and the "sleep guard" control maintains warmth automatically.



A Featherweight Iron will be remembered through the years. Light weight and larger soleplate help cut ironing time by one-third. Maintains the right temperature automatically.



"Helper"—combines top G-E styling and quality with low price. Large, easy-to-read numerals. Sweep second hand... shatterproof crystal... red or yellow or white plastic case.



"Lullaby"—G-E's lowest priced alarm clock. Egg-shell plastic case, easy-to-read dial with contrasting numerals. Shatterproof crystal. Available without luminous dial.



GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

for gifts that keep on giving



Preferred IN SELECT COMPANY FOR MORE THAN 250 YEARS

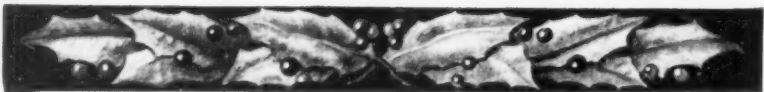


The ceremony of the boar's head (a colorful part of Christmas pageantry in the 18th century) failed to survive the passing of time but the superb quality of Scotch whisky, selected by the HBC for shipment to the new world in 1701 as the best procurable, is still a festive favorite in select company.



HUDSON'S BAY Best Procurable SCOTCH WHISKY

C 19



Career Woman Plans Trip to Europe

To Receive \$4,384

A busy Toronto career woman, aged 30, is making plans now for a three month trip through Europe when she retires. She has started a systematic savings plan with a Confederation Life Policy.

For only \$10 a month, this plan will guarantee her \$4,384 at age 60! In addition, her policy contains Confederation's Disability Benefit. If she should become totally disabled through accident or illness before age 50, this special benefit guarantees to keep putting aside \$10 a month for her as long as she is so disabled, until the guaranteed value is payable.

Are you in need of a systematic savings plan that will protect your future, come what may? Your Confederation man will be glad to explain complete details for you!

Write today for full information.



Other Features of This Policy!

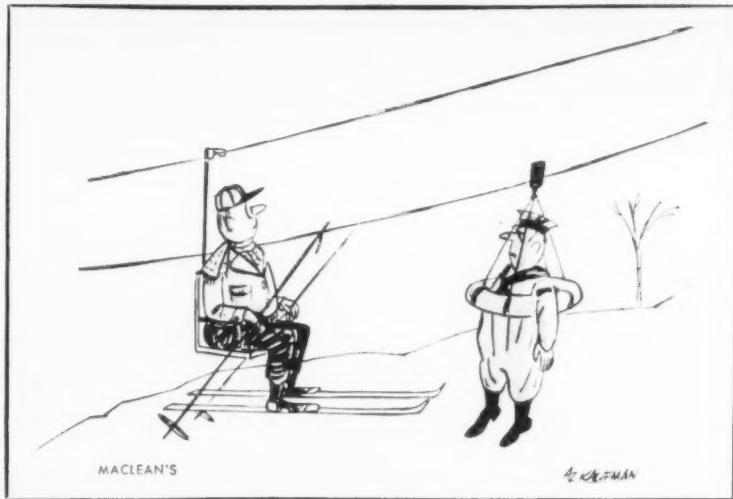
- Your savings plan has substantial cash and paid up values after just 3 years.
- If you marry after this period, you may receive the cash value or a paid up bond. Or you may add your retirement income to your husband's.
- At age 60, you may receive the cash in a lump sum, or, if you prefer, as a regular monthly income for life.

PROTECT
THE ONES
YOU LOVE...
consult

Confederation Life Association

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

12 Richmond Street East, Toronto



girl. Couldn't she use her around the house now that the baby was an additional call upon her energies and attention. She could, Grace admitted, though Sylvia was good and actually required little care. A happy and contented baby, she lay on blankets in the sun seemingly for hours at a time.

In July he spoke to Mrs. Rider, asked her if she would permit Victoria to help Grace with the housework. Susan seemed pleased at the opportunity for her daughter.

"She can come at nine in the morning," Carlyle explained. "Eat her lunch with us. I'll bring her home in the evening."

Victoria worked silently, doing as Grace told her, needing little supervision. She soon took over the care of Sylvia, and it was one afternoon while she was playing with the baby that Carlyle heard her laugh for the first time. She ate with them, though it was obvious for two weeks that every mouthful under their gaze was painful to her. They saw that her dark eyes watched every move they made at the table, that she took for her own each caution they made to Hugh about his table manners. Carlyle had to speak to her only once about her nails; from that time on the black lining disappeared; she bathed when Grace did; at least once a week she sat by the baby at the front of the house, her head bowed, gleaming hair drying in the sun.

After his initial shock, Carlyle paid little attention to his daughter; now and again he caught a glimpse of her black eyes, dark straight hair in such contrast to his tow-headed son. Hugh had successfully finished his Grade Four work, and Carlyle did not look forward to having him in school the next fall.

"It's not fair to him," he explained to Grace.

"I don't see why not," she protested. "He deserves the best education he can get. I think he..."

"I have faith in you as a teacher."

"No—I'm serious. A parent can't expect to teach his own child as well as—as someone else."

"He'll do all right."

"It isn't just school."

"Isn't it?"

"Grace—this is an unnatural—he—I want him to have friends—his own friends—other than—the Indian children—white friends. He has other things to learn than..."

"He's no different than the children of the ranchers—they..."

"They send them to school by the time they're Hugh's age. There isn't one that's studying at home with his mother—not as old as Hugh."

"What do you think he ought to do?"

"I think we ought to make arrange-

ments to send him away to school this fall."

"To town?"

"Yes. Moon's grandchildren are going in—there are others going in from the Anchor T—we could make arrangements for him to board in town—go in and come out week ends with the others."

"Not yet, dear."

"It should be this fall."

"Not this year. Next perhaps." She was quite serious now. "He's pretty young to be away from home. I'd like to keep him a little longer."

In August the Senator visited them again; a week later Mr. Gillis arrived; Carlyle went into town to meet him with the department truck. On their way out he asked how the reserve was going; Carlyle told him much the same.

"All out of tents now?"

"What are you—"

"You did put my plan into practice, didn't you? To get them into houses?"

"Oh—no—they're still in tents."

"I told you how to do it. I'm surprised you haven't done it. You do want them in houses, don't you?"

"Yes—yes."

"Then what's the delay?"

For several moments Carlyle was silent. "You know, Mr. Gillis, now you ask, I don't know. Other things more important have crowded it out perhaps."

"Are there more important things?"

Carlyle nodded.

"What?"

"Oh—getting a hospital—more land."

"More land?"

"We haven't nearly enough for the number of families. Some day I'd like to see them each with his own piece of land—operating it—responsible—until that happens—well—that's the most important thing."

"I see."

"Of course that doesn't mean we couldn't go ahead with the houses."

The Senator, it seemed, had plans. He told Carlyle that Western Power and Hydro were more anxious than ever to make an arrangement for their project; they had come out into the open about it in Ottawa; perhaps they would be able to come to terms with them sooner than they had expected.

"So we've got to get ready," he warned Carlyle.

"What do you mean?"

"They've started. We've got to start. And I think the first thing to do is to make Ottawa conscious of the need for more land—"

"But I've—Mr. Fyfe has already..."

"No—we've got to build a fire under them."

"How?"

"I've been thinking it over. You

should have a meeting of the Indians—draw up—have them draw up a petition—send it in. I think you should do it this summer. Next spring—next summer—the following year you might have them include more specific details about the land they'd like—Western Power and Hydro land. Your fire should be at its hottest just about the time that Western Power and Hydro has reached theirs. What would be more natural for Ottawa to think of than an exchange?"

"Shall I say anything to Gillis?"

"No. Let him bring it up first. I don't think he will. Not yet. I'd tell Fyfe though."

Mr. Gillis did not mention the land matter during his week's visit; he took his leave when the Senator did.

"Get that meeting going," the Senator advised Carlyle just before he left. "Have each one speak—get down what each says—make out your petition—send it in."

IT WAS a good meeting; the church tent was packed; all the councillors were present. Carlyle outlined to them the purpose of their meeting. He said that they had met to talk to Ottawa, for they were in need. They wanted more land on which to raise wheat and vegetables and stock. He explained that he would make notes on what each had to say, that their words would be incorporated into a petition to be sent to the government. When he had finished, he sat down, knowing that such meetings were familiar to them, that they could carry on themselves.

After a few minutes Prince Lefthand walked to the centre of the tent, stood there with his stiff grey bush of hair up and back, thumbs hooked in his belt, his eyes on the seated circle of attentive men.

"Since long time ago these Indians are suffering," he began, "and now he's thinking these days he cannot make a living and he knows that. We need more land and now I talk with government friendly to go along with me in a peace way."

As quickly as he could write, Carlyle took down Prince's words.

"We suffer too much having not enough land for us all. The children are sick. That's all."

He sat down; his place in the centre was taken by Ezra Shot-Close.

"Thank you, Mr. Sinclair, for calling this meeting. I would like to say a few words. We need another piece of land because we lost the good life of the Indian. We lost all that now. Before white people come to this country Indian had a good living—never hungry for himself for his horse. Been hunting in the fall—put up for dry meat and put up for dry berries too. We lost all that now; we lost the good Indian life. Those days we had buffalo-hide wigwam that was windproof—coldproof; now we got canvas tepee and the wind blow through. The Indian child get sick out of it."

"We want to make home like white people—more vegetables grow—grain feed grow—cattle raise. We want another piece of land and we ask that from the government friendly. What we got now is a lot rocky and hilly and one person needs a whole section of land to make a living out of it. There is why my people suffer in their hearts. We like to put that suffering out of our souls." He paused, looked over to Mr. Dingle. "In the name of Jesus Christ Who died for us all Amen. That's all."

Old John limped to the centre; he wore his blue councillor's coat with the gold-crowned buttons winking down the front. On his face now there lay a placid dignity; it was in the tan flat planes of his death's-head face; in the

crow's-feet at the corner of the sunken eyes, in the purity of his white hair.

"Whenever the government tells me to do things, I always do. The first time I want to say this. My father was a chief. He told me when the first Peace Treaty Number Seven was made under the red flag and the Majesty of the Queen, she promised this; she would help us Indians when they were up against it. She said she was going to protect us Indians. Protect us now. We lost all happy days. I want to hear from government to let us have more land before long. I obey what govern-

ment say. Now government obey me. That's all."

MacLean Powderface spoke without a hesitation or stammer.

"God make this land and the mountains too. He put us here. That is why I think we are Indians and why we want to be here. Our blood is in those grounds and hills. Our great fathers were buried there and we want to live here with them. We can't leave these hills. But now without land we need we are just like in a sack. We been here first our color people. At Treaty Number Seven we were promised help if we

need it—as long as water flowing in the river. We need help. Water still flowing in river. I am very anxious to hear an answer for more land from Ottawa. That's all."

The meeting as always closed with a hymn and a prayer.

THAT NIGHT Carlyle with Grace's help drew up the petition. The next day he sent it home with Victoria to be circulated through the band for their signatures and marks. He waited for Fyfe's next visit to show it to him. When he had explained their plan of

YOUR BEST AIR BUY TO EUROPE

\$417³⁰
MONTREAL-LONDON RETURN*
\$270⁰⁰ ONE WAY

FLY TCA

TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES

ASK ABOUT ALL-EXPENSE AIR-TOURS TO EUROPE

FLYING OVER 18000 MILES OF WORLD AIR ROUTES

TCA

See your Travel Agent or nearest TCA Office for complete information.

*I.A.T.A. approved Off-Season Tourist Fare

Pay lowest air fares. Save BOTH time and money as you speed by TCA on a swift and pleasant trip to Europe during uncrowded, off-season months.

It's thrift season in Europe, too. Rates are much lower for most hotels, tours and sight-seeing trips.

Fly TCA! Daily flights from Montreal — new weekly service direct from Toronto. Enjoy the dependability — the roomy comfort of a "North Star" Skyliner — the personal attention that distinguishes TCA service all year 'round. Daily flights to London, regular flights to Glasgow, Shannon, Paris, Dusseldorf — with connections to all Europe.



Strike the right note

The good host strikes the right note by serving Scotch Whisky; it is the drink most appreciated by his guests. Make your choice "Black & White" and you will add an extra touch of quality to your entertaining. How could it be otherwise when the pick of the finest Scotch Whiskies are carefully blended in the special "Black & White" way.

BUCHANAN'S
'BLACK & WHITE'
SCOTCH WHISKY
The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment
to the late King George VI



Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

Distilled, Blended and Bottled in Scotland
 AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS BOTTLE SIZES

action, the supervisor's shrewd little Scottish face lighted.

"Fine—fine," he said. "Now that's the way I like to see a thing done. Practically. You can count on me. You know . . ." he leaned back to get his pipe from his pocket. ". . . you're doing great work here, Sinclair. Perhaps I haven't told you before; it's not because I don't appreciate it. When I think of the state of things in Sheridan's time." He sighed. "Now—anything else on your mind?"

"Yes," said Carlyle. "I'd like to see these people in houses instead of tents."

Fyfe gave a short barking laugh. "So would I. So would I."

"I think it can be worked," Carlyle outlined the suggestion Gillis had made to him the year before.

"Well," Fyfe held his empty and unlit pipe forgotten in his hand. "Well."

"It would work," said Carlyle. "Aye—hee—it would—it would, I think, it would. Let's submit your building plan at the same time as the petition; nothing's going to be done about the one, I'm afraid—it's just possible you might get action on the other quickly to sort of draw fire from the petition matter."

Fyfe was right; they received an immediate answer that the building plan was being considered, that the petition for more land would take time. By the beginning of the year full permission had been granted to go ahead with the buildings; the only stipulation demanded was that half of the houses be of log construction.

In spring a number of the Indians had begun their houses; Fyfe and Carlyle had made their own mental lists of those who would take advantage of the plan; both tallied. MacLean Powderface was the first to collect a hundred dollars in April; he had a satisfactory foundation in, his log walls up, his roof on. Two weeks later the houses of Izaiah Rider and Ezra Shot-Close reached the same stage. In July five houses were completed, and their builders had turned to the construction of houses for others; Johnny Education, Prince Lefthand among them. Johnny and Prince managed to make their building money go twice as far as the others; they ran up credit at two stores on the strength of the building cheques they would get, lay around in the shade while the more industrious Indians did the work; the latter got the cheques as soon as Fyfe issued them. Johnny and Prince got their houses for no work at all, lived well for several months on the credit established by the building money; the storekeepers added to the total of their bad Indian debts.

By fall the houses outnumbered the tents on the reserve, and in October Paradise Valley was visited by several Indian Affairs dignitaries not only from the province but from the east as well in a ceremonial occasion arranged by Fyfe. Several formal little speeches were given at the Sinclair house after the delegation had visited the houses, gardens, the barns; in the living room, after coffee and cake, Fyfe pointed out that Sinclair had accomplished all this in the course of eight years. A laudatory write-up appeared in the Times-Post in which the reporter who had been invited took as his theme, The Vanishing Savage, giving his readers a glowing picture of a model community under the grandeur of snow-capped Rockies, with crops of experimental-farm excellence and a Hereford herd sired by grand champions and knee-deep in lush grass.

The Senator had been present; he was concerned about the news story.

"Damn it—they'll think everything's fine and you don't need a thing. Better

have another meeting—send in another petition."

Another petition was drawn up and sent to Ottawa.

CARLYLE had been gratified and embarrassed by the attention focused on Paradise Valley. It seemed ironic to him that the most important person of all had been overlooked: Victoria. In September—without fanfare—the first Indian girl had completed her Grade Ten successfully and had left for residential school in the city. During the previous year he and Grace had prevailed upon Mrs. Rider and Izaiah to let her move in with them. Throughout the winter evenings both he and Grace had worked with her; at Christmas and Easter she had sailed through her tests. They had waited anxiously for the departmental results until they saw her name listed as successful in July. She had passed with a general first-class standing.

When they took Victoria in to register, Hugh went with them; he had been entered at Shawnigan Lake



School on Vancouver Island near his grandmother. They could afford it now, Carlyle had convinced Grace; there had been the regular salary increases and money from the Major's estate. When they had returned to Paradise Carlyle started the school term with a feeling of loss that he could not quite understand. Several times he recalled Hugh's last night with them.

Carlyle had gone in with the lamp to the boy's room and looked down at his son abandoned in sleep. The covers were thrown back; he wore only his pyjama top, and slept completely now with his arms up and his hands before his face on the pillow. His father looking down at him, seeing the young rib cage, the shoulder blades protruding sharply, the fair head bare and vulnerable-looking from the new haircut he'd got to prepare him for the trip away to school felt the faint stirrings of guilt. Hugh was leaving them; he was a child no longer—youth now. He ought to have done more with him. He'd been much more patient with other people's children than with his own—white—Indian. This was his son! His son with his mother's pale skin and hair.

He stared at the lashes gilt across the cheeks. Perhaps he ought to have known him better, but he was not an easy child to know. Solemn—disinterested—no, that wasn't it—not a responsive boy. It was probably what every father sensed in his son, simply disparity in age creating two worlds which could not merge. They were on different planets! Was it any wonder he was visited with the same feeling of hopelessness he had with the Indian children—the hopelessness of ever knowing what went on in his own

son's mind and heart! All communication between all humans was hopeless, wasn't it? Out of my skin and into yours I cannot get—ever—how hard I try—however much I want it! Just hope and desperately wish it were possible—fool myself—delude myself. It was like love—possessing a woman. There was the same defeat of imagined perfection dying instant death in physical realization. What a weak bridge emotion was for people to walk across to one another! Arching emotions lifting in their centre the better to hold the heavy weight of communication which was just an illusion after all, for once the passage was made the door was closed. He looked at blank wood! He called and no one answered.

But this was his child! This was part of himself and if a man couldn't bridge the gap between himself and his own son... As though he were struggling up and out of himself, returning from a long journey to familiarity, he brought himself back to the immediacy of his sleeping son. The boy stirred, half turned; a bare foot dropped out from under the covers.

He had not made it back to familiarity. He was remembering oddly the day in university that he had looked on the page of his psychology text. It had been a rabbit—suddenly twitched invisibly so that the long ears were a bill and the thing was a duck—not a rabbit. On the next page the steps—this way steps in one direction—that way another direction. And his son's features had shifted into a frightening cast of unfamiliarity; his lids possessed a tightness at the corners—a flat folding across as though the skin pulled with a touch of extra tension over the eyes. The face was revealing an under-skin—under-flesh lift just under the eyes and the chin had tapered to create an exaggerated pear look in the flickering lamp light. It wasn't so! It wasn't so! He turned away, back again.

That was right! That was the true way: the fair skin flushed with sleep—the slightly parted lips child-red. He watched the rise and fall of the chest in shallow and even sleep-breathing, and it was as though he had stepped back and away to a new focus. He did so with unaccountable sadness that deepened, for the child was stranger now to him. More patience—more attention—fight the feeling of inability and helplessness—the steady candor in Hugh's eyes. Forget the sense of being over his depth with him. A father could walk into his son's country of alien customs and accents, into the country of others. Look at his own father.

He saw the rough, square face with its ragged eyebrows, forbidding features contradicted by the gleam in the eye and the persistently questioning, consistently sympathetic voice in the surgery. He remembered the broken answers of Joe Kizi being interviewed by his father. How far down to finish with the top soil, Joe? How much through to hard pan? To gravel? What rate do you dig a sewer, Joe? And Grace could do it and the Senator could do it—yes—and Sanders.

My son—my son! He lifted the lamp slightly higher, reached out and held the bare foot. Hugh's face creased with momentary irritation in his sleep. Carlyle felt the foot pull away. He let it go from his grasp. Hugh's features relaxed again. ★

Next Issue: CHAPTER SEVEN
Was Victoria To Blame?



For those
whose pleasure
you treasure
most

Give
McBRINE
BAGGAGE



McBRINE Comet MATCHED BAGGAGE

Here's the wonderful new strong-yet-light airplane baggage endorsed by B.O.A.C. for air travel. Fashioned in Duralite; amazingly tough... scuff resistant... stain resistant. Choice of 5 colors. Overnight Case \$21.50*, Train Case \$22.50*, Aeropack \$35*, Pullman Case \$29.50*.

Matchless quality and superb craftsmanship distinguish this McBrine De Luxe Rawhide Baggage as a gift of outstanding excellence. 'Open stock' set includes Hat & Shoe Case, Fortnight Case, Tray Case.



The 'Sweetheart' of Glamour Gifts!

Start her matched set with a fashion-smart (and inexpensive) Train Case from an 'open stock' series. The cases have shirred loops for cosmetics, make-up tray, mirror and moisture-proof pocket. From \$16.00.



"FIESTA" Train Case
Choice of 4 color combinations. \$17.50*.



"BLUE BRIARWOOD" Train Case in navy blue with tan binding. \$20*.



"PALM BEACH" Train Case in tweed, leather bound. \$22.50*.



NEW 'VISCOUNT' MEN'S SET

Outstanding value in men's baggage of distinguished styling, in ginger or tan. The Two-Suiter \$29.50* with 18" Companion Case \$20.00*.

* Prices are approximate—may be slightly higher in some localities.

Sunbeam

AUTOMATIC

COFFEEMASTER

Is your assurance of a Perfect Cup of Coffee
... EVERY TIME !



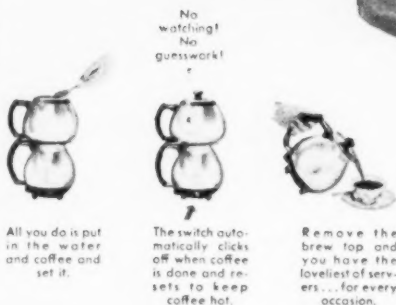
- The water is always at correct high heat *automatically*
- Brewing Time is always the same *automatically*
- All the water rises to agitate with the coffee *automatically*
- Coffee is kept piping hot after it's made *automatically*

Set it!
Forget it!

Shuts off by itself when coffee is done . . . then resets itself to keep coffee hot AUTOMATICALLY.

Only the Coffeemaker gives you correct water temperature, agitation and brewing time *automatically*—the secrets of delicious coffee. Whether you make one cup or eight, you always get the same clear, taste-tempting perfection, *automatically*. All of the water rises to agitate with the coffee. Not a drop ever remains in the lower vessel to dilute the coffee when it comes down. Sunbeam Coffeemaker is a vacuum-type coffeemaker and the ONLY one that gives you this important advantage—it is not a percolator. Be sure YOUR coffeemaker is the Sunbeam Coffeemaker to get the assurance of the same perfect cup of coffee every time. The *truly* automatic coffee-maker. See your dealer.

Give Sunbeam
and you give
the finest



SUNBEAM CORPORATION (CANADA) LIMITED, TORONTO 9, CANADA

"He's My Son, Joe . . . I Might Kill Him"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

be able to do it by radio-telephone. I had little doubt about what was wrong with the boy. There had been isolated cases of meningitis among the Eskimos in that section and the symptoms described in the telegram were unmistakable. Meningitis is nasty, but there are cures. The crucial point was to determine how far the disease had progressed and whether it was at all possible to save the child. The curvature of the spine did not seem right, that might be due to inflammation of the brain. I checked the drug list and found to my satisfaction that they had soludiazine in ampules, the medication that would have to be injected. I got on the air at seven, but when I heard Chesley's voice I suddenly could not bring out a word. I had mike-fright. Hundreds of thoughts played tag in my mind. I saw that my hands were shaking and I felt cold in the overheated radio hut. Charley, the radio mechanic, took the receiver away from me and made contact. When I heard him say, "What is that temperature?" I collected myself and grabbed the horn from his hand. "Hello there, how is it now?" "Oh, Joe, it's real bad, the boy, he . . ."

The contact went dead. "Hello, hello, Ches, are you there? Can you hear me?" "Yes Joe, reception okay here, you having trouble?" "Not just now, go ahead."

"Doctor, it is like I wired this morning; he is stiff, arms don't move. Temperature is 104 now. He has terrible pains. Can't stop crying. What is it Joe, what is it?" "Well, I think I know. But, say, what about that spine?" "I don't know, I really don't. This afternoon it curved terrifically, was way off the bed."

"Could it have been the pain, straining to get relief?" "Could be, Joe, could be. The wife said that. He seemed to control it. What can we do, Joe?" "Have you got some soludiazine there?" "What?" "Do you have some soludiazine, the drug. And a hypodermic?" "Hello, hello, are you there?" "Yes, can you hear me?" "Yes, what do you want me to do?" "Do you have soludiazine and a hypodermic?" "Did you say soludiazine? I don't know, Joe, what is that stuff?" "Yes, soludiazine. It's a drug. You have to inject it." "I—what—oh, wait—Carl here says that we have it." "What kind of box is it in?" "Yellow, yellow with red lettering. Is that right?" "Yes, that is right. It's a fluid, hey?" "Yes, sure, in little, little, ah . . ."

"Ampules." I helped him along. "Yes, that's it." "Now listen, Ches, you take the top off that thing. You know how?" "Yes, will do." "Say, how much is in that ampule?" "Hold it, let me see. It says two cc." "Okay, is your hypodermic clean?" "Sure, comes out of the cotton." "Fine, you take good care of things there." "What?" "Never mind. Now fill the hypo, the hypodermic, and get all the air out. You have the child right there, do you?" "Yes, he's here."

"Good, now listen what you do, Ches. You know, on the child's head, right on top, is that soft spot, the fontanel." "What do you want me to do there, Joe?" "Can you find it?" "Yes, I can." "Now look for the spot closest to the centre of the head." "What?"

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S



**The Finest
Jamaica Rum
made under
the Sun**

■ Appleton Estate is the superlative of Jamaica Rum. Just try it once, its delicate yet full-flavoured bouquet will meet with your instant approval. Imported in the bottle, of course!



■ Still another "jewel of the Caribbean" is Wray & Nephew Two Dagger Jamaica Rum, long-matured to give your rum drinks a distinctive flavour that's extra-rich, smooth and mellow.



**WRAY
AND
NEPHEW**
Two Dagger
and the famous
**Appleton Estate
JAMAICA RUMS**
IMPORTED IN THE BOTTLE
J. WRAY & NEPHEW LTD.,
Distillers Since 1825 Kingston, Jamaica

"Get it as far back as you can. Look for the spot closest to the centre of the head. Right?"

"Check!"
"Now you inject . . . wait a minute. What kind of needle do you have on that hypo?"

"It's a thin one."

"Okay, but what does it say on it?"

"It says . . . it says No. 24."

"Fine. How long is it?"

"It's real short, about an inch."

"That's all right. Now you must inject that needle into the soft spot, very gently. Not too deep. And straight down."

Silence. I don't get an answer. My God, not now!

"Hello, hello."

Dead, nothing happens. "Those damned sunspots," I say aloud.

"What was that, Joe?" He comes through, must have heard me.

"Never mind, can you hear me?"

"You want me to inject in the soft spot?"

"Yes, that's what I said. Very careful, and keep the needle straight."

"I heard you, but Joe, that's dangerous."

"No, it isn't . . . Just be careful."

"But, Joe, I can't—I can't. You don't want me to do that, Joe."

"Yes, I want you to do that."

"But the soft spot is dangerous, Joe. They all say it. The wife says it too."

"It isn't dangerous. You can do it. Just steady. I've done it hundreds of times."

"That was a lie, but I had to get him over his fear."

"He's my son, Joe, I could kill him."

"You want him to live, don't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then do it. Now listen carefully. As close to the centre of the head as you can. Push it in very carefully. Not all the way, just about three quarters of an inch. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, three quarters of an inch."

"Okay. Push it in and then empty the hypo slowly. And don't move it. Keep it perfectly still."

"I can't, Joe. I'm shaking."

"Then get yourself together. Go ahead now. Do it."

Bill, the Mountie, takes the receiver at the other end. "He is putting it in now, Joe."

"Does he actually have it in?"

"Yes."

"Then tell him to empty it. Keep him steady, Bill."

"Right." I can hear Bill relay my instructions.

"Is he very nervous, Bill?"

"Plenty, but it's all right."

I notice that I hold my right hand as if I were injecting the child myself. I move my fingers and it hurts. I must have had them in that position for some time. I am shaking. I couldn't do it now. I'd make a mess of it. Oh God, give him strength. Bill came in again.

"He's got it empty, Joe."

"And the needle out?"

"Yes, it's out. One of the women fainted, Joe. Mary will look after her."

"Okay, never mind that. All the fluid is in, right?"

"Yes, Joe, it's all over. How is the weather, Joe?"

"Oh, hell, don't try to be funny. Give me Ches again." The father gets on. "Are you all right?"

"I did it, Joe. It—it worked, I guess."

"Good for you. Now listen—this should help him. It is an antibiotic; it should take the fever away. Tomorrow he should be able to feel those arms again. Not move them, just feel. If anything happens in the next few hours, get me on. I'll ask the radio boys to keep the circuit open. Okay?"

"Yes, Joe. I get you. God help me if the boy—"

I hear something



"Double crosser! You told me you wouldn't need any new clothes for this year's Holiday Entertaining!"



"Because I didn't need a new dress, the party's out of our new-clothes budget!"



**Keep Your Party Clothes
Looking Like New, too!**

You have to see it to believe it... the way clothes come back from your Sanitone Dry Cleaner looking fresh and clean...just like new again.

Sanitone really gets out all the dirt, even rubbed-in grime, perspiration and a variety of soilage

that won't yield to anything else. With Sanitone, stubborn spots and perspiration vanish like magic—colors sparkle afresh—like-new feel returns and no tell-tale cleaning smell remains! If by not call your Sanitone Dry Cleaner today?



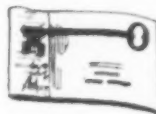
**Sanitone
DRY CLEANING SERVICE**

A Division of Emery Industries, Inc.
Carew Tower, Cincinnati 2, Ohio

CLIP AND MAIL THIS HANDY COUPON TODAY

Emery Industries, Sanitone Division, Dept. M-12
Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Please send me your valuable new illustrated 36-page book on Modern Fabric Cleaning. It tells how to select and care for your wardrobe. Reveals inside facts about dry cleaning. Contains complete section on latest fabrics. I enclose 10c in coin to cover cost of postage and handling.



Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____

a Royal Treat

Next time you want a really smooth drink... try Corby's Royal Reserve! It's mellow, aged-in-wood flavor is a royal whisky treat!



at
Government
Liquor
stores
from
coast
to
coast.

for a smooth Collins

CORBY'S London Dry GIN

This smooth, triple-distilled Gin is unsurpassed for flavor and bouquet
DISTILLED IN CANADA

like a snuffle. Poor Ches had had a tough time. "Joe, what do we do about that woman, she's out cold?"

"Ice water—just ice water."

"Ha, ha, that's right, that's a good one. Will do, right now. You bet. 'By, Joe, and thank you Joe."

"Okay Ches, let me know if I can do more. Just keep me posted. I'll wire you in the morning. I'm signing off now."

"Yes Joe, thank you, Joe."

I sat back and searched my pockets for a cigarette. It was all over. I didn't do too badly, I thought. I looked at my watch, the whole thing had not taken longer than half an hour. It seemed as if I had been on the air for hours.

Everything should be all right now. Then, suddenly, I jumped up. My God! What had I done? I hadn't asked for any more of the symptoms. Should have asked about vomiting, about the legs, the neck, the eyes, about swallowing. Sweat broke out all over me. I had just accepted the fact that it would be meningitis. What made me so sure?

I wanted to get back on the air but realized that it was useless. I could only wait. If I showed doubt now they would throw a panic. I must wait. I wouldn't know anything until tomorrow morning—unless it got worse, of course. I even thought for a moment that I'd like it to get worse, just so that I could speak to them again. I had to know what was going on. But I knew that I didn't want it to get worse. And it wouldn't.

You were all right, Joe, I told myself. I got up and walked outside where the moon threw its greenish light across the ice of the bay. One of the dogs whined, then barked. I felt hot now and the snow-cold air refreshed me.

It worked. The following day Ches gave the boy another injection. The baby was fine within a fortnight.

Sometimes They Died

After I had treated many of these long-distance cases I began to wonder whether it really was a success. It was so difficult to check up. On minor complaints you might not hear anything again. If the case were serious I often had to order a plane in to get the patient to a hospital in Winnipeg or Montreal and then I lost contact. Asking the government for a plane was a great responsibility too. When you order a plane you ask the government to spend a few thousand dollars, sometimes more. I wouldn't feel too good if I had sent out an acute constipation telling them that it was an appendicitis. And also I could have left people behind to die when I should have taken them out. I never saw most of these radio patients; some were in regions that I did not ordinarily cover. Those that were flown out were treated in big city hospitals and few of the doctors there were kind enough to let the radio diagnostician know that his conclusions had been correct and the patient survived.

There were cases when the patient did not make it. We had an old Eskimo with frostbite in his leg. Gangrene had set in and the leg had to be amputated, although there was a chance he would die from shock while it was being done. However, it did not get that far. I could not find anyone to perform the amputation. The Mountie on the post flatly refused and I could not blame him. The Eskimo died and I felt badly anyway.

Driven by the desire to find out as accurately as I could how my radio diagnoses had worked out I went to great pains to try to check all the radio cases I had treated. I was surprised

to find that about seventy percent of my patients had recovered, about twenty-three percent had shown improvement and that only about seven percent had not made it for one reason or another. They might not have died, but they did not show improvement either. This survey was encouraging and after that I promoted the radio treatment as much as I could, suggesting various improvements and trying to regulate the transmitting schedule.

Another thing that made me grateful for the unlimited possibilities of the system was that, when I went out on patrol, I found so many appreciative people. The fact they could get on the air and reach a doctor in case of emergency, or just if they needed reassurance, gave them a tremendous amount of confidence. It was gratifying, too, to hear comments on difficult cases I had treated. Many people had listened in and had followed the case step by step.

"Gee, doctor, that was terrific," they would say. "I could see it happen as if I had been there myself."

"That was really something, doctor. Do you think he would ever have made it if you had not ordered a plane for him?"

"That was one baby who'll never know what it took to bring him into the world. Pity about the mother, though, wasn't it? But you sure couldn't help that, doc."

"You know, I never thought he would get that finger off. He ain't so bright, is he?"

That last remark referred to the time I directed a trapper to amputate a frostbitten finger that had become gangrenous. He was a fine man, but a little mixed up and certainly nervous at the time. I'll never forget that one. It went this way:

"Hello Jim, which arm is it?"

"The right arm, doc. No, no, I guess it's the left."

"Now, which one—right or left?"

"It's left, doc, sure it's left."

"What? Can't hear you."

"LEFT." Wow, that one came through. I had to change the receiver to my other ear.

"Which finger is it?"

"The second."

"The second from where?"

"From the inside."

"What do you mean, nearer to the thumb?"

"No, the one next to the little one."

"Why didn't you say so?"

"What? I did!"

"Never mind; do you have a scalpel?"

"A what?"

"Do you have a knife?"

"I've got a jackknife."

"Is it clean?"

"Well—I cut seal blubber with it."

"Boil it."

"What?"

"Boil it."

"But, doc, it's a good knife."

"Boil it."

"But the wood, doc, it'll ruin the handle."

"Boil it. We've got gangrene now; we don't want a few more infections."

"It'll ruin my knife."

It went on for hours. This he did not have, that he did not understand, this he did not want to do, that he could not find. The bandages that he eventually found had been used to clean his rifle and I suspect that the antiseptic he should have had on hand had disappeared in the manufacture of liquor.

But he made it. Did a fine job, too. Cut off a digit, tied off a couple of bleeders and sewed the whole thing up neatly. The story was all over the Arctic.

I don't know what happened to the knife. ★



Christmas is Gift-Time

Just around the corner on the calendar of coming events is the important nocturnal visit of jolly old St. Nick. He's busy planning his trail of joy and happiness for children of all ages.

No one knows better than Santa himself that the spirit of Christmas is best measured in terms of children's pleasure. And he knows that the best way to provide that pleasure is by the gift of toys.

High in his esteem are the toys and playthings featured in Maclean's Canadian Carnival of Toys that follow on the next two pages. Manufactured by companies with a national reputation for high quality, they are toys that have been designed with your children in mind . . . designed to develop dexterity, imagination and initiative. They're made here in Canada, too, from carefully selected materials.

Shopping for the kiddies can be pleasant and it provides the sure way of making this Christmas one of the most memorable yet.

Simply make your selection from the toys shown here — then ask for them at your favorite toy shop.

THE CANADIAN PLAYTHINGS INSTITUTE, ROOM 307, 217 BAY STREET, TORONTO 1, ONTARIO

Maclean's Canadian **Carnival of TOYS**
Buy these Christmas Toys & Playthings
 NOW ON SALE AT YOUR LOCAL STORE . . . or write to company for name of nearest dealer



**"SLUGGY"
THE BOXING CLOWN**

Children love to spar with him! Here's a lively playroom pal who stands up to hard use. Full of bounce, bright with colour, "Sluggy" inflates easily, folds away to almost nothing. Made of scuff-resistant, durable "VINYLTE". He's weighted and self-balancing, 50" high, in red and blue on yellow. Retail price: approximately \$5.00.

Scepter Manufacturing Company,
 296 Brunswick Ave.,
 Toronto, Ont.



**SAUCY WALKER
23" Tall.. Does Everything**

She walks, stands, sleeps, sits, flirts with her pretty eyes, turns her head and cries "Mama". She has saran hair that can be combed, brushed, curled and waved with her own curlers. Beautifully dressed, this all-plastic doll is really big . . . 23" tall. This is the doll that little girls dream about.

Reliable Toy Co., Ltd.,
 258 Carlaw Ave.,
 Toronto, Ont.

**JIG-SAW PICTURE
PUZZLES**

Somerville offers a wide range of pictures, sizes and prices. All are made from carefully selected beautiful pictures, well-cut and attractively packaged. Ideal both for gifts and for home entertainment. All prices — from PAL series at 19 cents to BIG BEN series at \$1.25. A special item this year is the FOUR SEASONS series at \$1.00.

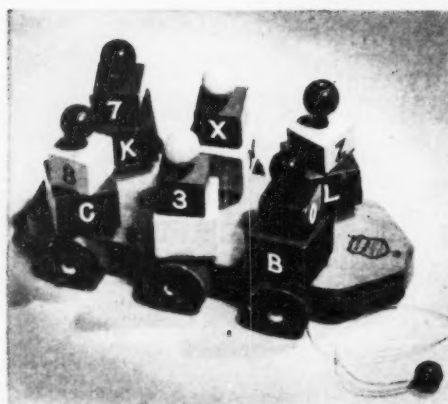
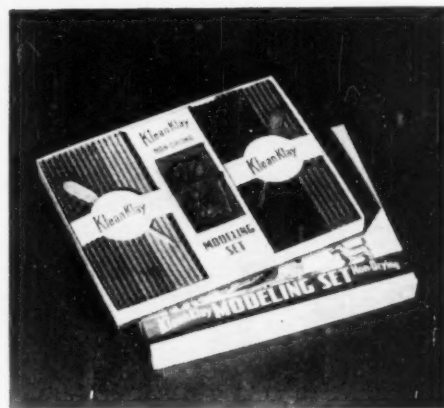
Made in Canada by
Somerville Limited
 London, Ontario



**MODELLING
CLAY SET**

Here is a modelling clay set that is sure to be a big hit with boys and girls on Christmas morning. The six bright colours in clay with rubber molds will provide endless hours of entertainment. Can be used over and over again. Popularly priced at 59 cents.

Peter-Austin Mfg. Co.,
 314-326 Davenport Rd.,
 Toronto, Ontario



**WHIRLING BLOCKS
PULL TOY**

Here is a sturdy, brightly-coloured toy that is sure to be a big hit on Christmas morning. This pull toy will provide hours of fascinating pleasure for boys and girls alike. Constructed of top-quality hardwood with removable blocks. Inexpensively priced at leading toy shops: Eastern Canada — \$1.98; Winnipeg and west — \$2.25.

Allen Wood Products Limited
 Fenelon Falls, Ontario



WOODBURNING SET

A gift that every boy and girl will appreciate. The Ungar Woodburning Set is fun and educational. Keeps children entertained for hours. With it, any child can burn beautiful patterns in wood, leather and plastic. Comes complete with 6 in 1 Electric Pencil, paints and 9 different wooden plaques. Only \$4.95.

Manufactured by
Ungar Electric Tool Company Inc.
 44 Danforth Road, Toronto 13.

**THE ONLY MOLDED
ALL-RUBBER DOLL**

The perfect doll — more beautiful and appealing than ever — and practically indestructible. Has movable head, arms and legs, which can easily be replaced if they become detached from the body. It cries, drinks from nursing bottle and wets changeable diaper. No sharp edges to chip and hurt little hands or scratch furniture. Sanitary and washable. 12" tall. Outstanding value. "Avoid the tragedy of the broken doll".

VICEROY



**"VINYLTE"
JET PLANE**

This streamlined jet gives lots of happy rides in the play room at home or at the beach in summer. Durable constructed of "VINYLTE" it is attractively decorated and emits loud Jet noise when squeezed. Non-toxic, hygienic, and colourfast, this Jet plane will provide many happy hours of play time fun.

Reliable Toy Co., Ltd.,
 258 Carlaw Ave.,
 Toronto, Ontario



Maclean's Canadian *Carnival of TOYS* Playthings for Canadian Girls and Boys



SPACE DART

Throw it like a football . . . watch it zoom as far as 50 feet! Glides like a jet plane. Weighted front gives smooth flight. Made of tough, abrasion resistant "VINYLITE" printed with a colourful space ship design. About 18" long, in orange, yellow and blue. A big hit for indoor and outdoor play for active youngsters. Retail price: approximately 98c.

Haugh's Products Limited
1162 Dupont Street,
Toronto, Ont.



KELTON "BRONCHO"

Young cowboys and cowgirls will love riding herd with Kelton's inflatable "Broncho". He'll take plenty of rough and tumble in indoor play and on the beach. Made of durable scuff and tear resistant "VINYLITE", this barrel-type "Broncho" supports 200 pounds, has weighted bottom for added safety and support. Retail price: approximately \$1.98.

Kelton Corporation Ltd.,
314-326 Davenport Road,
Toronto, Ont.

THISTLE

Trotting Horse and Sulkie

It's another THISTLE winner — designed to thrill any youngster with real "high-stepping" action. Strongly constructed of steel. Rubber mane and tail for safety and ball bearings for easy running. Ask at any good toy counter for THISTLE: there is something for every girl and boy.

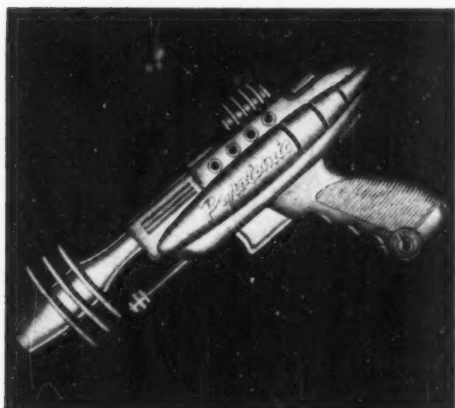
Lines Bros. (Canada) Ltd.,
4000 St. Patrick Street,
Montreal, Quebec



NOSEY BALL

Children of all ages will enjoy the lively Nosey Ball. Off-centre weighting makes it perform unexpected antics when tossed around. It's made of colourfast, heavy gauge "VINY-LITE" plastic that's playproof and easily cleaned. Assorted colours, sizes small and large. Retail price: approximately 49c.

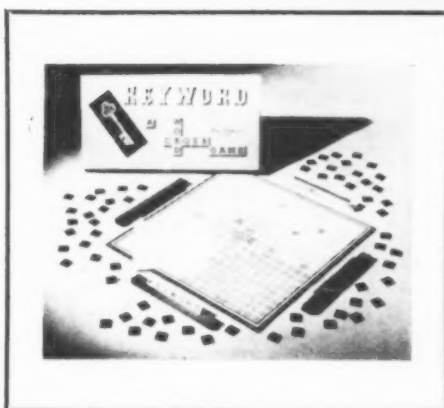
Toronto Toy Limited,
33 Davies Street,
Toronto 8, Ont.



"PYROTOMIC" DISINTEGRATOR PISTOL

This pistol is new and different in design and action. With each pull of the trigger the barrel, sights and plunger move with a reciprocating action producing an exciting, chattering sound. Molded of sturdy, durable polystyrene it's the perfect answer to the dreams of every little boy this Christmas.

Burns Manufacturing Co. Ltd.,
1700 Lewis Avenue,
Niagara Falls, Ont.



COPP CLARK PRESENTS THE FINEST IN GAMES

KEYWORD

The rage with every age! KEYWORD the newest Crossword board game. Fast Play! Easy Scoring! KEYWORD has these three exclusive features: colour areas, Key squares, Keyword cards. The unique scoring is swift and simple. No adding machine required. \$3.00 Each.

The Copp Clark Co. Limited
Toronto, Canada

FOSTER HEWITT HOCKEY GAME

There's family fun for everyone with the fascinating, fast-moving Foster Hewitt hockey game. It's molded of strong plastic . . . has all-metal hockey players, mechanism and levers. Puck flips into play automatically, stays in play until a goal is scored. 24" long, it can be played on card table or floor. Comes complete with instructions.

Reliable Plastics Co. Ltd.
258 Carlaw Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.



BIG 5 POOSH-M-UP BAGATELLE GAME

Big handsome glass-covered pin-ball game for teen-agers, children, adults! Fully automatic with metal balls, wire legs and sturdy wood frame. Plays five different games; full instructions in English and French. 24 inches long by 14 inches wide. Price \$4.00 (slightly higher in Western Canada). A genuine North-western Game.

Made in Canada by
Somerville Limited
London, Ontario



(Advertisement)

pinches, sniffs and snuffs

Snuff-taking is a ghost of its former self, but it's more prevalent in Canada than you may think. Out West they call it "snoose" and prefer to chew rather than sniff it.

Time was when witty remarks were always accompanied by a pinch of snuff. There were rules for offering it to another, including the *Pinch Scornful*, the *Pinch Surly*, the *Pinch Politick* and the *Pinch Careless*.

Famed as a sniffer was Mrs. Margaret Thompson of London, who directed that she be buried in snuff! At her funeral on April 3, 1776, the bearers were six of the greatest snuff-takers in St. James Parish, and each wore a snuff-coloured hat. A faithful old female servant distributed handfuls of "Scotch" snuff upon the ground and among the mourners. Such is a woman's devotion.

"Scotch" snuff was once very popular. So was another called "Spanish Bran" whose mixture included grated prunes, cheese and, we shudder to report, "stale old ale". Sounds like the *Pinch Peculiar*.

Ale, stale or otherwise, is sometimes used as a flavouring agent, but most people, when they ask for Molson's, have other purposes in mind. Were pinches rather than sips the accepted method of consumption, it might even be offered to friends as the *Pinch Perfection*. As things are, we'll just refer to Molson's as the *Sip Superb*. You'll enjoy Molson's more though if you do sniff it first. That way you'll savour the delicious bouquet that has made Molson's Canada's largest selling ale.

Princely Relaxation



The Prince Regent was as fond of archery and other sports as he was of luxurious entertainment.

For Princely Refreshment, ask for Prince Regent—the finest product of Canada's Oldest Distillery.

PRINCE REGENT
FINE CANADIAN
Whisky



GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED

Who'll Blow the Grey Cup This Year?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Grant called a "no yards" penalty and paced off fifteen yards against the Bombers for the infraction. They lost the touchdown and they lost the game 4-3. The irony that none could forget—and few westerners forgive—was that honest Eddie Grant was the game's western official. Grant's home was Winnipeg!

The Argonauts and Winnipeg were back at it in 1938 when a new face leaped onto the scene. It belonged to a United States coach named Reg Threlfall who seldom gave any waking hour the benefit of his silence. Threlfall came from Purdue University to Winnipeg, a glib, spellbinding after-dinner raconteur and a salty-speeched coach. He moved into Toronto and announced that his assassins would eat the Argos. "We'll cut 'em off at the knees," Threlfall chortled when newspapermen asked him how he planned to handle the swift Argo backfielders who flipped the ball around as though it were a basketball. "It'll be like shooting fish in a barrel," he proclaimed. He was asked specifically about a youngster named Red Storey who had improved rapidly in late season Argonaut games and Threlfall merely scoffed.

For forty-five minutes on a bright December 10 the Bombers, behaving in a manner predicted by their garrulous leader, handled the Argos with brawny disrespect and led them 7-6. And then in the final fifteen minutes a halfback named Red Storey ran twenty-eight yards for a touchdown that put the eastern champions ahead. By now the Bombers had grown so weary from chasing the Argonaut end runs that it began to appear that someone had cut them off at the knees. Argos' Bob Isbister intercepted a pass on his own six-yard line, lateraled the ball to Storey and Red ran a hundred yards down the sidelines to set up another touchdown. He scored two more before the carnage ended. It was just like shooting fish in a barrel, all right. The trouble was, the Bombers couldn't get out of the barrel. It ended 30-7 for the Argonauts.

The game's venue shifted to snow-swept Lansdowne Park in Ottawa a year later where the home town powerhouse took on the Winnipeg invaders on a raw, grey afternoon. The first time Ottawa got the ball the quarterback, Orville Burke, whipped a pass that Andy Tommy turned into a sixty-eight yard Rider touchdown. Then Burke, apparently mesmerized by the knowledge the Rough Riders had swept to the eastern championship on their powerful running attack, called ground play after ground play, and the grateful Bomber line crushed each with fierce, relentless tackling. Ottawa gained only fifty-five yards on the ground that day yet Burke virtually ignored the passing weapon with which he'd scored in the game's opening

minutes. Toward the end, with the score tied 7-7, Art Stevenson of Winnipeg kicked a single and that was the Grey Cup.

Burke and the Rough Riders got another crack at the Bombers two years later. Burke played well on an Indian summer afternoon in Varsity Stadium but Ottawa managed to blow the game nevertheless. It developed into a contest of field goal specialists in which Chester McCance kicked two for the Bombers, one from thirty-eight yards out, and George Fraser put the boot to three for the Riders. But in the final minute of the game, with Winnipeg leading 18-15, Fraser was called upon to try another with the ball on the Bomber eleven-yard line. He'd been scoring bull's-eyes all season but this time, with the decision hanging in the balance—he missed.

From 1942 through 1946 the Grey Cup final was little more than an inter-service competition with the RCAF Hurricanes of Toronto and HMCS Donnacona of Montreal getting their names on the trophy, except in 1944 when the civilian Hamilton Wildcats beat an air force team from Winnipeg. The west had a difficult time reorganizing in the immediate postwar era when the Argonauts twice laced the Blue Bombers, and it looked like a repetition in 1947 when the Argonauts were favored at odds of five to one to win their third straight championship for coach Teddy Morris. But this time Winnipeg introduced a young Minnesotan named Bob Sandberg who almost pulled off the biggest Grey Cup surprise of them all. He failed only because he also committed one of the biggest bonehead plays of them all.

No News in Newsreel

The Bombers, with Sandberg on the rampage, led 9-0 at half time and were still ahead 9-7 in the fourth quarter when they got another scoring opportunity. Don Hiney, who had already kicked a Bomber field goal, went back to try another. Then just as he stepped up to boot the ball he stooped, picked it up and flipped a short pass to Johnny Reagan, who battled past the napping Argonauts and scored a touchdown. But then an official named Bill Roggin blew his whistle and cried, "No, no! It's illegal." He ruled that Hiney's pass had not crossed the line of scrimmage when Reagan caught it. Nowadays passers can practically direct the ball to the blonde in the seventh row but in 1947 passers had to cross the line of scrimmage. Thousands insisted this one had, but they didn't have whistles. That's when the exercised customers awaited the newsreel company's version of the play and thereby sent the newsreel company underground.

Anyway, the play was disallowed and eventually the score became 9-9 as Joe Krol kept hoisting singles for the Argos. With a minute to play Sandberg had a brainstorm. The ball was on Winnipeg's thirty-two with third down coming up and Sandberg didn't punt to comparative safety; he called a play on which the ball went to the inside, or guard, Bert Lanonne—who




MACLEAN'S



Page 2

ONLY



VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS

ARE REALLY MEDICATED

with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub plus other cough-easing medications

FOR EXTRA COUGH RELIEF

Makes cold-stuffed nose feel clearer in seconds!



VICKS Inhaler

Use as often as needed

Amazing TV Value

STEWART WARNER



21" Console
Finished in Mahogany

Powerful, new "X-9300" Chassis.
Unparalleled picture stability.
Full provision for U.H.F. Equipped
with casters. Also in blond oak.

21" and 27" TV

STEWART-WARNER ELECTRIC
Belleville, Ontario

dropped it. Frankie Morris of the Argos fell on it and Joe Krol kicked a long high punt on first down for the winning point.

Winnipeg's victory string in the Western Conference was finally broken by the Calgary Stampeders in 1948, a circumstance which caused the Grey Cup game itself to become secondary to the game's attendant hysteria. It was in 1948 that ordinarily normal people who never lose their tempers except in rush-hour traffic or sand traps suddenly started getting the unshakable notion that they'd rather get their hands on a Grey Cup ticket than the office widow; even ordinarily normal people who think a quarterback is change from a dollar. For it was in 1948, going popeyed over its first western championship in thirty-five years, that Calgary started it all.

A twelve-car special train for the twenty-five-hundred-mile junket to Toronto was required to accommodate the delirious fanatics who wanted to watch their Stampeders in the national spotlight. Not a soul boarded the train who wasn't attired in ten-gallon hat (five, actually, was the ladies' capacity), brilliantly colored silk shirt, woollen vest, chaps or skirts and high-heeled boots. Ten saddle horses went along, probably against their better judgment, and there were four Indian chiefs, two chuck-wagons and enough fire-water to float anything lighter than a twelve-car train. Three nights, two days and most of the whisky were consumed in the haul to Toronto and the city was turned into an astonished asphalt corral when the entourage arrived. In an ensuing parade people rode horses, waving hats and shouting; people rode the chuck-wagons, cooking flapjacks and bacon to pass out to awestruck onlookers lining the streets four deep.

But did all of this—which has become an expanding and annual affair—prevent someone from blowing the Grey Cup? No, indeed. In fact, the Ottawa Rough Riders made a better job of blowing it that afternoon than any of their long list of predecessors. For one thing, they permitted the Stampeders to pull off football's most moth-eaten play, the "sleeper." Calgary was on the Ottawa fourteen-yard line when halfback Normie Hill, instead of lining up with his teammates in the huddle, moved casually toward the sidelines, just beyond which sat the kilted band of the 48th Highlanders. Probably wishing to be mistaken for a tuba, Hill stood motionless while Keith Spaith, the Calgary quarterback, said quietly to referee Hee Crighton, "Please do not look toward the sidelines." Then Spaith came out of the huddle and arched a wobbly pass toward Hill. The belatedly alerted Ottawa defense almost knocked down the limping pass but Hill ran toward the ball, grabbed it and dashed into the end zone ahead of the chagrined tacklers.

A little later, Pete Karpuk of the Riders stood gazing vacantly at a loose ball lying stone-still at his feet after Bobby Paffrath had tossed him an errant lateral pass which he hadn't quite reached. The pass was not a true lateral and an official blew his horn to signify a rules infraction but, as any footballer well knew, the horn did not terminate a play but merely signified an infraction. Woody Strode of Calgary, who confessed afterward that he wasn't too sure of the rule (he was an import) picked up the ball and dashed to the Ottawa eleven-yard line with it.

"An official got out of the way as I picked it up," Strode later related, "that's how I knew I could run."

On the next play, Pete Thodos charged eleven yards past the still-



did you
ever have
an insurance man tell you

not to buy?

Odd as it may seem, there is hardly a Canada Life representative who, from time to time, hasn't said "NO" to a prospective life insurance buyer.

There are a variety of reasons why this is so. Life insurance, to a Canada Life representative, is an essential purchase that has to be fitted into the pattern of each person's circumstances.

It may be, at this time, that your circumstances dictate a sort of "holding the line" position. Or it may be to your advantage to re-arrange your present life insurance. Thus, it may be in your interests that you should place a greater emphasis on the *protective* values as opposed to the *savings* aspect. It may be just the reverse. Or it may even be that you should take no immediate action.

One thing is sure—the advice you'll get from a Canada Life representative will be in *your* best interests—because he is devoting his business career to a thorough understanding of insurance needs.

GRAN - 1234
ANER - 5678
FLANER - 9012
FLANER - 3456



plan your future with confidence in

The CANADA LIFE
Assurance Company

2400 WEATHER STATION ATOP HEAD OFFICE BUILDING - TORONTO

NOW!

FLY

B.O.A.C. to Europe

at

Year's Lowest

Air Fares

Round Trip

\$386.70

I. A. T. A. Approved Tourist Fare

MONTREAL TO GLASGOW

Fly B.O.A.C. to Europe, the Near East, Africa in the money-saving months. Year's lowest air fares start November 1. For business or pleasure, B.O.A.C. is

your best buy. See many exciting cities at *no extra fare*. For example, your round-trip ticket to Rome allows you long or short stopovers at Glasgow, London, Amsterdam, Brussels, Geneva and Paris. Ask about many other possible routes.

Through bookings at new, low, round-trip fares to 25 key cities of Europe, all on one ticket



Only B.O.A.C. Offers You This Choice of Flights



World-Famous Constellations

Top-flight comfort at low, low fares. Tempting meals included. Refreshment bar service available. Every B.O.A.C. flight backed by 20,000,000 miles of transatlantic experience, plus a background of 34 years of world-wide flying.



Luxurious Stratocruisers

The "Canadian Monarch"... First Class Montreal-London direct. And companion first class Stratocruiser flights to London via Glasgow. Downstairs lounge. Superb meals, finest cuisine and "cellar." Sleeper berths at slight added cost.

Reservations through your travel agent, railway ticket office, or
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
 MONTREAL • TORONTO • VANCOUVER • In U.S.A.: New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, Detroit, Dallas, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami

mesmerized Karpuk to score. The two touchdowns the Rough Riders insisted on providing them accounted largely for the Stampeders' 12-7 victory.

In 1949 Calgary again took advantage of every scoring opportunity presented them but that still wasn't enough to offset a fine performance by the Montreal Alouettes in one of the rare Grey Cup games in which somebody didn't catch up on his nightmares. The Alouettes, with superlative play by Frank Filchock, Bob Cunningham, Herb Trawick and Virgil Wagner, knocked off the westerners 28-15. If there were any skulls, they were committed by the CRU executives who chose to disregard scattered suggestions that investment in a tarpaulin would assure a dry field for a game that seemed at times to be outgrowing its legislators. The field in 1949 was a punishing thing for players.

But that field was a prize-winning garden compared to the fantastic swamp that awaited the Argonauts and the Blue Bombers in 1950. An overnight snow was attacked by tractors and sharp-bladed scrapers that skinned off all semblance of grass and left great pools of water wallowing on the earth and turning it into heavy, gloomy gumbo. Playing at Varsity Stadium that afternoon was like searching for Chloé. Yet no game had attracted wider interest. Tremendous attention was focused on the Blue Bombers and their quarterback, Indian Jack Jacobs, both of whom were heralded as the greatest ever to come out of the west. Jacobs with his running, kicking and passing had been the sensation of the Western Conference and the Bomber lineup was sprinkled with imports lavishly praised as the best ever assembled by a team that had been in the business of luring top Americans for fifteen years.

But it was not a day for Jacobs who turned in one of the most disappointing individual efforts in Grey Cup history. With more than twenty-seven thousand people staring at him Jacobs elected to call the same hot-potato game that had won in the west on dry fields. It was impossible to throw the mud-sloshed ball accurately and almost as difficult to hand it off to halfbacks on tricky ground plays requiring perfect timing. In the second half the disconsolate coach, Swede Larsen, benched Jacobs and put in Pete Petrow, the second-string quarterback.

Meanwhile, as Jacobs was calling plays that would have ostracized a high-school quarterback on such a day, the Argonauts crawled into the shell dictated by the conditions, moving ponderously but moving. They won the game 13-0 aided considerably by the fact that quarterback Al Dekdebrun had taken the precaution of taping filed-down thumb-tacks to his fingers to better control the wretched ball.

The game and its attendant shenanigans had reached unprecedented heights of fervor by 1951 when the celebrated Glenn Dobbs led the Saskatchewan Roughriders into Varsity Stadium to meet Ottawa. The long grind to the final had inflicted crippling injuries to key players on both teams but Saskatchewan was in the worse physical condition. With ace passer-catcher Jack Russell sidelined by injury, the westerners were victimized by the brain wave of their coach, one Black Jack Smith, who decided for this game of games to shift Jack Nix from his regular left end position into Russell's spot at right end, which Nix had never played. In Nix's position Smith inserted Jack Wedley who had never before played that position. In the confusion, the Ottawas kept exploiting the ends with long sweeps and, mean-

...and she says she loves me!



THE PENNYS DROPPED SHE CAME HOME WITH TIBS



10 TIBS LATER

BLESS YOUR FUR AND WHISKERS I FEEL LIKE A KITTEN AGAIN!



YOUR CAT DEPENDS ON YOU to see that he gets these vitamins and minerals his 'civilized' diet often lacks—especially vitamins A and B. One Tibs a day in his morning milk or food gives him just that. He'll love the liver flavour, too—and how he'll reward you with his purring, playful ways!

TIBS KEEP CATS KITTENISH

From your Druggist, Store or Pet Shop 50 cents



Orlyt

GREENHOUSE \$395

Here's the answer to your dream of a well-designed and constructed greenhouse that gives professional results. Precision-built by the world's largest manufacturers of estate greenhouses. \$395 buys the 10 by 11 ft. Orlyt pictured. Others from \$175 to \$780. Choice of slanted or straight sides and Lean-to greenhouses. Foundation, benches, automatic heat and ventilation extra, but reasonably priced like the greenhouse. Write for Free Booklet No. D-9

LORD & BURNHAM
 St. Catharines, Ont.

Florida Vacation!

you will enjoy

Sas Palmas

Apartments

Located two blocks from the beach and five minutes drive from modern shopping center. Our house-keeping apartments consist of parlor with sofa bed, bedroom with twin beds, bath, dinette and all-electric kitchen with daily maid service. Cross ventilation. Radiant hot water heat. For illustrated booklet and rates... Send Coupon NOW

Las Palmas Apartments, 2909 Vistamar St., Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Without obligation send me FREE Booklet & Rates

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

while, Dobbs was revealing no signs of prowess on offense. He was, in fact, beginning to look about as mediocre as a quarterback can when suddenly in the fourth quarter, with customers suppressing yawns and Ottawa leading 20-2, Benny MacDonnell and Howie Turner of Ottawa came up with a couple of timely fumbles which, together with two touchdown pitches by Dobbs, got the western idol off the hook and turned the score into something respectable, if flattering to the western champions. That one ended 21-14 after a long dull day. The cheeriest note of all was provided by the CRU which had finally purchased a twelve-thousand-dollar tarpaulin. If the actors in '51 were inept the stage, at least, was perfect.

And so into 1952 when Frank Filchock returned to the east as coach of the Edmonton Eskimos. He'd had a stormy season in the west where his team had emerged as the surprise

SLOW MEN AT WORK

I've watched for fifty minutes while

A man who wastes my taxes
Leans on a pick in classic style.
I fume and he relaxes.

One thing saves City Hall a row,
One circumstance alone:

My feet are on my desk just
now —

It's hard to reach the phone.

P. J. BLACKWELL

winner over Winnipeg in a playoff in which Filchock was sidelined by an injury. His regular quarterback, Claude Arnold, seemed to respond favorably to the fact the coach was unable to relieve him, and was the star of the Winnipeg victory. He did so well, in fact, that the Edmonton executive wanted Filchock to stay out of the Grey Cup final and direct the team from the sidelines.

But Filchock insisted upon dressing as the Eskimos took on the Argonauts, who were making their tenth appearance in the final. Thanks to Filchock, they turned it into their tenth successive triumph, for Frankie spent most of the day yapping at quarterback Arnold and then being party to the day's prize *faux pas*. With the Argos clinging precariously to a 15-11 lead, the two ends Al Bruno and Zeke O'Connor went downfield for a pass. They were covered by Filchock and Rollie Miles. Then they crisscrossed and, with Miles sticking to Bruno, Filchock stayed with him, too. Thus, there was nobody within fifteen yards of O'Connor and while Filchock cast a horrified glance over his right shoulder O'Connor caught the ball and scored easily. Bruno, meanwhile, permitted himself a sly smile, tapped Filchock lightly on the shoulder and pointed to O'Connor easing into the end zone. "He went thataway," said Bruno. So, of course, had Edmonton's last chance.

Any moment now they'll be at it again, with the Grey Cup for 1953 in the balance. People who never go near a football field all fall will be employing every device they know to lay hand to a Grey Cup ticket. The game has developed into something more than a mere contest between East and West and ignorance of the subject will cause no one to pass up a ticket. These days, in fact, only the people on the field throw away their Grey Cup chances. ★

Are You Sure There Are No Ghosts?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

Incarnation, in a letter describes the arrest of a Huguenot miller who caused *esprits follets*—hobgoblins—to infest the home of his sweetheart, causing loud noises and flute and drum music to be heard there, and stones to be detached from the wall and thrown about. The girl was sent to a convent and the man thrown into jail, but as he had an alibi and would confess to nothing, a charge of sorcery laid against him was dropped.

Mother Mary's brief account is particularly interesting because the phenomena she describes, especially the noises and the stone-throwing, follow the typical poltergeist pattern yet she had no idea that a typical pattern was ever to appear in the poltergeist stories of later generations. This is even more so in the case of Ontario's biggest poltergeist story, the Baldoon Haunting, of 1829-31.

Baldoon, on the Ecarte River near Wallaceburg, was settled by Lord Selkirk's Highlanders, poor, proud and deeply religious folk who knew nothing about ghosts except from what old-country tales they could remember. The story centred on the largest farm in the neighborhood, owned by John T. McDonald, and is known in considerable detail only because Neil McDonald, the farmer's young son, was endowed with a taste for sleuthing and some talent for writing. He collected the testimony of twenty-six persons in a pamphlet which has been a local best-seller ever since.

John McDonald and his wife had heard queer noises—sometimes like thunder, sometimes like footsteps—in their house for months before the main trouble started. They told no one outside the family but that fall, a large party of girls holding a straw-plaiting bee in McDonald's barn were terrified when the beams of the loft above their heads began tumbling down in their midst. Strangely enough, no one was hurt, but the girls, panic-stricken, ran into the McDonald farmhouse. While they were discussing the strange happening, a shower of bullets drilled through the farm windows from outside—but once more no one was hit. The bullets fell harmlessly to the floor inside. Angus McDougald, a young passer-by, attracted by the girls' shrieks, ran in and examined the holes and bullets. He naturally suspected a practical joke on the part of some malicious prankster.

But a closer look made the problem more complex. "Look at these holes," cried Angus, "drilled through the glass as neat and clean as if made by gunfire. And now see those pellets, lying on the floor under the sills inside the room. If they were spent when they hit the glass, they'd have shattered the whole pane. But if they were fired from close range, they ought to have gone across the room and hit the far wall. I can't make it out!"

Baldoon was flat and treeless, with no satisfactory cover for a marksman, but the bullets kept on coming into the McDonald home day after day, even when everyone was on the alert to catch the culprit.

They came in through every window, on every side, until not a pane of glass was left whole. Glass being scarce, John nailed strong inch-thick boards across the broken windows. Still the mysterious missiles continued to come, but with one remarkable difference. Whereas the bullets had perforated small round holes in the glass, they passed through the boards without

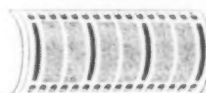
ONLY

Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER

has the bigger
single SMOOTH head
and the lightning-
fast single cutter

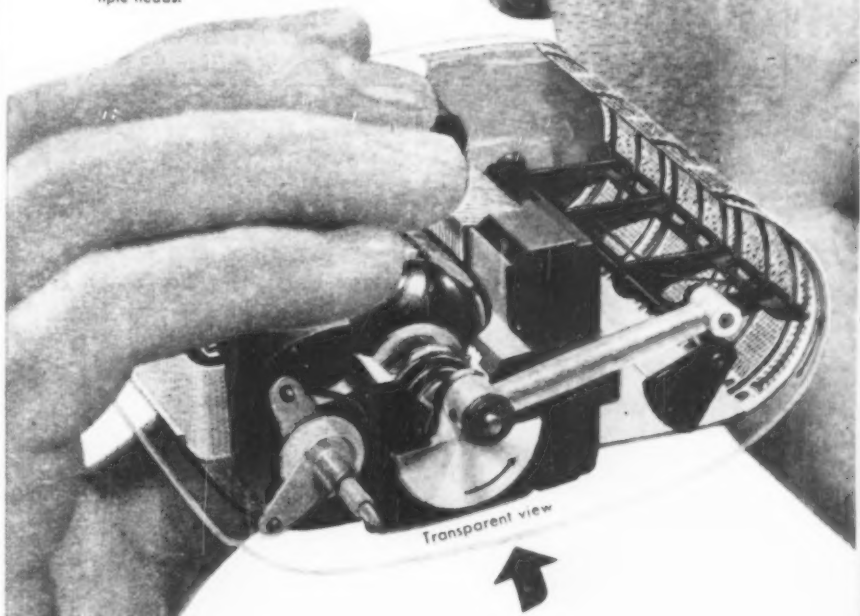
Even if you've got the toughest, heaviest beard, with a tender skin, you'll shave faster and smoother with Shavemaster than by any other method, wet or dry.

Why we use ONE BIGGER, SINGLE head instead of a multiplicity of small heads



Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER Single Head

The smooth, comfortable continuous-round Sunbeam head has over 3000 shaving edges and the lightning-fast single cutter makes over 24-million shaving actions per minute—more than any electric shaver with multiple heads.



The ONLY Shaver with the
powerful 16-bar armature
self-starting REAL Motor

See the new Model "W" Shavemaster at your dealer's.

Most dealers are prepared to have you try the new Shavemaster right in their stores.

this
is
the
Gin



By Appointment
Gin Distillers
To the Late King George VI
Tanqueray, Gordon & Co. Ltd.

*Quality
Incomparable!

Gordon's

IMPORTED FROM LONDON, ENGLAND

STANDS SUPREME

Available in Various Bottle Sizes

TANQUERAY, GORDON & COMPANY, LTD.
—the largest gin distillers in the world

HOME REPAIRS MADE EASY!

Thousands of Ways to Save Money, Have Fun! Everything Beginner or Expert Needs to Know!

12 BOOKS in 1

Covers everything from start to finish! 448 oversize pages—2056 crystal-clear pictures—quick, easy-to-find reference. Water-proof, grease-resistant, handsome lifetime binding. For information write to:

HOME BOOK SERVICE, 210 Dundas St. W., TORONTO 2, Canada

WE'LL SEND YOU

**Bermuda's
Story**
FREE →



The beautiful 16-page booklet, "Bermuda Welcomes You," tells in brilliant full-colour photographs the story of delightful Bermuda—the lovely Islands where your happiest vacation awaits you. And in "Where To Live In Bermuda" you'll find the hotel or guest house where you will enjoy to perfection Bermuda's serene, unhurried life. Write for your free copy of each today.

YOU CAN GO quickly by plane... or leisurely by ocean liner. Your Travel Agent can make complete arrangements for your Bermuda vacation—at no cost to you.

THE BERMUDA TRADE DEVELOPMENT BOARD
Dept. M, 372 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario

Please send me, without charge, "Bermuda Welcomes You" and "Where To Live In Bermuda."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____



making a mark in the tough wood.

After a week or two stones began to take the place of bullets. Crowds of sight-seers gathered every afternoon to witness the phenomena.

Neil Campbell picked up a pebble that hit him and threw it in the nearby Ecarte River. In a few moments a stone of the same shape and size came back into the house, but wet and muddy. A Methodist preacher, the Rev. A. Brown, then picked up several balls, marked them, and pitched them in the river. Some of the marked balls soon returned through the window, wet. Eight witnesses gave separate written descriptions of this occurrence.

There was other strange activity in the house. Beds and chairs shifted, even when people sat or lay on them. Pots and kettles, tools, logs and food-stuffs flew about the rooms. Visitors and domestic animals received their share of attention, being variously plagued by the "noisy spirits."

The morale of the McDonald household became badly affected. John McDonald made frantic efforts to end the reign of terror, calling to his aid every device known to the times. Exorcisms conducted by local ministers were rudely interrupted with stone-throwing. An Indian medicine man who promised to frighten away the evil spirits thought better of it and took to his heels. A United States schoolteacher, Robert Barker, who fancied himself as an amateur ghost-layer, came over from Bay County, Michigan. He nailed a horseshoe over the front door and proclaimed a ban on the trouble-making spirits. Unluckily for him the Windsor police investigated and arrested Barker for pretense of witchcraft. He languished in Windsor jail for six months before the case against him was dismissed—on the grounds that he had taken no fee for his services!

In the summer of 1830 the manifestations took a new and sinister turn. An epidemic of small fires broke out in the haunted farmhouse. According to Neil McDonald, "little balls of fire began to float in the air and, settling in various parts of the house, set it on fire. The backlog from the hearth would be dashed into the middle of the room, scattering sparks in all directions. Closets which no one could reach without passing through the main sitting room were found to be receptacles for small bonfires set by unseen hands. Up to fifty outbreaks

of fire in a single day were recorded.

John McDonald put a ban on all cooking and heating in his house. But the fires then spread to his barns, full of newly harvested wheat. Many Baldoonians volunteered to act as fire-watchers day and night. Early one morning Angus McDougald, rowing down the river in a boat with two friends, saw flames curling up from the McDonald house. Before they could reach the bank, the whole place was ablaze, and the family barely escaped with their lives.

Now a clue was offered which seemed to bring the McDonald haunting into even closer harmony with other poltergeist hauntings. Generous neighbors and relations offered to take in the refugees, and John, sick and in low spirits, was forced to divide his family. He and his wife went to lodge in a friend's house; his three children were taken in by his father, Daniel.

There was another member of the household, Jane, a relative whom John had taken in to help with the children and the housework and give his wife company. Jane was an attractive, lively and amusing girl of about fifteen. No one had any reason to connect her with the manifestations, but it was noticed that she seemed much less worried about them than anyone else. The others even spoke of her as "a little ray of sunshine" that cheered them up in their misery. After the burning of the farmhouse, Jane went with the three children to their grandfather's house.

The manifestations ceased to worry John and his wife, but they followed Jane and began to plague Daniel McDonald's household. By extreme vigilance Daniel escaped having his home burned down. He soon returned the children to their parents, and the reunited family had to camp in an improvised shelter made of old sails in the garden of their charred dwelling. Even there the fires and other disturbances continued.

Neighbors told John he was the victim of spells cast by a witch. A visiting Methodist elder recommended Dr. John Troyer of Long Point, eighty miles from Baldoon. Troyer, one of the first medical practitioners in Ontario, belonged to the mystical sect of Tunkers or Dunkers, who held that the universe was peopled with invisible spirits, good and bad, who influenced the lives of human beings. Troyer not only believed in witches, but considered it his special mission to exterminate

them. He kept an iron witch-trap by his bedside, and taught his daughter crystal-gazing with a piece of moonstone she had picked up in the fields.

John McDonald and the Methodist elder rode across eighty miles of swamp and forest to Dr. Troyer. His daughter obliged them with a crystal reading which warned McDonald (correctly) that another fire was breaking out in his last barn; at the same time she gave him a recipe for ending the trouble.

You are being secretly persecuted by a witch who has transformed herself into an animal," she said. "You must find this animal and shoot it with a silver bullet."

John thought hard, and remembered a stray wild goose that he had seen about his farm. Miss Troyer assured him this must be the witch. Dr. Troyer obligingly accompanied John back to Baldoon and helped him to cast the silver bullet. They found the wild goose swimming in a farm pond and John fired at it and broke its wing. It flew off into some reeds and disappeared.

It only remained to identify the witch. John had the idea it must be an old woman who with her sons occupied a neighboring farm. Some years previously she had quarrelled with him. When he visited her the day after shooting the goose he found she was nursing an injured arm. This, to him, was proof of Miss Troyer's assertion.

The doctor maintained that there would be one more effort to annoy McDonald; and there was. On Sunday morning the whole family, including Jane, went to Daniel McDonald's for a prayer meeting. On the way home they were joined by Angus McDougald. At the farmhouse gate, Jane ran ahead to open the front door, gave a shriek, and called Angus.

"A curious sight met my view," reported young McDougald. "Every article of furniture in the house was piled up in a kind of windrow, which extended cornerwise across the room. A space of a couple of feet was left in the centre of the pile, and the family Bible was opened and turned down on the floor."

The Ghost's Last Fling

Old Dr. Troyer, when told what had happened, said this would be the last of the hauntings — and so it turned out. The furniture-piling was the "last fling of the ghost" and Baldoon went free of disturbances from that time forth.

The good doctor, of course, returned to his home in triumph, with much enhanced reputation as a witch doctor. He lived twelve more years, died at eighty-nine, and was buried in his own orchard at Long Point. As for the McDonalds, they sank back into relieved obscurity.

Baldoon has some striking points of comparison with the Amherst Mystery of fifty years later, Canada's most famous ghost story and a classic poltergeist case. Our main source of information about it — besides copious contemporary newspaper reports — is a little book written by Walter Hubbell, an enterprising actor.

The trouble began late in the summer of 1878 in a neat yellow cottage at the corner of Princess and Church Streets in Amherst, Nova Scotia. Here lived Daniel Teed, foreman of the Amherst Shoe Factory, his wife, Olive, their two little boys aged five and one, and two unmarried sisters of Mrs. Teed, Jane and Esther Cox, aged twenty-two and eighteen respectively. There were also two boarders, John Teed, a brother of Daniel, and William Cox, a brother of Jane and Esther. Both were also employed at the Shoe

Factory under Daniel Teed.

Esther Cox had a handsome admirer, Bob McNeal, who also worked at the factory; but Daniel Teed disapproved of him because he was "unsteady."

On August 28, after supper, Bob took Esther out for a buggy-ride. Long after dark Esther returned, disheveled, soaked to the skin and distraught. Not till a month later did she reveal that Bob had assaulted her in a fit of emotion, threatened her with a pistol, then driven her back home and departed without a word. He vanished from Amherst and was not seen in the dis-

trict, or heard from again.

On September 4 the real drama began. Esther and Jane, who slept together, had gone to bed early and the elder sister scolded the younger for harping on her scamp admirer. Then Jane blew out the lamp. Suddenly Esther squealed and jumped out of bed.

"There's a mouse under the bed-clothes! I heard it move."

They found no mouse, but the straw inside their mattress was shifting about and rustling, as if it harbored life. However, there was no further disturbance that night.

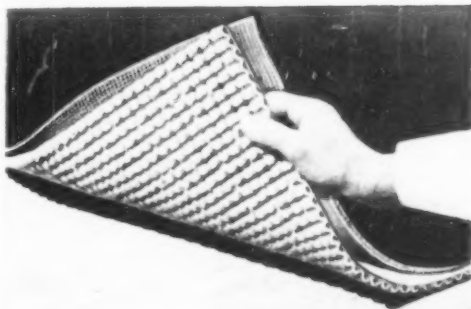
Next night, they heard something moving under their bed. The noise came from a box filled with patchwork pieces. They took this box out and stood it in the middle of the room. It suddenly jumped about a foot in the air and fell over on its side. Jane righted the box, and it jumped again. The girls screamed in fright. Daniel Teed came in, kicked the box back under the bed and told them to shut up. The family treated the girls' story as a silly joke.

The third night, September 6, Esther complained of a headache and

Deep Carpet Luxury
and
Double Carpet Life
with

Waffle

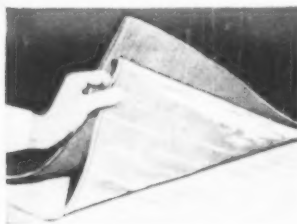
Rug Underlay



Clean! fresh!
what a difference!

Gone are the disadvantages of old-style underpaddings. Rug Underlay does not mat or "spread" . . . is completely odorless . . . will not mark floors. It is lint-, moth-, dust-, vermin-, and allergy-free! Absolutely clean and sanitary! And Rug Underlay puts safety first in the home — anchors floor coverings firmly. Get complete information. Just mail the attached coupon.

Ask for
Dominion Rubber Waffle Rug Underlay
and Carpet Cushion by name. Available
only at Rug Stores and carpet departments.



Sponge Rubber, blown with millions of tiny air cells, is baked in a permanent waffle pattern. An extremely tough fabric reinforcement is attached to one side. The result: an undercarpeting of extraordinary strength and unmatched resilience! A plus for your present rugs, a must for your new ones! When you walk on Rug Underlay you walk on air! Every step is luxuriously cushioned. Even moderately priced rugs have the feel of the most expensive deep-pile floor coverings. And the greatest cause of carpet wear — the grinding action between feet and floor — is virtually eliminated.

YOUR DEALER ALSO HAS
DOMINION RUBBER

CARPET CUSHION

SEND FOR FOLDER AND FREE SAMPLE

Kaylon-Rug Underlay Department,
Dominion Rubber Company Limited,
550 Papineau Avenue, Montreal, P.Q.

Please send me full details and a free sample of Dominion Waffle Rug Underlay or Carpet Cushion (check which). Also please send name of my nearest dealer.

NAME

STREET & NO.

CITY

PROVINCE



fever and retired early. Soon after Jane followed her, Esther sprang out of bed and cried out: "Wake up, Jane! I'm dying!"

On lighting the lamp, Jane discovered Esther's face was red as a beet, her eyes popping, her hair standing on end, her muscles rigid. Jane called for help. Olive and Daniel came in, followed by the two boarders. They pushed Esther back into bed.

She cried out that she was bursting, and Daniel, looking at her, had to admit something was happening.

Her whole body seemed to grow in

size, she became burning hot to touch, and she screamed with pain and ground her teeth as if in a fit. Suddenly a loud report, like a clap of thunder, was heard, followed by three more reports that seemed to come from under the bed. Then they noticed Esther. The swelling had disappeared, deflated like a punctured football. She had resumed her normal appearance and was fast asleep.

On September 9 Esther had another attack. This time the bedclothes flew off the bed by themselves into the far corner of the room. Esther was found

swollen up, running a fever as before. "I have electric currents running through my body!" she yelled.

The family replaced the bedclothes which again flew off into a corner. Next a pillow under Esther's head jumped up and hit John Teed in the face. He left the room saying he had had enough of this devilry.

While the rest of the family sat around Esther's bed holding the clothes down on her, another series of pistol-shot bangs was heard, whereupon she deflated, relaxed and slept again.

Daniel Teed now fetched a Dr.

Caritte. The doctor diagnosed Esther's trouble as hysteria or shock, and injected her with morphia, whereupon the noises broke out again, louder and more frequent than before. Thinking they might be due to some external agency, the doctor went out into the yard in front of the cottage and stood there in the moonlight, listening. Not a soul was about. But he could still hear the noises, as if someone was sitting on the roof pounding the shingles with a sledge-hammer.

The doctor's visit let the cat out of the bag so far as Amherstians were concerned. Passers-by and sight-seers reported hearing the noises, which became incessant during the next three weeks. Then a new stage of the troubles began. Esther had a cataleptic fit and, in a state of trance, revealed the full story of Bob McNeal's attempted assault. Her confession was interspersed with outbursts of loud rapping from the walls.

Dr. Caritte now began to ask the "spirit" questions, laying down a code of raps which would provide the answers. One rap meant "No"; two raps "No answer" or "Doubtful"; three raps "Yes." The spirit answered correctly a number of simple factual questions, then revealed himself as "Bob Nickle," a malicious agency determined to haunt and plague poor Esther.

Caritte said he was at a loss to explain the manifestations. The local clergymen were ready with theories which, however, contradicted one another. One minister called Esther a mesmerist or a fraud. Another defended her as a divinely afflicted "human electric battery." A third came along to offer spiritual consolation, and was rewarded by seeing a strange occurrence. A bucket of cold water on the kitchen table appeared to boil in Esther's presence.

Manifestations on the Menu

The manifestations stopped for some weeks while Esther was ill with diphtheria and during her convalescence at a relative's home in Sackville. But they started again soon after her return to Amherst, and took on a more alarming form. Rappings announced that the ghost "Bob Nickle" would set the house on fire. Next day a rain of lighted matches fell from the ceiling of the living room, where the family was sitting. No harm was done, but other mysterious fires broke out in piles of linen and under beds. When the local fire marshal heard of this, he was indignant.

"It's that darn girl done it," he pronounced. "She'll burn half Amherst down yet!"

John White, a bold but philanthropic neighbor of the Teeds, offered Esther a job in a restaurant he owned. To insulate his place against Esther's "electrical discharges," he insisted she wear thin glass soles inside her shoes but these she soon discarded because they "hurt her corns."

The manifestations followed Esther into White's restaurant. The door of a large kitchen stove refused to stay shut in her presence, and finally flew off its hinges. Metal objects in the building were attracted to Esther as if by a magnet. Three large iron spikes, laid in her lap by curious visitors, grew too hot to hold, and jumped onto the floor.

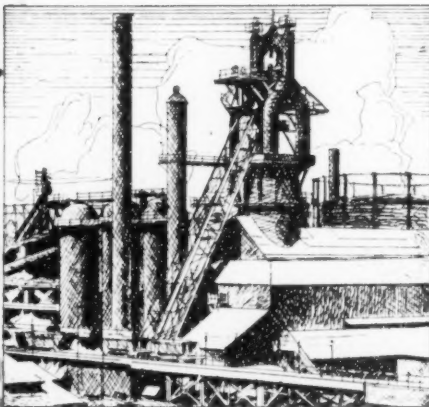
John White quickly tired of Esther and sent her back home. Daniel Teed had had enough too. He dispatched her on a round of visits to out-of-town relatives and friends.

Just before midsummer 1879 Esther was back home, apparently cured. But at this unlucky moment a new phase of her career opened up. On Saturday, June 21, the Teeds took in, as paying



Goods and people ride safely on the "ribbons of steel".

STEEL and the RAILWAYS



Stelco's new Blast Furnace "D"—one of the world's largest—means more steel for Canadian progress.

Partners in the Development of Canada

New iron ore discoveries in Newfoundland! New oil in Alberta! Huge industrial development in a Rocky Mountain valley! New power dams on wilderness rivers! Yes—they've all made headlines in recent months as Canada forges ahead. And back of the headlines is the story of the vital role Canada's railways play in these developments.

You can easily visualize the part steel plays, too, in the job. The twin ribbons that tie all Canada together are ribbons of steel. The traditional "last spike" may be a symbolic one of shiny gold—but the millions of spikes that anchor the rails so that you may travel in peace of mind are spikes of sturdy steel. The modern "all-steel" coach has become a household word for safety. Yes, the railroads are going ahead, as Canada goes ahead. And we at The Steel Company of Canada, Limited are doing our part to keep pace. Stelco's all-Canadian plants and equipment, their present-day replacement value considered at \$400,000,000—mean steel for the railways—safe and convenient transportation for more and more Canadians.

**THE STEEL
COMPANY
of CANADA
LIMITED**



93 out of every 100
Stelco shareholders
live in Canada

Executive Offices: HAMILTON and MONTREAL

Sales Offices:

Halifax, Saint John, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton,

London, Windsor, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver,

J. C. Pratt & Co., Ltd., St. John's, Newfoundland.

guest, an itinerant actor and vaudeville artist named Walter Hubbell who had just finished a theatrical tour of Newfoundland.

If we may believe Hubbell's narrative, his first day at the Teeds was exciting. He had hardly deposited his umbrella in a corner of the living room before it was thrown by invisible hands over his head. This was followed by a large carving knife, which appeared to project itself at him over Esther's head.

"It's the ghosts," explained Esther. "They don't like you, Mr. Hubbell."

Over the week end the action became fast and furious. A sugar bowl vanished, then fell from the ceiling. A potted plant and a can of water rose from their places in the bay window and kitchen respectively and were set down side by side on the parlor floor. An inkstand and two bottles flew at Hubbell, a fire broke out upstairs, and the parlor chairs piled together in a heap and fell over with a crash when no one was near. Hubbell claimed he had seen a chair follow Esther downstairs from her bedroom, while the only other person in the house, Mrs. Teed, was in the kitchen.

Convinced now that "ghosts" were at work, Hubbell suggested that Esther give a public demonstration of her "gifts." He hired a hall and invited the people of Amherst to buy tickets. But the experiment was a fiasco. Crowds filled the hall and Esther duly appeared but the "ghosts" took a night off, and the audience insisted on getting its money back.

This was a disappointment for Hubbell, but for Daniel Teed it was the end.

Esther was sent on a visit to the Van Amberg's, a family that lived three miles outside town, while Hubbell retired to Saint John, to put together his copious notes and publish a book about the strange doings at Amherst.

That November he wrote to the Teeds enquiring after Esther's health, and had a reply from Jane which gave him a sad shock.

"She is in jail," wrote Jane, "and has to stay there for four months. Oh, Mr. Hubbell, it is hard for her, but still harder for me. I cannot hold my head up when I go out."

After her stay with the Van Amberg's, Esther had taken a post as domestic help on a nearby farm owned by people named Davidson. Soon the Van Amberg's missed various articles of clothing, which turned up in the Davidson barn. Esther was accused of taking them there, but before the theft could be proved, the barn took fire and burned to the ground. Esther, the last person seen near the place, was prosecuted for arson and convicted.

Hubbell's book came out the same year, went into ten editions and sold fifty-five thousand copies. Later two well known American psychical investigators, Hereward Carrington and Dr. Walter Prince, published studies of the case. The latter's appraisal of Esther Cox was that she was psychoneurotic with a "submerged secondary personality" which was responsible for the crafty performance of all the various antics called "manifestations." He believed that Esther, in her normal personality, was not aware of what her alternate and abnormal personality was doing.

A case like this, in which the judgment is conflicting, prompts the query — Are there any really genuine poltergeist cases? Apart from my own personal experience, I would cite as the most reliable positive example, a case investigated thoroughly in 1926 by the late Harry Price, who, incidentally, was author of the standard study on British poltergeists. He brought over to England from Vienna a thirteen-year-old Rumanian girl, Eleanore Zugun, who had already created a furore in her own country and in Austria as an "agent" of poltergeistic disturb-

ances. Price kept her under personal supervision for three weeks in his laboratory in London and witnessed phenomena that included raps on furniture, movement and displacement of objects without visible human agency, sudden appearance of stigmatic marks and weals on Eleanore's arms and body. He reported that his tests, made under ideal scientific conditions, proved beyond a doubt that the stigmatic markings appeared spontaneously, and that small objects were undoubtedly moved without physical contact. Later, Eleanore's curious powers left her and she

grew up to normal womanhood and became a hairdresser in Rumania.

I believe, as do many other normally sceptical persons who have studied them, that poltergeists offer a serious challenge to science. Are the phenomena merely produced by exceptionally skilful fraudulent manipulation on the part of repressed and prankish youngsters? Or do they involve genuine manifestations which violate the laws of physics as we know them? This brings us back to our original question

Do we believe in ghosts? Only science can supply the answer. ★

Gifts with the Magic Touch

Waterman's Sapphire
From precious sapphire writing tip to superb retractable mechanism, the Sapphire represents the most inspired advance in writing history. Here's a pen you'll be proud to own—still prouder to give. Only \$5.95.

Waterman's Lady Patricia
Features a diamond design silvered cap with contrasting gold-filled clip, and 14KT Gold Point. The exquisite new gift box changes as if by magic into a beautiful jewel case. Sets and boxes are offered in complementary pastel shades. Set — \$18.75, gold-filled caps — \$25.00.

Waterman's Crusader
Here again, the star gift for thousands — the Waterman's famous Crusader Trio. Set includes 14KT Gold Point pen, matching Metermatic pencil and Ball Pointer. Set — \$12.45.

Waterman's Executive
Smooth-writing 14KT Gold Point with brilliant gold-plated cap. Rich simulated pigskin gift case becomes an attractive box for his personal jewellery. Pens and gift cases in choice of colours. Set — \$18.75. With gold-filled caps — \$25.00.

APPROVED BY Santa

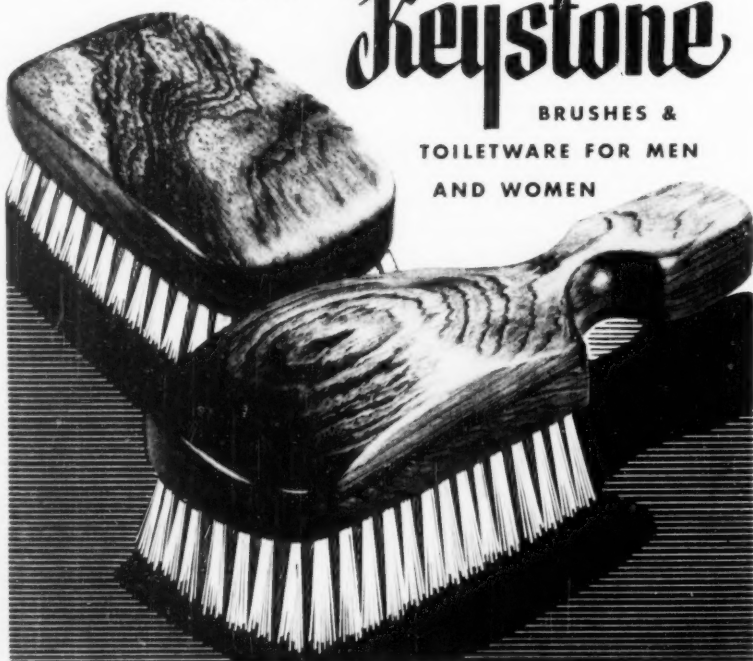
Choose **Waterman's** ... for him, for her, for everyone!



You'll find these brush masterpieces
at the better stores. Beautifully grained,
genuine rosewood backs with
all-white natural bristles of pre-war quality.
Club brush \$6.50. Set of military
brushes, \$15.00



Keystone
BRUSHES &
TOILETWARE FOR MEN
AND WOMEN



Keystone brushes are also available in a wide choice of ebony, satinwood,
cocobolo, lustrewood, lucite and plastic backs.

STEVENS-HEPNER COMPANY, LIMITED, Port Elgin, Toronto, Winnipeg

The Pride of Scotland

McCallum's
Perfection
Scotch Whisky

DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN
SCOTLAND SINCE 1807
Available in various bottle sizes

Hare

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

himself. He had lost his mustache to it—a not unimpressive mustache. Monica had carried on a sort of oblique smear campaign against it until he had lost confidence in the thing. . . . "But it's inches longer on this side, darling." "Did you hear what that frightful little bleached girl said then?" Etc.

He crossed the street toward the Cramby. The street lamps were dim, the shops all shut, their windows dark, the street almost deserted. Was a passion for handicrafts universal here? The sky was starless, the night warm and still. Scott wouldn't have minded gloom, a rich, portentous gloom, but this parsimonious demi-gloom. . . . It wasn't actually the quality of the gloom that exercised his mind but, nagging neurotically, had seven civilian years diluted and debilitated him to the extent that he feared they had? How would he stand alongside a Hare? Blight or no blight Hare was a highly resistant character. It did not escape him that this sort of comparison was not without its odiousness. Nevertheless. . . .

A rocking flagstone in the porched entrance of the Cramby spurted a jet of dirty water on to his right leg as he stepped on it. He accepted it philosophically; against all odds the Cramby had extorted his sympathy.

Alone in the bar a handsome old military man with a broken nose silently drank beer out of a pewter skull. The barman, laughing with pleasure at not being asked for something he hadn't got, explained circumstantially where Tichburn Avenue—in which Hare lived—was. Only five or six minutes away. Evidently an earthly paradise. It had the nicest people, the nicest gardens, houses, chestnut trees to be found in the town. For a barman—men who usually inhabit a less mundane plane—he was depressingly concerned with niceness and Scott was accordingly depressed.

The old military man sat and gazed at his beaten pewter death's head—a presentation from some mess, no doubt; it was inscribed with morose satisfaction. Half-eager, half-fearful, the barman waited to submit himself to further tests. Behind the uneasy silence there was a faint susurrant which Scott was convinced was the sound of electrons flying off from their nuclei as the fell work of dissolution went on in the fabric of the building. It was a situation in which a sensitive character might well begin to meditate on the transience of all things and man's tragic destiny. Instead Scott decided to exercise his right as a resident to take his beer into the lounge.

Naturally, it was empty; a long low rafted room with flimsy little easy chairs, some of them wicker, the sort that react with a feminine squeak of indignation when you sit on them; hulking slabs of mahogany furniture and crouching, sinister shadows—he had switched on the light at one end only.

He paced the floor trying to ward off the ancient desiccated anguish the room was trying to impose on him. All dust now the ecstatic lovers' meetings, the exhilarating (but deplorable, of course) beginnings of illicit unions, the angry ruptures, calculated betrayals, the pathetic, platitudinous partings—all dried up now indistinguishably into the same fine dust that must film everything. He ran his finger along the ledge of the massive mahogany tenement-housing books. Disappointingly his finger came away immaculate except

for a faint antiseptic smell of furniture polish.

In the bookcase among the jetsam of decades of travelers were two identical copies, spanking new, of a German general's war memoirs in an opulent American format.

He was about to open the door of the bookcase when the door of the lounge burst open and a tall man looking—the desire to secure an early advantage made Scott caricature slightly—looking rather like Sherlock Holmes disguised as a cavalry officer in multi-lobed in. He had the Holmes domed brow with a promontory of dark hair in the middle, the aquiline nose and the sharp chin. And in between the two latter a large unlikely mustache the color and texture of medium shag. Rather unsuitably he wore a suit of smoky cavalry twill with a sporting maroon waistcoat.

The man peered swiftly round the room as though giving it a preliminary check before a colonel's inspection and his eyes finally found Scott. They examined him without charity.

"Beg your pardon. Looking for a chap."

SCOTT was not asking for charity but he had expected recognition. The passage of seven years, the absence of a uniform, the loss of a mustache—had he not recognized Hare instantly behind that *article de fantaisie* he had since grown?—and a layer of tan had reduced him to a drab anonymity? His individuality was of such faint impress that the absence of these trifles had wiped it out entirely? He would need more convincing evidence of it than Hare was competent to produce, by God. And he turned his highly critical attention on to Hare and started another series of rhetorical questions. Was this distinguished-looking character, this exemplar of manly chic, this member of the warrior caste the same amiably scruffy Hare who had insisted always on his civilian status, maintaining that war was a job for civilians, far too grubby, slippery, squalid for professional soldiers? And who asserted his right by commanding his tank in a bowler hat—a greenish *chapeau melon* picked up in poor battered Cheux—until the colonel, while admitting the exquisite wit of the thing, forbade it on the grounds that such levity might tend to expose war to ridicule and bring it into disrepute?

"What sort of chap?" Scott said. "No idea really. Whole thing damn silly, I'm beginning to think." He gave Scott a terribly piercing look.

To be reduced to this gimlet-eyed business! Pitiful, pitiful! That such a species of Hare should have emerged from the tepid crucible of peace! Could it be—could it not be, rather—that his wife was working on Hare's personality too? Almost certainly the mustache must be a flower of her cultivation. At least the poor fellow had managed to get away with a shoelace undone, thank God.

"I'm the only chap here," Scott said.

Hare picked up an old magazine from the table, looked underneath it, and threw it down again. He eyed Scott's half-empty glass of beer suspiciously. "Dreary sort of practical joke. Bound to say it. It'll be the golf professional, I expect."

"I shouldn't imagine so. They're very serious people."

"Not this one." Hare thrust his hands into his trouser pockets, pressed his arms to his sides, scowled at Scott and then looked down at the carpet. He raised his head slowly. "We met somewhere before?"

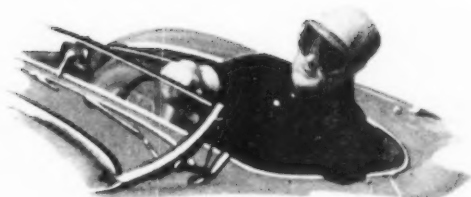
"I've never been here before in my life."

"Ah, yes, well, hope you like it now

Tom McCahill says—

TOM McCAHILL, well known, free-lance automotive journalist whose test reports of American and European cars appear regularly in *Mechanix Illustrated* magazine.

"The finest automobile engine in the world
is no better
than its weakest
spark plug!"



"I've been around automobiles for a long time. Maybe it's just breeze about cutting my eye teeth on the three-cornered star of my father's early Mercedes. But it is true that I inherited his great love for fine cars and full-bored, red-blooded engines. For some years now, your automotive reporter has road-tested practically every make and model of hack—giant family-size buckets to high-performance sports cars—put together on these shores or across the pond. You learn a lot about any engine when you check its everyday performance and then set out to see how much punishment it can take without coming unglued. There's one thing you discover very quickly—the finest engine in the world is no better than its weakest spark plug.

"Spark plugs may look small and unimportant but, brother, if you want that mill of yours to unleash all its horses, make sure you have the best spark plugs money can buy. That's where Champions take over the spotlight. I've had Champions go on delivering the mail in car tests that

would have other spark plugs wasting more compression than the Silver Cornet Band of Prunewhip, Missouri. Furthermore, I've watched Champion-equipped cars cream everything in sight in most of the world's great speed, endurance and reliability runs—Indianapolis, LeMans, Mexico, Daytona Beach, Monte Carlo, Pikes Peak and Italy's famous Millé Miglia—to name a few.

"So take a tip from your Uncle Tom, and get set for winter by putting dependable Champion Spark Plugs in your car. They're your best assurance of positive starting and worry-free driving when, 'the north wind doth blow and we shall have snow'."

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO. OF CANADA LTD.

CANADA'S FAVORITE

CHAMPION

SPARK PLUGS



Stop in at the service station or garage displaying this poster!



YOU GET

**EXTRA POWER
LONGER LIFE**

... in the

**Willard
Super Master**

... here's why

**UP TO
119%
MORE STARTING POWER AT ZERO**

New, powerful active material gives this Super Master up to 119% more power at zero than required by S.A.E. standards.

**100%
MORE PROTECTION
against the No. 1
Battery Killer**

METALEX, the sensational new Willard grid material, provides 100% more protection against overcharging — the No. 1 battery killer



● New tough sealing compound stands more heat—stands more cold.

● New stronger case with strength where strength is needed most.

There's a Willard for EVERY CAR and EVERY BUDGET

**WILLARD PRICES START AT
\$17²⁵ LESS LIBERAL TRADE-IN ALLOWANCE**
for your old battery. See the yellow pages of your phone book for the name of your Willard Dealer.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY CO. OF CANADA LTD., TORONTO, ONTARIO



you've come. Full of historical and archaeological interest." He turned round scrutinizing the room again. "Absolutely stuffed."

Scott wondered if Hare was contemplating standing as mayor for the historic borough. He seemed capable of any sort of turpitude. "Any particular reason why the telephone booth should smell of fish?"

Hare swung round. "That damn fishmonger's been doing it again, has he? I shall bring it before the council, I promise you. Have the man excluded. Third complaint. Actually seen resting a fish on the box last time. Gluey scales everywhere. The scoundrel! Grateful to you for telling me."

"Oh, a whiff of fish here and there..." Scott deprecated. Poor old Hare. One could hardly continue to bear him ill will.

HARE appeared to have forgotten about the fish. He chuckled and his mustache, distorted, became a separate entity, having no relation to his face except proximity. He clenched his fists in his pockets, thrusting them out. "Just remembered. Chap you remind me of. Bigger than you, of course. Younger. Robust. Bit of a hellhound too, this one. West Country." He laughed and was slightly embarrassed because he had laughed. "Just thinking of an incident." He inspected Scott with good-natured contempt. "Not really like him, of course. Vital sort of chap. You know, robust. But there's that something. You know, the way a chap lifts one eyebrow. Something like that."

"I lift both eyebrows or none," Scott said coldly.

"No. Didn't actually mean lifting an eyebrow. A thing like that I meant. No resemblance at all really though."

He took a watch out of his maroon waistcoat pocket and shook his head. "Supposed to take the chap I was supposed to meet back with me. Told her it would be the golf professional being witty. Pulled a little thing on him myself on Saturday." He straightened his tie, tugged at his waistcoat, buttoned his jacket, missed the untied shoelace and inspected himself like a soldier preparing to go on guard parade. "Wife waiting." He laughed again. "Great, robust, mustachioed chap, the army chap I was talking about. Bet he's raising hell somewhere. Must get in touch with him." He moved to the

door. "Don't forget to go and look at the Roman drains. Just dug up. You'll be surprised." He waved his hand. "Got something up my sleeve for the golf professor. H've good time." The door slammed.

SCOTT produced a loose match from his jacket pocket, carefully broke it into four, walked over to the fireplace and dropped the pieces among the stack of brittle heather deputizing for a fire. The correct emotion to experience, he supposed, was chagrin. Chagrin. He contemplated the word, projecting it on to a space between two dangerous-looking beams supporting, or being supported by, the ceiling. Alarming, what little meaning he could give it began rapidly to drain away. He averted his eyes smartly, before it became pure gibberish. And as he became conscious of the word vaguely filling up again he had to acknowledge that he really felt no particular chagrin at all. On the contrary, he felt rather relaxed, appeased, reconciled. Rather like an old convict on discovering an old pal in the next cell. Or a hunter demoted to riding school if it encountered there a former, and formidable, stable-mate enduring, with slightly inane good humor, the unrhythmic thuds of a pair of bouncing jodhpurs lavishly filled with young patron. After all, who was he to expect to escape the common lot of man?

He turned back to the bookcase and rejected the German general. He was not precisely in the mood for war memoirs. The only other interesting book he could find was Babney's Fruit-growing For Profit which took caustic exception to the general public's idiotic preference for pretty foreign apples — "all carmine, cotton wool and saccharine water."

He took the book with him into the bar and had an instructive little talk about apple trees with the barman who advanced some surprisingly bold opinions on the cutting of maidens.

Then Scott went up to his room, cleaned his teeth, regretted the absence of Monica, mildly astonished himself by resolving to telegraph her some flowers before he moved on in the morning, climbed into the bed reputed to have been slept in by Carline of Brunswick and, wearing the honor lightly, slid as confidently into sleep as many a man who had spent the day in worthy and gainful employment. ★

Death in the Toy Parade

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

was squeaky with anger. "It's two weeks yesterday since we went out together."

"I know, but . . ." Ellen floundered. She had always been careful not to hurt his feelings, but now there was another reason for her hesitation—a dread of what he might say, or do, when he heard the truth. She steeled herself. "I won't be having any more dates with you, Harry—ever."

There was a long pause. Then his voice, with a new sharpness, said, "What are you talking about?"

She told him bluntly, "I'm going to be married. We're picking out the ring this morning."

Another long pause.

Then Harry said slowly, "You're going to marry me."

His arrogance stunned her for a moment. I mustn't make him angry, she told herself, I mustn't let him know how the idea revolts me. Carefully, she said, "I'm sorry, Harry, I could never marry you, even if there weren't someone else. It just wouldn't work."

In the silence that followed, the air seemed to press on her like a weight.

"You shouldn't talk like that, Ellen," he said at last. "It's sacrilege."

"Sacrilege! What do you mean?"

"It's the will of God. You can't go against His judgment, Ellen. If you do, He'll strike you dead."

It's nonsense, Ellen told herself—but her hands were clammy and at the pit of her stomach a cold ball of fear was forming. She tried not to let it show in her voice.

"Harry," she said, "you wouldn't want to harm me."

"Not me, Ellen—God. But He might use a human being as the instrument of His vengeance."

Ellen said nothing for a moment. Like cat claws the implications of his statement sank into her. "This is just Harry," she told herself frantically. "Hopeless Harry from the office. Everybody laughs at him." She attempted a laugh now, but it stuck in her throat.

"I'll come and explain it to you," Harry said. "It won't take long."

In sudden panic, Ellen cried, "No! I won't be here!"

Once again there was silence—a palpable weighty silence.

Then the raspy voice, terrible in its sureness, said, "You'll be there, Ellen. I'm coming over right away." He hung up.

Ellen stared at the phone blankly. It would take him half an hour to get here; by that time she could be dressed and out of the house. Only, she must hurry. Like an automaton, she laid the phone in its cradle and climbed the stairs with leaden feet. "Hurry, hurry," her mind whispered, but her body was numbed.

The bacon had burned to cinders. She turned off the gas and began to dress sluggishly, with long halts while she gazed at nothing and remembered.

SHE HAD never liked him, although she had tried hard. How could you like a boy who was thin and knobby and ugly, a boy who stumbled and stammered when he spoke and looked at you with twitching brown eyes? He reminded her of some of the stray animals she had mothered as a child—the bedraggled alley cats with torn ears and the mangy curs who slunk about garbage cans. They were unlovely and unloved, but she had been driven by compassion to feed and pet them and

pretend an affection she could not feel.

The same impulse had led her to befriend Harry. When he came to work as mail clerk six months ago he had been made the butt of the whole office. The others had jeered at his gaucheries, provoked him into further clumsiness and stupidities and behind his back imitated him with cruel relish.

Only Ellen had treated him as a fellow human. Three months before she had begun spending one evening a week with him, encouraging him to talk about himself and express his ideas on various subjects—not that he required

much encouragement. All the dismal details of his life poured out; the lonely childhood with a widowed mother who substituted religious tracts for bedtime stories, the bullying he had suffered from physically stronger boys, the gradual realization that he was destined to be a martyr among the Philistines. He was proud of being "different." The rest of humanity was rushing headlong to the fires of hell, but he and a select little band would taste the joys of paradise. He promised Ellen, his eyes blazing with the zeal of a fanatic, to save her too.

Perhaps she should have told him frankly that the prospect was not exactly enthralling, but at the time it had seemed easier to listen and nod and smile sympathetically. That was before she met Bill, of course. In the month since then—a month which seemed like a century—she had gone out with Harry only once, on an evening when Bill had to work late stock-taking.

Actually, that was when she first began to feel afraid instead of sympathetic. She had known from the beginning that he was emotionally and

"Captain Morgan's in town"

... with the world's finest recipes for rum drinks!



The new Captain Morgan Rum Recipe Booklet contains a selection of the world's finest recipes . . . made better than ever with Captain Morgan Rum. For your free copy, write Captain Morgan Rum Distillers Limited, Dept. C, P.O. Box 308, Montreal, Que.

Captain Morgan RUM

Blended in Canada from Carefully Selected Rare Old Rums by Captain Morgan Rum Distillers Limited.



Black Label
Extra smooth
and flavourful



GOLD LABEL
Rich and full-bodied



Did Rheumatic Fever write a tragic ending to this picture story?

This little girl, as you can see, has been "a picture of health" from one to six.

But like many children of her age, she began to complain of a sore throat now and then, occasional feverish spells, and pain and swelling in the muscles and joints.

Her mother, sensible woman that she is, knew that such symptoms should be heeded promptly. The doctor found that this little girl had rheumatic fever, childhood's greatest disease enemy, whose great danger lies in the damage it can do to the heart.

So, complete rest in bed under careful observation was ordered until all the symptoms of the disease disappeared. This not only lessened the possibility of damage to the heart, but also helped build the child's resistance against recurring attacks of rheumatic fever.

Fortunately, this child's convalescence was rapid... and largely because a wise mother was alert to the tell-tale symptoms of rheumatic fever and sought prompt treatment.

Because her parents are careful to protect her

from throat and respiratory infections (which usually precede attacks of rheumatic fever), she is leading a normal, happy life. As an added safeguard, the doctor examines her at regular intervals, even though she has recovered with no signs of heart damage.

Medical science is making steady gains against rheumatic fever owing to the research studies sponsored by many public and private agencies. Today, in an increasing number of cases, rheumatic fever is being beaten—because it is being recognized and treated in time.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO., LTD.

Manufacturing Laboratories, Walkerville, Ontario

As a maker of medicines prescribed by physicians and dispensed by pharmacists, Parke, Davis & Company is intensively studying suspected causes of rheumatic fever—principally germs of the streptococcal variety—as well as drugs that may be used to combat them. New methods of approach for treating cases in which the heart has been damaged by rheumatic fever are also under investigation in the Parke-Davis Research Laboratories.

mentally unstable, but she had not realized before that he regarded most people as vermin, beneath contempt, and anticipated their ultimate destruction with sadistic enjoyment.

Even more frightening than the way he gloated was his assurance to Ellen, "You don't need to worry. God sent me to show you the way to everlasting glory. As soon as you've been saved, I'll tell you what plans He has for you."

Ellen hadn't told Bill about it—there was no point in upsetting him

but she had talked to Boris, the hairdresser at Silvio's Beauty Shop. Every Wednesday for two years Boris had set and combed out her hair, and while she relaxed in the chair they discussed each other's affairs with an easy camaraderie.

Boris had warned her against Harry at the outset. "Look, Ellen, I know you've got a soft heart, but you don't need to have a soft head. Those religious crackpots are always the most dangerous."

"Harry—dangerous?" She had been able to scoff then. "Go on."

"I'm serious," Boris said. "If you

HOOR OF INSPIRATION

How alluring the hobbies
I'm tempted to try
At the moment the dishes
Are ready to dry!

THOMAS NICKERSON

don't keep away from him, you're just asking for trouble."

And now—and now . . .

The doorbell rang with a sudden clamor.

Ellen's heart gave a great bound and then seemed to stop beating. She sat rigid on the bed, unable to move.

Then the front door opened and a voice called, "Hydro!" Only the man come to read the meter, Ellen thought, and her heart began to beat again. Her torpor had vanished. She looked at the clock—ten to nine. That left her ten minutes to get ready.

SHE JUMPED up from the bed and began frantically to pull on her clothes. A stocking sprang a run as she fastened it to the suspender, but there wasn't time to change it. She zipped up the skirt of her red suit and thrust her arms into the jacket, ran a comb through her hair, jammed the new black hat with the jaunty red feather on her head and grabbed her purse from the dresser. It was nine o'clock exactly.

She ran the two blocks to the car stop and then leaned against a pole to recover, breathing in great gasps. There was no sign of Harry. The Harbord car crawled toward her. She straightened up and waited for her heart to stop its mad pounding. When the streetcar was half a block away she stepped out on the road.

It was then she heard it—a raspy voice calling, "Ellen!"

He was at the other end of the block, walking swiftly in her direction. She moved out to the tracks and willed the streetcar to hurry. It had never moved so slowly. At last it ground to a halt in front of her and the doors opened. As she walked down the aisle she could see Harry, running now and shouting. She found an empty seat at the very back and slid into it as the doors slammed shut. The car started up.

Harry stopped and stared after it. As he caught sight of Ellen peering through the rear window, one hand went to his pocket and he pulled out a

gun, then dropped it back again. It must be the Luger his father had taken from a German in the first World War, Ellen thought; he had told her about it. But would he have bullets? She shivered. I'm safe now, she reminded herself, and watched his figure growing smaller.

Then she saw him look up the tracks. Another Harbord car was approaching. Resolutely, she turned her head. I won't watch, she promised herself. It doesn't matter, anyway, he can't catch up to me now. He'll be a block behind all the way. By ten o'clock I'll be at Yonge and Dundas and Bill will be waiting.

But what if I get there early and Bill hasn't arrived yet? Is there any place I can hide? She tried to remember the buildings on that corner, but the only one she could think of was the Brown Derby. I can duck inside there, she thought. He would never think of going into a cocktail lounge. But what if it isn't open yet? And, anyway, Bill will be on the other corner, outside—Child's Restaurant, that's it. I can't wait inside Child's; it's too open, too exposed.

She looked behind her. The other streetcar followed relentlessly. He would be sitting up near the driver, trying to keep her in view. She dug her fingernails into her palms to still her rising panic. As soon as the spasm had passed she got up and found a seat near the front.

IT WAS strange to pass along the familiar route and see it all as something new and foreign. Everything had a vaguely sinister quality. The little stores jammed close together, the idlers who lounged in front of them, the crowds of people scurrying blindly along the sidewalks, the old brick houses with their grimy gingerbread ornamentation—it looked like the setting for a movie, the kind of movie where tension mounts to a sudden eruption of violence.

She turned away from the window and tried to think of Bill, but she couldn't concentrate. There were too many distractions. Every time the car stopped and the door opened she held her breath, fearing that somehow Harry would be among the passengers climbing on. He could easily have left the other car and hailed a taxi to catch up to her. And every time the doors closed the tension drained out of her, leaving her limp and exhausted.

More passengers pushed on at every stop, but it wasn't until they reached Spadina Avenue that Ellen noticed what a large proportion of them were children. There was a holiday look in their scrubbed shining faces, as if they were heading for the circus. The sidewalk, too, was crowded with children, pulling at the hands of their mothers and fathers to hurry them eastward.

There was something frightening about the mobs of children, some additional threat implied in the way they rushed east along Dundas. What was it? She felt the answer nibbling at the back of her mind, but it wouldn't penetrate.

Ellen glanced at her watch. It was a quarter to ten. Now only fifteen minutes separated her from Bill, and safety. Fifteen minutes and how many blocks? Eight or nine—she couldn't remember.

The streetcar had slowed down to a snail's pace. It frequently stopped in the middle of a block and then started again, crawling past the intersecting streets. They were nearing University Avenue when it stopped for the last time, tightly wedged in a huddle of traffic.

Ellen sat tensely, hands squeezed tightly together, waiting for the car to

There's something bright and cheerful at the bars!



Your highball, cocktail or Old Fashioned is deliciously different when it's made with a

Jamaica Rum

"Treasure of the Tropics"

It's smart also to serve hot buttered rum, egg noggs and punches at parties. Always say "Jamaica". Many brands . . . all are truly mellow and born to blend.

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASS'N (OF JAMAICA) LTD.
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.

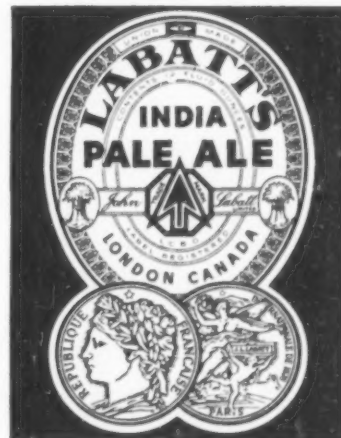
It's a MAN'S work...



for a man's beer!

What you like in an ale and what a woman likes are not necessarily the same . . . so if you are looking for a man's drink with plenty of old-time flavour—hearty, zestful and satisfying—switch now to Labatt's India Pale Ale . . . I.P.A. is a real man's drink. John Labatt Limited.

*The swing is
DEFINITELY
to Labatt's*



A MAN'S DRINK

get going at zero

change now to

Mobiloil

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO. OF CANADA, LTD.

Let the oil that lubricated the world's fastest car and the world's fastest speedboat give you instant "go" at touch of starter all through the winter. Change now to Mobiloil Arctic, Arctic Special or new, improved Mobiloil 5W (recommended by leading car manufacturers for extreme cold weather) and get complete engine protection throughout the whole range of Canadian winter temperatures. For trouble-free winter driving, rely on Mobiloil—backed by over 50 years' experience . . . the greatest name in engine protection!

a Socony-Vacuum Product made by the makers of Gargools Industrial and Marine Lubricants.



Your Mobiloil dealer has the Mobiloil Lubrication Chart—your assurance of correct lubrication whatever the age or make of your car.

SOLD BY IMPERIAL OIL AND LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE

start up, but nothing happened. The other passengers were growing restive. First one, then another, headed for the side exit. Compressed air hissed as the door opened and shut behind them. A group of people got up to follow them, and suddenly everybody was crowding into the aisle.

Ellen sat still for a moment longer, trying desperately to make a sensible decision. Bill was so close now that the car might start moving at any time, carrying her to safety. But if it didn't . . . ? Every moment she waited, the other car was drawing closer and closer. In sudden blind panic she pushed her way to the front door.

Outside, no traffic was moving. Pedestrians jammed the sidewalk and overflowed on to the road, weaving their way between the stalled cars and trucks. They were all in a rush, all heading east.

Ellen merged with the scurrying stream, wondering what fear was driving them. What were they running away from? Or rather—because she could see now that their faces wore a look of happy expectancy—what were they running to meet?

The answer popped into her mind unexpectedly, and with it a terrifying realization. This must be the day of Eaton's annual Santa Claus parade. University Avenue would be lined with a solid, impenetrable mass of people. She was trapped.

Unless . . . and she grasped at a wild hope. There was a taxi parked on St. Patrick Street, the driver idly eating an apple. She ran across to him.

"I've got to get over to Yonge Street. Will you take me around the parade?"

The driver looked pained. "Oh now, lady, have a heart. I'd have to go right up to Lavenport or way down to Queen, and the traffic's so bad I might never make it. Why don't you just relax and enjoy the parade?"

"I can't!" she shouted at him—and then, fighting hysteria, repeated, "I've got to get over to Yonge Street."

"Believe me, lady, it ain't worth it," the driver said, unperturbed. "Cost you two or three dollars, and anyway you'll get there faster if you just wait till the parade's over."

How could she make him understand? She took a deep breath and looked over her shoulder. The street-car she had just left was still standing motionless, but twenty yards behind it, another Hartford car was slowly edging closer. There was no time to argue—she had to get away. She hesitated a fraction of a second and then flung herself into the crowd hurrying along Dundas, hoping she could lose herself in the mob.

She dodged around people and cars, running whenever she found a few yards of clear space. Even as she ran, a sick hopeless feeling knotted her stomach. She was really trapped now—caught between Harry somewhere behind her and the crowd ahead. She should have got into the taxi and told the driver to take her anywhere, instead of arguing with him.

The parade was already in progress down University Avenue. As each new float passed, a storm of applause and cheers arose. Over the heads of the crowd she could see the story-book characters gliding past—the old woman who lived in a shoe, Cinderella, Snow White, all the others.

She stared at the solid wall of people blocking her way and for a moment it seemed an impossibility to breach it. But fear drove her on. She pushed her way in.

"May I get by, please? I have to get across the road." Ten, fifteen, twenty times she made her explanation, and each time the barrier gave a

COMPLAINTS



MACLEAN'S

"See what I mean, six misfires in a row!"

little and she advanced another foot.

Then a tall broad-shouldered man blocked her way. She touched his arm, but before she could speak he scowled at her over his shoulder and said ferociously, "Who d'ya think you're shoving?" Others turned to look at her and in their faces she could see contempt for a girl who would try to push her way to the front—contempt and a determination to resist her.

"I've got to get by!" she cried. "There's somebody chasing me—he's going to kill me!"

The man laughed. "Go on, tell us another," he said.

A little old lady clucked disapprovingly. "Shame on you," she said. "If you wanted to see it you should have been down here at eight o'clock, like I was. Stay where you are and let the kids have their fun."

THE URGE to escape wilted before their scorn. She waited, forcing herself to stare ahead at the parade, telling herself without conviction that Harry would never be able to find her in this crowd. The seconds dragged by and the interminable line of floats crawled past, while the tension within her built up to an unbearable pitch.

Suddenly there was a loud, sharp explosion.

Involuntarily, one hand flew to her throat, she screwed her eyes shut and steeled herself against the pain. But there was nothing. Only, somewhere ahead of her, a child began to wail. Had he been hit? She opened her eyes and strained for a glimpse of him, at last catching sight of a grimy face, contorted in misery. He was still howling. In one hand he held a stick with a fragment of rubber clinging to it—the remains of a burst balloon.

"Never mind, we'll get you another," a woman said and the wails gradually diminished. As they faded out Ellen became aware of a child's voice reciting in a dreary meaningless fashion, "Tom, Tom, the piper's son . . ." When he came to the end, he took a deep breath and started on "Mary, Mary . . ." The expressionless chanting went on and on. Periodically it was drowned out by applause and cheers, but it always started again. Ellen heard it as a background noise, without consciously listening, until the childish voice began to pipe:

There was a little man
And he had a little gun.
And the bullets were made of lead,
lead, lead.

Fear gripped her again. Was he there, somewhere behind her, slowly edging closer? She turned and stood on tiptoe searching for his face in the crowd.

Then it happened—so quickly that

she almost missed it. The heads around her shifted, craning in different directions, and for half a second she saw Harry not more than fifteen feet away, his brown eyes glittering in a set white face. For half a second his eyes burned into hers; then there was another bobbing of heads and he was lost to sight.

Only one thing mattered now—she had to get away. She pushed her way past protesting women and shoved her way to the curb, stepped between the children who sat there. A policeman shouted at her, but he was too far away to be any help. She ran for an open space between two floats, brushed aside a clown who grabbed at her sleeve, and burrowed into the crowd which lined the other side of the road.

At last she fought her way out to the comparatively clear stretch of Dundas and began to run. At Bay Street she paused and leaned against a car, peering around it while her heart pounded frantically and the air rushed painfully into her lungs. For a moment she had the wild hope that somebody might have stopped him. Then she saw him farther down the street and on the other side, his head twisting from side to side, searching for her, as he trotted along the sidewalk.

She began to run again. Only one block to go—then only three-quarters of a block—but pain knifed along her side and she knew with agonizing certainty that she would never make it. She would have to find refuge somewhere—anywhere.

Her eyes flicked over the store fronts and suddenly a familiar doorway yawned. She stumbled through it.

THE THREE barbers in their white coats looked up from their work and Silvio called, "Hello, Ellen. This isn't your regular day, is it?"

Ellen looked back at him and shook her head. As she turned again to mount the stairs she caught a glimpse of herself in the big mirror, and with sudden horror realized how Harry had been able to locate her in the crowd. It was her new hat, the lovely black hat with a red feather eighteen inches long.

She reached up to tear it from her head and then, realizing the futility of the gesture, let her hand drop and climbed the stairs wearily.

The upstairs room was crowded, as always, with customers having shampoos and permanents and sets. Boris was at his usual place near the window. He called "Hi, Ellen, this is an unexpected pleasure," and then, taking a good look at her, "Hey, what's wrong?"

Ellen was already standing by the phone in the corner, fumbling in her purse for a dime. "It's Harry," she said, gasping for breath. "He's following me. I've got to get the police."

The police number was on the first page of the phone book: EMpire 3-2121. She dialed it with trembling fingers. Even now she could not talk properly—only stammer disjointed phrases. At the other end of the line somebody was asking questions, but Ellen's attention was riveted on the street below the window, and suddenly she broke in loudly, "I can see him now. He's on the south side of Dundas. Now he's crossing the street—he's coming here. You've got to help me!"

She dropped the receiver and turned back to the room, searching for a hiding place. The customers and the operators were all silent now, staring at her. She thought of the washroom and darted toward it, but Boris was beside her, pulling at her.

"Somebody's in there," he said. "Get under a dryer. I'll try to stall him till the police come."

Ellen rushed past the head of the stairs into the little room at the other side where half a dozen women sat drying their hair under machines. She slid into an empty chair and tried to

pull the dryer over her head. The hat was in the way. She ripped it from her head and sat on it. She could hear Boris knocking on the door of the washroom and saying, "Mary. Stay right where you are. Don't say a word and don't come out until I tell you to."

Ellen reached for a movie magazine and held it to shield her face. Through the narrow space between the top of the magazine and the rim of the dryer, she could watch what was going on.

Silvio's voice came over the speaker, with the clatter of the shop behind it. "A friend of Ellen's is looking for her—

I've sent him upstairs. And Mrs. Willis is here for her appointment."

Boris spoke softly. "Don't send anybody else up. I'll be right down to explain."

"Whadda ya mean . . . ?" Silvio protested indignantly, but Boris turned a switch and again there was silence. In the silence Ellen heard two pairs of feet climbing the stairs.

Harry was ahead. The raspy voice began a halting explanation. "I'm looking for Ellen . . ." but Boris interrupted.

"She'll be out in a minute. Won't



*Scotland's Pride -
the World's Choice!*

DEWAR'S
"SPECIAL"
SCOTCH WHISKY
— it never varies

Distilled, Blended and Bottled in Scotland
AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS BOTTLE SIZES

IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION DUE?

Subscribers receiving notice of the approaching expiration of their subscriptions are reminded of the necessity of sending in their renewal orders promptly.

The demand for copies to fill new orders is so great that we cannot guarantee the mailing of even a single issue beyond the period covered by your subscription. To avoid disappointment, your renewal order should be mailed to us promptly when a receive the "expiration" notice.

a lady loves

Fine
Fragrances
by

HOUBIGANT

Chantilly

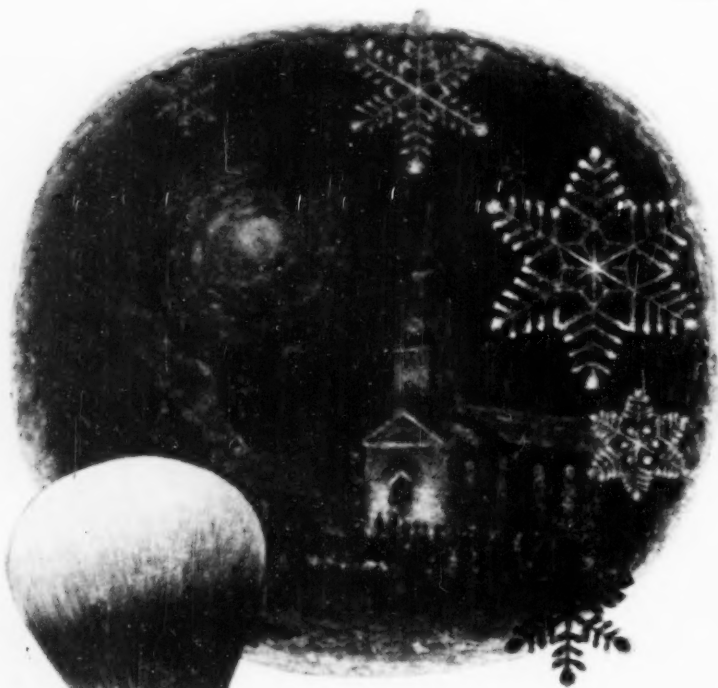
QUELQUES FLEURS

LE PARFUM IDÉAL

FRENCH PERFUMERS SINCE 1775

PARIS NEW YORK MONTREAL

PERFUME
LIQUID SKIN
SACKET
EAU DE TOILETTE
STICK PERFUME
SACKET POWDER
HAND LOTION
TALCUM POWDER
BATH SOFTENERS
DUSTING POWDER



For over
eighty years, the
traditional gift

SILVER
LATHER BRUSHES

you have a seat while you wait?"
Harry stood a moment uncertainly
and then perched uneasily on the edge
of a chair.

A **STOUT** elderly woman with steel-
grey hair pulled herself up the last
few steps and subsided into the empty
chair beside Harry. Gasping for breath,
she wheezed, "Hello, Boris. I hope
you won't keep me waiting."

"I'm afraid you'll have to go down-
stairs for your shampoo, Mrs. Willis,"
Boris said. "We've got a new system
and the upstairs girls are all taking
their relief now. All right, kids, you
can all take your customers down and
turn them over to the others."

Mrs. Willis sat erect, indignation
purpling her face. "That's ridiculous,"
she said. "I shall certainly not go
downstairs. I shall have my shampoo
right here, just as I always do."

One by one the other customers
stopped halfway through shampoo or
permanent and headed swiftly for the
stairs, the operators following them.

"As you wish, Mrs. Willis," Boris
said smoothly. "I'll just pop down to
see that everything's under control."

While he was gone, the other room
slowly cleared. Now there were only
Mrs. Willis and Harry sitting at the
head of the stairs—and in the drying
room, six women with the roar of the
dryers in their ears, unaware that any-
thing had occurred, and one under a
silent machine, waiting, waiting . . .

Harry seemed nervous. He shuffled
his feet, cleared his throat. Once he
leaned out and peered beyond Mrs.
Willis into the drying room.

"Waiting for *somebody*?" Mrs. Willis
boomed at him, and his head popped
back.

"Yes, a friend," he said.

Boris ran up the stairs.

"All right, Mrs. Willis," he said. "If
you'll sit here I'll do the shampoo my-
self. That's right. Now we'll just put
this apron around you—there."

Over the rushing of the water in the
sink Ellen could hear the tap-tap-tap-
ping of Harry's fingers drumming on
the chair arm. His right hand seemed
to be in his pocket, on the side away
from her. He was staring at the door
to the washroom, waiting.

Boris was rubbing shampoo into
Mrs. Willis' scalp while she lectured
him about the stupidity of this new
system.

"Service—that's what you're here
for," she roared at him. "I don't want
to climb up and down stairs half a
dozen times just to have my hair
washed."

"Well, Silvio's the boss, you know,"
Boris said easily.

"I'll give him a piece of my mind
too," Mrs. Willis said.

"He'll be glad to get your reaction,"
Boris said.

Mrs. Willis snorted.

Silvio's voice sounded over the inter-
com.

"Mr. Bradley's coming up for the
usual, Boris."

Now the waiting is nearly over,
Ellen thought. This must be the police.
She listened to the sound of heavy

footfalls on the stairs. He came up
slowly—a tall rangy man with a pleas-
antly homely face. He looked like the
kind of man who wouldn't be caught
dead in a beauty salon. Holding his
hat in his hand, he paused at the top
of the stairs and said, "Hello, Boris.
Fine weather for November."

"Great day for the parade," Boris
said. "Be with you in a few minutes,
Mr. Bradley. Have a chair."

The man called Bradley moved to
the chair Mrs. Willis had vacated, but
before he reached it Harry got up and
walked to the other end of the room.
He stood with his back to the windows,
watching them, his right hand in his
pocket. Bradley sat down.

HARRY was suspicious now; it was
apparent in the way he chewed on
a knuckle while his eyes slid about the
room. He moved toward the stairs,
facing Bradley all the time. Maybe
he'll leave, Ellen thought, with a des-
perate hope—but the hope faded
swiftly. He stood at the door of the
washroom, still facing Bradley and
with his back toward the drying room,
and knocked.

"Hurry up, Ellen," he called. "I'm
waiting."

A harsh voice called back, "What do
you mean, Ellen? This is Mary."

For a moment there was no sound
but the running of the tap and the
humming of the dryers, and no move-
ment. Then Harry's right hand came
out of his pocket holding the heavy
Luger. He looked at Boris and his
voice, when he spoke, sounded as if he
were about to cry.

"You lied to me," he said. "You told
me she was in there. Where have you
hidden her?"

"Why, I thought she was . . ." Boris
said, and hesitated, his hands busy
with the taps.

Harry shouted at him, his voice ris-
ing to a high-pitched squeal. "She's
got to take her punishment. Tell me
where she is or I'll kill you!"

"All right, I'll tell you," Boris said.
"She's in there."

He lifted one arm to point, but as
his hand reached the level of the sink a
steaming stream of water spurted into
Harry's face. The gun fell to the floor
and Harry clawed at his face while
screams of agony tore the air.

Then there was bedlam. Bradley
rushed Harry down the stairs, women
popped their heads out from under the
dryers and began shouting questions,
the screams turned to blubbering, and
over the noise Mrs. Willis could be
heard storming, "What's this all about,
that's what I'd like to know. What's
going on here?"

Ellen sank back in the chair and
closed her eyes, weak with relief and
happiness. The hubbub grew fainter
and she felt herself slipping into a world
of whirling darkness. I've got to see
Bill, she reminded herself—but she
began falling through empty space,
faster and faster, and through the
black void she could hear a child's
voice chanting, "There was a little
man . . ."

After that, there was nothing. ★

JUDGMENT DAY

30 days has Overdue

And "Please Remit," and *entre nous*.

All the rest have three months clear,

Except official, "Please Appear,"

Which means, "You be there, without fail,
And lacking payment, bring your bail."

T. K. WILLIS

My Nine Russians

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

light circle watching the dancing in the ballroom. One of the passengers, a pretty Englishwoman, said, "If they won't ask me to dance, I'm going over to ask them. It's dreadful, I know, but perhaps they're shy." She walked across the floor and asked Smirnov if he would like to dance. The tall Russian almost felled her by his alacrity. He swept her up and glided to fox-trot tempo with fine élan. In a moment six more Russians were on the dance floor, and for the rest of the evening no unattached woman, however shyly hidden in a corner, escaped their attentions. They were dancing fools, pure Stakhanovite in their ardor for jazz music.

When I reached the promenade deck the next morning, it was clear the phalanx had been broken. No two Russians were together. They were deck-walking, playing ping-pong, conversing or drinking bouillon with other passengers.

I sought out Engelhardt, who, I had discovered the night before, spoke English better than the interpreters. He seemed amused by my suggestion that the Russians had been aloof for three days. The shoe, he thought, was on the other foot. All through their sojourn in Canada he and his colleagues had been greeted only by penetrating stares.

"One would think," he said in slow but precise English, "that we came from another planet—or a *nether* planet." He smiled softly at his own wisecrack and then he said, "During the physiological conference, a professor from Marseilles, a most learned man, was invited to speak for the films. When he asked why he had been selected from among the hundreds of delegates he was told it was because he had been seen talking to the Russians a great deal. This apparently made him an extraordinary person. We all laughed. One would think we Russians were some strange type of animal."

They were not at all strange animals. During the next five days I walked the decks or had tea or drinks with all of them. With the exception of one, a French interpreter named Gaurilov whose point of view was precise and political, they seemed to have nothing to hide. They were willing, even anxious, to talk frankly and freely. I think I learned a great deal about the Soviet Union in the five days.

What do the Russian people think of Malenkov? Would they change their form of government if they had the opportunity? Do they really believe Lavrenti Beria plotted with western powers to overthrow Communism in Russia? Do they expect war? What of Korea? And how do they justify their seizure of power in countries like Czechoslovakia?

These questions and scores more came quickly to mind, and I took full advantage of this unusual opportunity to discuss them with twelve intelligent and singularly loyal Soviet citizens, none of them members of the Communist Party. But they are, it should be stated, among the most highly favored Soviet citizens, the arts and professions being by far the most lucrative in the country. The professors draw between ten thousand and twelve thousand rubles a month (twenty-five hundred and three thousand dollars at official exchange rates) and the interpreters about four thousand rubles a month. (The official exchange rate, however, should not be literally interpreted. Gaurilov told me the suit he was wearing cost him eight hundred

BEST KITCHEN NEWS IN YEARS...

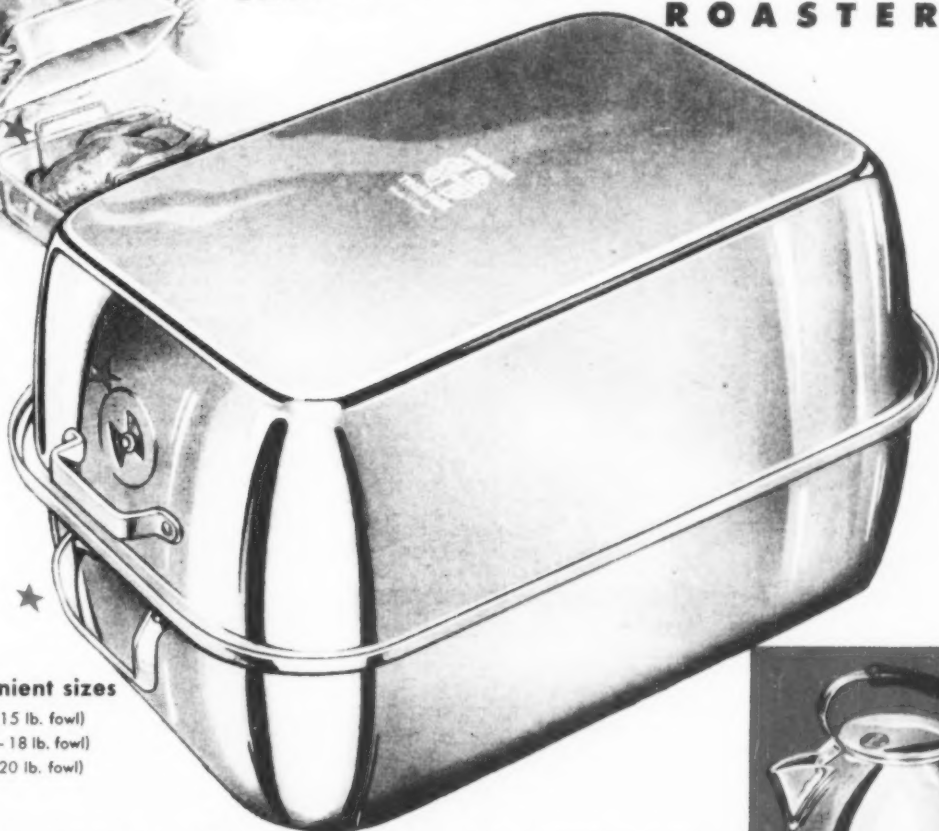
★ EXCLUSIVE BROWNING VENT
(SELF-BASTING)

★ SPACE-SAVING HANDLES

★ EASY-LIFT RACK

IMPROVED

"WEAR-EVER"
ROASTER



3 convenient sizes

SMALL (10 - 15 lb. fowl)
MEDIUM (15 - 18 lb. fowl)
LARGE (18 - 20 lb. fowl)

KEEP MEATS, FOWL, DELICIOUSLY MOIST AND TENDER... WITH THIS WONDERFUL IMPROVED "WEAR-EVER" ROASTER

For the festive season . . . or any occasion where the dinner is *special* . . . be among the wise hostesses who cook with this super-roaster. And there are other "WEAR-EVER" Utensils you should own . . . the award-winning Non-Scald Tea Kettle . . . the smartly-designed Percolator and especially . . . the NEW, extra quality utensils with Coppertone Covers by "WEAR-EVER". They are tops in aluminum ware. See them at your dealers.



Friendly to health...
Easy to clean...



"They're dandy Christmas Gifts too!"



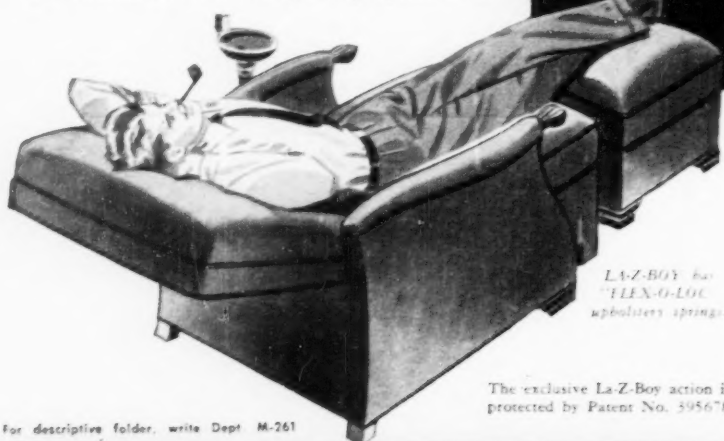
"WEAR-EVER"
ALUMINUM

SOLD AT LEADING HARDWARE AND DEPARTMENT STORES

ALUMINUM GOODS LTD., MONTREAL • TORONTO • WINNIPEG • EDMONTON • VANCOUVER

Sit Down-LEAN BACK- **LA-Z-BOY** LEANS BACK WITH YOU

Sit down. Lean back. La-Z-Boy leans back with you . . . to the comfort-angle you want — and stays there! No other chair in the world thinks of your comfort-mood like La-Z-Boy. It's the only automatic reclining chair (no buttons, no levers). See it — try it — at your furniture dealer today. Over 20 styles . . . wide choice of colours and coverings . . . to match your style preference.



The exclusive La-Z-Boy action is protected by Patent No. 595678

For descriptive folder, write Dept. M-261

DELUXE UPHOLSTERING COMPANY LIMITED, WATERLOO, ONTARIO



Caps off!

It takes cool control to become tops in hockey . . . just as it takes the famous "cool control" brewing to give Dow Ale its superb flavour, making this the most satisfactory Ale your money can buy.



'COOL CONTROL'

BREWED

DCM-77

rubles, about two hundred dollars in our money. The average factory worker earns between one thousand and twelve hundred rubles a month.

What do they think of the premier, Georgi Malenkov? I put the question to each of the Russians separately, as opportunity presented itself. The reaction was singularly uniform and in spite of my initial scepticism, I believe it was at least partly spontaneous.

Malenkov, I concluded, is as much of a mystery, as much an unknown quantity, to them as he is to us. Each time his name came up, there was a brief shrug, or a thoughtful scratching of the cheek, or a blank look of honest ignorance — and then:

"Malenkov? He seems to be efficient enough. He is gradually raising the level of living comforts."

"One really hears very little about him. It seems to me he is directing the country in a very good manner."

"Truthfully I have never seen him. None of my friends has very much knowledge about him personally. But he must be very brilliant to have succeeded Stalin."

"Malenkov? He has made some changes in the external policies of the country. It is clear he wants to relax the tension externally. But in internal matters, he is carrying out the intention of Stalin. Internally they have created much improvement."

"Thirty years ago, out of czarist Russia, the leaders started with a dead backward country. Now, despite a war which absolutely devastated the land, things are getting better. Stalin, and now Malenkov—they have accomplished miracles . . ."

They . . . they . . . the leaders, Stalin and Malenkov . . . accomplished miracles . . . created improvement . . . gradually raising the level of living comforts . . . directing the country.

Out of the spirit and tenor of their reactions to Malenkov emerged one clear and surprising conclusion: There is, among the people of Russia, no sense of participation in the government, not even the illusion of identification with the national will. It seemed to me, after talking to these men, that the Kremlin is something remote, above and beyond the centre consciousness of the people, an inaccessible shrine containing mystic, supernatural beings who proclaim the laws, fix the national destinies, and need not answer to any man on the manner of succession to the office of the all-highest behind the thick walls of the Kremlin.

Here were twelve men whose intellects would rate high in any country and yet who clearly cannot imagine any other state of affairs, and so far as I could judge, would make no attempt to change it.

For me at least, the vast surprise in this concept is the failure of the Kremlin to give these men at least the illusion of participation in government. Soviet propaganda sounds much brass on various election days (although only one set of names appears on the ballot) in order to demonstrate that the inevitable ninety-nine percent affirmative vote bespeaks a deep sense of participation in government. But if the twelve Russians are typical, the people feel a deep, almost religious sense of separation from the all-wise in the Kremlin and are happy with it. Let the deities handle the job.

I pursued the point, and another surprising conclusion fell into my mind. These men, who certainly represent the educated, professional class in Russia, have in a sense been bribed into accepting a totalitarian regime. The professors earn about ten times the pay of a worker; they are of the wealthy, the car-driving class. They receive every facility to do their research, they

are sent to international conventions, they are handled with respect (Soviet officials from Ottawa saw them off at Montreal, and others from the London embassy greeted them in Liverpool). In a nation of peasants, they are the aristocracy. For reasons of primary self-interest, they are satisfied with the regime.

The hold of the Kremlin on the nation thus becomes more than a physical hold or a spiritual hold. The old aristocracy has been liquidated or banished; the new intelligentsia is effectively bribed into supine acceptance of a very good life without liberty (as we in the west understand it); the uneducated peasantry is leaderless except for the shrine in the Kremlin. The deities are in full control.

On the fifth day of the voyage, a new vein of discussion was opened. The film shown on that afternoon was My Son, John, Paramount's anti-Communist contribution starring Helen Hayes. It was poor entertainment, one of the



flops of last season, and yet it was singularly interesting when one saw it in company with the Russians.

The film had to do with a good honest middle-class American family. The eldest son, John, is an intellectual; he works for the government in Washington and becomes involved with an espionage ring composed of American fellow-travelers. He is unrelentingly pro-Communist almost to the end, and then his Catholic upbringing asserts itself. He is on his way to confess all to the FBI when he is killed by the spy ring.

When the picture was over, I joined Engelhardt and Smirnov on the promenade deck. Both Russians seemed mystified.

Smirnov said, "I do not understand this film. What was the man guilty of?"

He was guilty of belonging to a Communist espionage ring.

"This I understand," Engelhardt said, "but there was no proof offered that he was guilty."

The film implied his guilt. The accent was placed on the disappointment and suffering of his mother.

"But how," Engelhardt persisted, "can a film imply a man's guilt without offering proof of his guilt?"

A door I had been trying to open was thus suddenly swung wide for me. I said, "Your government has announced that Lavrenti Beria will be put on trial. Do you think he will be found innocent, or do you think he will confess to all manner of crimes including secret collaboration with agents of the western powers?"

"If they arrested him," Engelhardt said quite spontaneously, "they must have sufficient evidence. It seems to me, although I do not know much about it, that he was trying to use the secret police to seize power."

Then do they assume he is guilty? "When the trial begins," Smirnov said, "they will present all the evidence which will be published everywhere, and then we will know."

Do the people have any doubts as to the verdict?

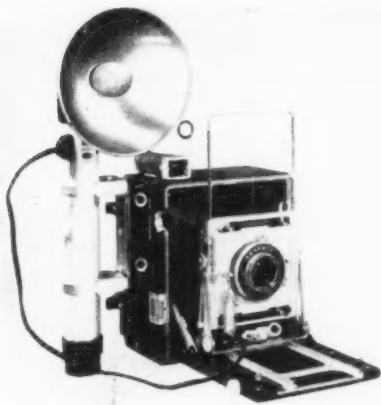
"In the Soviet Union," Engelhardt said, "no man is punished until proof is given of his guilt. We will know when the trial begins."

They clung tenaciously to this position, and then I brought up the case of

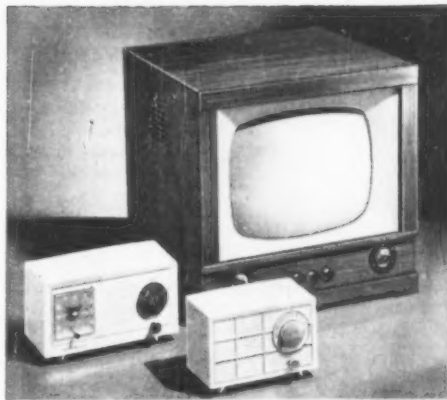
(Advertisements)



Gifts of Distinction for the men on your list

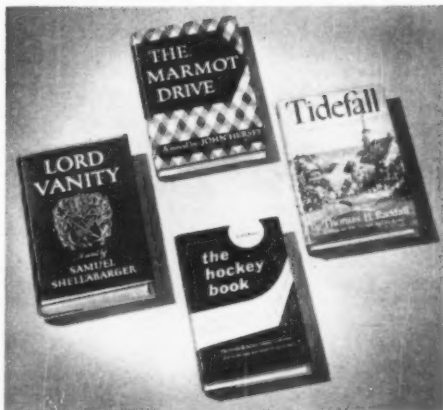


WORLD-FAMOUS GRAPHIC by GRAFLEX . . . the life-time camera for prize-winning pictures . . . easy to use, preferred by all. The GRAFLEX line starts at \$90, provides a perfect gift for amateur and professional. For full information write to: Graflex of Canada Limited, 137 Wellington Street W., Toronto.



G-E "CAROUSEL" 17" TV — Model CTT6A—The most lastingly enjoyable family gift—G-E's popular 17" Black-Day-lite "Carousel" in lustrous Walnut or Light Oak wooden cabinets—sharpens your entertainment with its clear-as-day thrillingly lifelike picture. The "Starlet", Model C107, G-E's new low-priced, around-the-house radio in five decorator colours—only \$24.95. Model C506, G-E Clock-Radio wakes you to music, gives accurate time, new low price—only \$39.95.

FROM THE ROMANTIC, LUSTY ADVENTURES of another century to today's hockey arenas—here are best sellers to suit any masculine taste! **THE MARMOT DRIVE** by John Hersey \$4.00; **LORD VANITY** by Samuel Shellabarger \$4.50; **THE HOCKEY BOOK** by Bill Roche \$3.95; **TIDEFALL** by Thomas H. Raddall \$3.75. At all book sellers, McClelland and Stewart Limited, The Canadian Publishers.



GIVE HIM THE EXCLUSIVE 25-JEWEL HALSA . . . Canada's quality watch of perfection. Truly the gift of a lifetime. Engineered to give the finest trouble-free performance in all the world, under all conditions. It's waterproof, shockproof, dustproof, non-magnetic, self-winding and completely automatic . . . cannot over-wind, will not run down. Unconditionally guaranteed at leading jewellers everywhere. Approximate retail price: \$79.50 with leather strap; \$89.50 with matching expansion bracelet.



THE WONDERFUL NEW UNDERWOOD "CORRESPONDENT" is here in time for Christmas. A great gift for Dad, to be enjoyed by the whole family, too. It's a great value at \$89.50. It's loaded with standard typewriter features . . . plus See-Set Margins and Standard keyboard . . . Fashion-Tone finish . . . and comes complete with a compact, neat carrying case. See the new Underwood "Correspondent" at your nearest Typewriter Dealer, Department Store, Jeweller, or Underwood Branch office.



NO MORE BOTHER with brush and lather. Shave in less time, in any room, without even removing collar and tie. Only Sunbeam **SHAVEMASTER** has the big, smooth, single head and powerful 16-bar armature real motor. That's why it shaves closer and faster than any other method, wet or dry. Give Sunbeam and you give the finest.

SAY "MERRY CHRISTMAS" with a handsome Chryco Hand Spotlight! Long cord plugs into cigar lighter for after-dark emergency light. This and many other useful Chryco accessories are on display at your Chrysler - Plymouth - Fargo or Dodge-DeSoto dealer's. See them! You'll find one to suit your purse and purpose.

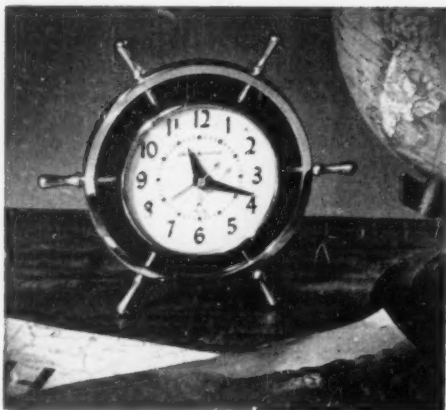


PENMANS 2-SOLE SOCKS — Turn them inside out to see the big difference! See how the sole is knit in two separate layers—for the first time in knitting history! How the foot rests on a soft surface—as though the sock had been turned inside out. No bulk—no heavier—a wonderful new experience in foot comfort, available in a wide range of designs and colours. **MADE EXCLUSIVELY BY PENMANS** . . .

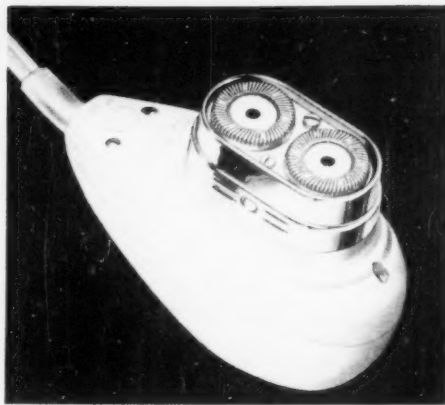




Gifts of Distinction—



G-E's "YACHTSMAN" ALARM CLOCK. A miniature ship's wheel clock to add a touch of nautical glamor to bedroom, den or desk. Spokes, rim and bezel of bright polished brass, dark brown numerals and hands standing out clearly against light-tone dial, sweep second hand and melodious bell alarm combine to make this a pleasantly practical gift.



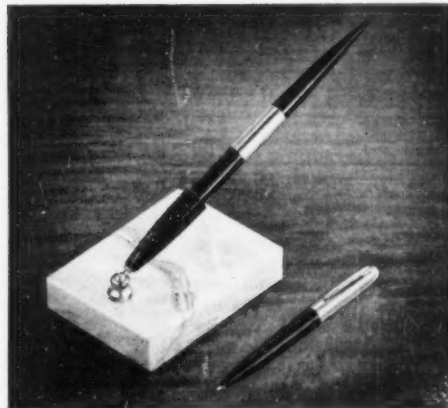
PHILIPS SENSATIONAL, NEW PHILISHAVE rotary action, self-sharpening electric shaver gives the world's finest shave! It's the gift of a lifetime — Philips-famed rotary electric shaver. **PHILISHAVE!** No beard is too tough for **PHILISHAVE's** whirlwind rotary action that erases beard like magic — without the slightest irritation. No oiling, no blade-sharpening, ever required and it's a cinch to clean!

"SPORTSMAN" — a new and husky line of "he-man" toilet preparations for that man or men on your Christmas list. He'll like the "After-Shave Lotion", "After-Shave Stick", "Deodorant Stick" and "Talc" . . . **"SPORTSMAN"** grooming essentials.

SPARKLETS Refillable **SODA SYPHON** is a bright business or personal gift. Wire Mesh Model, \$17.50 . . . All Chrome Streamline Syphon, \$27.50. Bulb refills \$1.75 per doz.



PAPER-MATE PEN Bankers, Teachers, Educators approve the popular **PAPER-MATE PEN** — positively guaranteed **NOT** to leak, smear, or stain — with push-button, retractable point to assure excellent writing quality, complete writing safety. For everyday pocket use — give the **PAPER-MATE DE LUXE** \$1.98; for office or home — pick the executive **PAPER-MATE DESK SET** with genuine Onyx Base \$10.00. **PAPER-MATE PENS** are on sale everywhere in Canada.

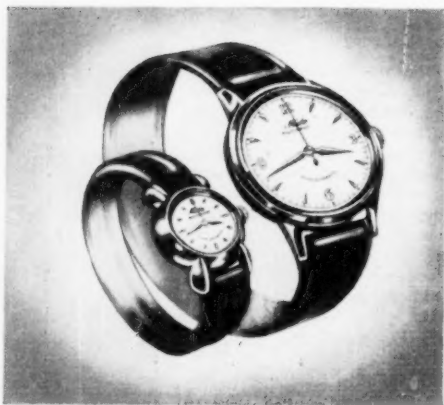


A GIFT WITH A THOUGHT — Lyons of London Mon-O-Sox make an ideal Gift "Just for Him." Beautifully knit in luxurious colours with his own initial. A Gift which is indeed, very personally his. **FOREST CITY KNITTING CO. LTD.**, London, Ontario.



THE MOST WONDERFUL GIFT of all — Television for Christmas! And he'll enjoy the sharpest, clearest picture in Television with Motorola. Be sure to see this new Motorola value leader . . . popular 17-inch screen size . . . Model 17T15 only \$279.95. And for a very welcome gift for anyone in the family choose Motorola's smart, new clock radio . . . compact, powerful, with 4 modern decorator colours to choose from. Model 53C . . . way low price at \$44.95.

MIDO MULTIFORT superautomatic. **THE WORLD'S MOST WORRY-FREE WATCH.** Sturdy and handsome for Him — tiny and elegant for Her — you'll discover no finer expression of your affection; no gift that could be more treasured. Self Winding or Hand Winding. Shock Resistant. Anti-Magnetic. 100% Waterproof. From \$67.50. Sold and serviced in 65 countries all over the globe. Ask your jeweller or write for illustrated folder. **MIDO**, 410 St. Peter St., Montreal.



SOMETHING DIFFERENT and practical — a **B.V.D. Nylon Tricot Shirt** with fused collar and cuffs. He'll appreciate your extra thought. It's comfortable for year-round wear . . . perfect for travelling because it washes so easily, dries so quickly, never needs to be ironed. Most fine stores have **B.V.D. Nylon Tricots** for \$12.95 in blue, tan, grey and white.



... for the men on your list

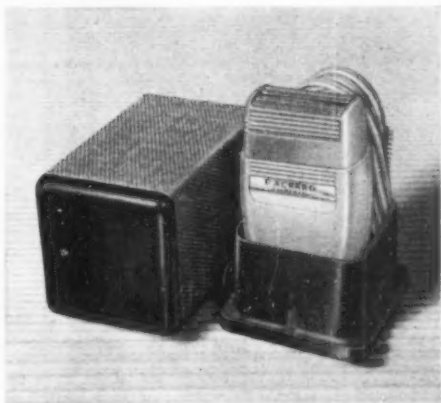


CHERRY HILL CHEESE . . . An outstanding gift suggestion for those who appreciate a cheese truly old, snappy and rich in flavour. Illustrated is just one of the many cheese gifts obtainable. This is Cherry Hill Gold Box Number 24 — a 3-lb. Stilton of expertly cured cheese, naturally aged for more than a year—\$2.75. Available at leading food stores or by writing direct to Old Cherry Hill Cheese House, Brantford, Ont. Write for pamphlet illustrating more than twenty assorted gift packages of Cherry Hill Cheese, N.B.: Your American friends love Cherry Hill Cheese.

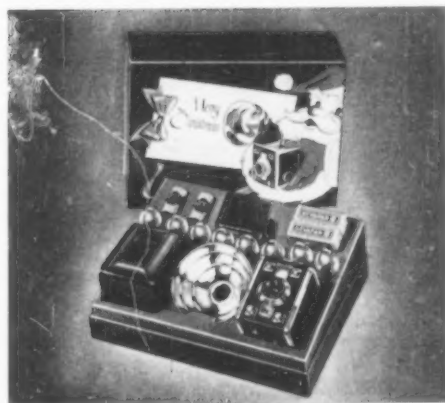


HOVERTA ROTOMATIC
Give your man this masterpiece of precision and classic design by *Hoter of Switzerland*: the distinguished HOVERTA with the unique 17-jewel Rotomatic self-winding movement. Its *Fimetal* mainspring is guaranteed to last a lifetime. It is waterproof, shockproof, and anti-magnetic. Available in gold, chrome, and stainless steel.

FOR A MAN'S GIFT — Pick a Packard "Imperial." Give him this new luxury electric shaver and you set him up for the quickest, cleanest, easiest shaves he's ever had. That Packard "Imperial" will say "Merry Christmas" for you Christmas morning and every morning — a smart, practical gift that will be a constant daily reminder of the giver. In compact carrying case, with cord — \$29.50.



EVERYTHING FOR GOOD PICTURES in the complete GEVAERT CHRISTMAS PHOTO-KIT. Gevaert Camera, Carrying Case, Flash Attachment, Flash Bulbs, Two Rolls of Film. All for only \$17.95. You're all set to go with this complete Gevaert Photo-kit — start taking pictures Christmas morning! New Gevaert camera has many professional features — yet so simple to use. On sale at your Gevaert dealer. Gevaert (Canada) Limited, 345 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

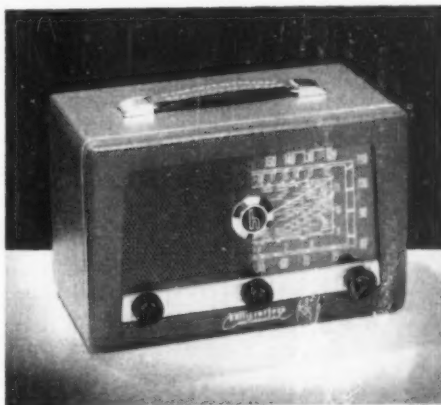


TAPE RECORDER — The discriminating user with a true love for fine tone quality . . . with a keen appreciation for engineering excellence . . . and with a need for the utmost in dependable performance will find a rare combination of these qualities in the new Golden Tone Ekotape . . . finest of the popularly priced portable tape recorders. Dominion Sound Equipments Limited, Montreal. See Page 48.



SIMPLIFY YOUR GIFT PROBLEMS — give every man on your list beautiful, luxurious Circle Bar socks . . . in patterns and weights to suit every taste. All have famous long wearing Circle Bar quality. A practical gift with a luxury look — and so inexpensive. Circle Bar, The Circle Bar Knitting Co., Ltd., KINCARDINE, Ontario.

A REAL GIFT . . . and one that will bring enjoyment the year 'round. Hallcrafters Radio, Model 5R40 is ideal for home, cottage or tent with or without electricity. Easy to pack — easy to carry. You can enjoy Hallcrafters high standard of reception wherever you go. 5R40 operates on 117V, AC-DC or battery and receives both standard and short-wave broadcasts. Handsome maroon leatherette case with black and gold trim. Price \$62.95 (batteries extra) (slightly higher west of Ft. William)



BRIGHTEST GIFT OF ALL — No doubt about it! You'll please him mightily with an "Eveready" Flashlight Gift set because it's the perfect gift for car owner, sportsman, and man around the house. Gayly decorated gift package contains one "Eveready" Spotlight and four "Eveready" Heavy Duty Leakproof Batteries. Fair retail value \$2.75.



the nine Jewish doctors, who, on evidence, had been found guilty of murder, treason and collaboration with foreign agents. The same doctors, four months later (after Stalin's death) were released and the verdicts quashed.

"This," said Engelhardt, "was an error."

"More than an error," Smirnov said heatedly, "it was a crime. The doctors were released and the police informers who gave false evidence were arrested and punished. It was admitted before the whole world that an error was made."

Do the people not recognize the political trials, the purges, for what they are?

The answer was: "When an error is made, they admit it. When a man is guilty, they have full proof."

They . . . The mystic they . . . The guardians of truth, the makers of justice. At no time did I notice the Russians using *we* when referring to the Soviet Union.

I was having tea with another group of Russians when the question of war came up.

One of the Russians had been com-

plaining about the United States. He said that the Soviet chessmasters would not go to a forthcoming American tournament because they would be restricted in travel to a twelve-mile zone around the centre of New York, and he thought this was nonsensical.

But the Soviet frontier, he was told, is the most restricted of all.

"When a person is invited to the Soviet Union," he replied, "he is allowed to travel everywhere except possibly to a few military zones."

But he is escorted.

"If he is an American—yes. You

cannot blame the government. It is not the Soviet Union that is surrounding the United States with military bases. There are no Soviet airfields in Mexico and Canada, but there are many American airfields all around the Soviet borders. The Americans have placed themselves under suspicion."

It was pointed out that western preparedness, including American, began only after the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia.

"Coup? Coup?" The professor seemed mildly incensed. "It was a national uprising of the people. The Soviet Union had nothing to do with it. Not a single Soviet soldier was in Czechoslovakia at the time. It was purely national and democratic."

And Korea? Was the Soviet Union completely aloof in Korea?

Here the answer was dogmatic. "Korea began purely as an American adventure. The Americans need Korea as a Pacific base. They admit it. We have read it in the speeches of Eisenhower and MacArthur."

And war? Do the Russian people expect war?

"The government of the Soviet Union is creating the conditions for peace. How can the government of the Soviet Union wish for war when the country is just now beginning to recover from the last war? There will be war only if the Americans start a war. Malenkov is working for peace. This is obvious to everyone in the Soviet Union. It is not a point that is open to argument. It is too obvious. You must see for yourself what Malenkov is doing every day to create the conditions of peace."

The same theme ran through every discussion. *The government, Malenkov, and creation.*

There were other comments of interest:

On Canada:

"Montreal is quite a nice city, but not impressive." . . . "We have finer hotels in Moscow." . . . "Toronto we found noisy and confusing. The city of Quebec is by far the most interesting city we visited. It is beautiful. We were very warmly greeted there by the faculty of the university, although most of the instructors were priests. It is surprising for scientists to believe in the religious theory as they do." . . . "It seemed to me that the emancipation of women in Canada is not yet complete. There are so few women at the medical schools. In the Soviet Union we have ninety medical schools and at least fifty percent of the students are women. During the war, the enrollment of women went as high as eighty percent. Many of our best surgeons are women. If I had to be operated on I would prefer to be operated by Smirnov's wife who is one of the most brilliant surgeons in the Soviet Union."

On newspapers:

"We found Canadian and American newspapers in quite bad taste. It is a crime to allow such slandering of the Soviet Union to be published. In our newspapers we do not allow such slandering, even about the United States." . . . "It is not allowed in our newspapers to attack the Soviet regime, and this is correct. But we read all the important news. When Eisenhower or Churchill makes a speech, it is printed in full in our newspapers. I prefer our newspapers to yours which inflame the people."

On the western standard of living:

"What we saw of the living standard in Canada was, of course, very high. But we saw only the hotels, the universities, and the tourist places. The standard is very high, but artistically not very good. I remember, for example, the library building they have con-

Canadians
SCHENLEY
RESERVE
Canadian Whisky

SERVES 10 LUCKY PEOPLE

6 eggs, ½ lb. sugar, 16 oz. cream, 16 oz. milk
16 oz. Canadian Schenley Reserve

Separate yolks and whites . . . add sugar to whites, beat until stiff . . . beat yolks, add to whites . . . then beat both together. Stir in other ingredients . . . serve in cup or small glass . . . grate nutmeg over top.

stru-cted on the grounds of McGill University. This is modern architecture which looks bizarre among the fine old buildings of the university. How could the architects be so insensitive? I was greatly surprised.

"As I say, the living standard is high but only in so far as what we saw. Unfortunately we did not have time to visit the living quarters of the working people where the living standard is wretched. How do I know? The Soviet newspapers give us truthful descriptions."

Here, it seemed to me, was the best evidence of the intellectual, as well as political, captivity of the professors. Having lived most of their adult lives under the Soviet system they have come to believe automatically and thoroughly in the truth as it is handed down to them in Pravda. Even having visited Canada, they came away unconvinced about our standard of living. They didn't see the "wretched condition" of the working classes, but thirty years of brain-washing by Pravda has convinced them it exists.

By the last day of the voyage, the Russians had become so friendly that an embarrassing question seemed in order.

In the party of twelve, was there a political guardian among them to make sure none strayed from the Communist path, or conceivably remained behind to claim political asylum?

Engelhardt looked at Smirnov, and Smirnov translated for Bykov, and then all three began to laugh and shake their heads.

"There is no question of that," Engelhardt said. "Why would we want to stay behind? Our only regret is that we have missed the opening of the university year. Our classes begin on September 1 in the Soviet Union. I assure you there is no one to watch us."

Still Proved Vulnerable

Engelhardt may have spoken these words in purest honesty, but it seemed to me that I. I. Gaurilov, a thirty-five-year-old French interpreter from Moscow, a government economist by profession, had been selected to accompany the party by no sheer accident. He had a professional touch.

The first time I spoke to him, he asked me where I was traveling in Europe.

He asked, "Do Canadians need a visa to visit these countries?"

I fell into the trap neatly. Canadians, I informed him, needed no visa in any country of western Europe.

"Do the people of these countries require a visa to visit Canada?" he enquired.

I had to admit that most western Europeans needed a visa.

He smiled adroitly. "You think this is fair? Are you Canadians superior people that you do not reciprocate a courtesy?"

He came to a dance the last night in his eight-hundred-ruble suit, a magnificent creation of dark blue. I expressed admiration of his appearance, and then he revealed a strangely bourgeois characteristic which, I suspect, will some day get him into trouble.

"You like this suit?" he said. "So you should. It cost me eight hundred rubles."

Eight hundred rubles! Can a worker get a suit like that?

"Naturally not," he said. "Remember, it cost eight hundred rubles. And it was not purchased in an ordinary tailor store. I go to a special custom tailor in Moscow. He charges a lot of money but he makes nice suits, don't you think?"

It didn't seem to me quite the proper proletarian attitude. ★

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

hundred cases come before him every year.

"Ah," you may say, 'the West End of London, of course. That is to be expected there. It is the hothouse of vice.'

"It is not purely a West End plague. At the last Reading Assizes there were fifty-six sexual crime charges involving twenty-seven prisoners. Thirty of these

charges concerned male perversion. In Somerset, Bedford and Suffolk, whose assizes figures I have, the picture is as foul. The Croydon Times announces, in its current issue, that the number of convictions for such offenses has increased so alarmingly in Croydon that it has decided to record all such convictions in future in order that the town may realize the depths to which too many of its men have fallen.

"It is often pleaded on behalf of these human dregs that they are artistic or intellectual creatures who, because of their special qualities, should

have special freedoms. That is not so. The vice is as prevalent among the low-brows as it is among the high-brows. The assize calendars show that.

"The suggestion that peculiar people should be allowed peculiar privileges is arrant nonsense. The equally familiar plea that these pests are purely pathological cases and should be pampered instead of punished is almost as rubbishy. It is time the community decided to sanitize itself. For if we do not root out this moral rot it will bring us down as inevitably as it has brought down every nation in the an-



HERO COMES HOME

(Shore Village)

How could he guess, feeling a little strange, alone
At first, that courage makes a climate of its own,
Especially when honored?

All this is quite unknown
To him. He is himself.

His parents' reticent pride
Is natural . . . you couldn't check it, if you tried!
He knows his chums have also fought at home, the tide
And wind with unromantic valor, for their lives,
And lives of other men.

Somehow ashamed, he strives
To be the same, feeling their wonder that he survives
Battle on that far island (inconceivably
Remote across a squared-off paper ocean sea),
Vaguely recalled as pink . . . in school geography.

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

FLINT FOOD MIXER

- Handiest, easiest, quickest for any mixing job!
- Nylon gears for a lifetime of smooth running!
- Counter-rotating blades, pitched to mix better—without spatter!
- Always ready when you want it—out of the way when you don't!

Perfect for whipping, beating, blending or mixing . . . for every job from whipping cream to mashing potatoes. The Flint, precision-built to last a smooth lifetime is the most economical food mixer you can own. You'll never believe a mixer could work so well, be so easy to use and clean.

Made and gift-boxed by

EKCO

...greatest name in housewares

FLINT

Do any
mixing job

with the
FLINT...
and you'll
never want
any other
mixer!



Flint Wall Type Can Opener

Opens cans of any size or shape without leaving jagged edges. Cuts out entire top. Cutting and driving wheels of specially hard carbon steel for long life. Folds against wall when not in use.

Sold at hardware, department, gift and appliance stores all over Canada.

nals of history that became affected by it.

"There must be sharp and severe punishment. But more important than that, we must get the social conscience of the nation so roused that such people are made social lepers. It is utterly wrong that men who corrupt and befoul other men should strut in the public eye, enjoying adulation and applause, however great their genius. Decent people should neither accept them nor support them. And I would suggest that in future the nation might suitably mark its abhorrence of this type of depravity by stripping from men involved in such cases any honors that have been bestowed upon them."

IN MY OPINION John Gordon added dignity to journalism by accepting the challenge of events and putting the facts before the nation.

By a cruel coincidence Gielgud had to appear in the provinces three nights later in the try-out of a new play intended for London. We can be certain that he walked the midnight hours trying to decide what to do. To call the play off? To plead sickness? To postpone the opening? In the end he fell back on the oldest slogan of the theatre: "The show must go on."

A crowded house made no demonstration. At the end of the play the company headed by Gielgud took five curtain calls. That is not a great number for an opening but there was no hostile demonstration of any kind.

Gielgud has played nearly all the great tragic roles but at least when Hamlet dies the tragedy is over. Now this splendid actor, this descendant of a great family of the theatre, must play an unending tragedy that has only sleep to give it a brief curtain.

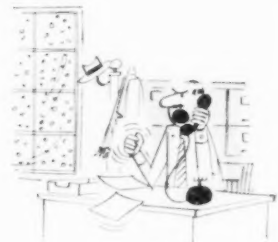
It is true that homosexuality flourishes in old civilizations and is almost unknown in the newer and younger countries. It helped to bring down the ancient civilizations of Rome and Greece. There was a terrible spread of it in Germany during the Nazi regime. In Paris and in London it has penetrated the theatre and other exhibitionist arts.

Before we allow normal repulsion to distort our minds let me state that it is a vice confined to a small minority. Unhappily it is a powerful minority. In the theatre, the ballet, and the opera we have unmarried men exerting influence and even power. They are charming to women and are liked by women because of their sensitiveness but if a marriage takes place it is often "a cover job."

Even in perfectly normal people there are traces of both sexes. There are men who possess an almost feminine intuition and often a delicacy of mind that is non-masculine yet are perfectly normal in their sex lives. There are normal women as well who have the masculine qualities of leadership and organization. In fact the most charming woman is she who possesses the body and spirit of a woman but whose mind has the incisiveness and breadth of the cultivated male.

But there is a separation as wide as the ocean between the words "feminine" and "effeminate." The one is gold, the other is dross. The one is charming, the other repulsive. Shakespeare knew all about it when he drew those mincing mountebanks Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Yet how is society to deal with it? There can be little doubt that the publicity given to the trial of Oscar Wilde toward the close of the 19th century did untold harm to the community. Up to then this decadence hid its evil face and was only whispered about in noisome places. Wilde was a genius and a rebel; his vanity led him to believe that he was above the law



MACLEAN'S

for who would pull down a god?

Like a doomed fool it was he himself who brought the first action—a suit for libel against the Marquis of Queensberry. In the hearing of the suit the evidence against Wilde was so damaging that it was obvious he would not only lose the libel action but be arrested and charged at the Old Bailey. Yet days were allowed to pass before the police took action. It was hoped that he would go abroad and stay there, for this particular crime does not demand extradition.

Instead Wilde waited for his arrest and after a trial which excited the whole civilized world he was sent to prison where he wrote two immortal works: *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* and *De Profundis*. He debased and enriched the world of his time.

Should this dreadful thing be treated then not as a crime but as a disease? I have known men, driven like the wind by it, to take their lives as the only way of escape.

Some people blame the monastic system of education in Britain which, among the better-off families, segregates boys from the age of nine to eighteen. There may be something in it, but not very much.

It may be that an old nation which has not been conquered or occupied by other races falls into decadence with the weight of the centuries. Or perhaps it is a malignant growth which has its origin in the metropolis where the arts flourish and where the normal conventionality of life is confined to the outer suburbs.

I cannot bring my mind to any decision that is not weakened with doubts. Perhaps the best thing would be to treat the homosexualist as a man stricken with a contagious disease. If there is an outbreak of smallpox the authorities at once isolate the victims. When the magistrate at Bow Street said to Gielgud, "See a doctor at once," he may have been nearer wisdom than the judge who sent Wilde to prison.

John Gordon says that Gielgud should be deprived of the honors that have been conferred upon him. I do not agree, although there is logic in Gordon's case. We cannot take away from Gielgud the mighty services that he has rendered to the English stage. His knighthood, which gleamed like a sword, has now become a cross, but at least where there is a cross there can be prayer.

If society were wise it would treat degeneracy as a disease, which, in fact, it is. If society should brand degenerates, the sordid glamour of it would soon disappear. We should reproduce in spirit, if not in fact, the old placard "unclean" and its warning bell.

Nothing since the trial of Oscar Wilde has stirred the conscience of Britain so deeply. I have written about it with complete frankness because my story of London through the years would paint a false picture if I did not include the dark as well as the light. ★

When You Have Read This Magazine . . .

please send it to a member of the armed forces serving overseas. If you know no one in the services, enquire locally if some organization is collecting magazines for shipment. In most areas some organization is performing this valuable service.

"Wish I
could
shave..."

... I'd buy

PHILISHAVE"

Santa should know, for he'll be delivering thousands and thousands of PHILISHAVES this Christmas—all over the world! This is the

miracle shaver with the exclusive whirlwind rotary action—twelve

self-sharpening blades that erase your beard

smoothly, magically! You never have

to oil your PHILISHAVE—and

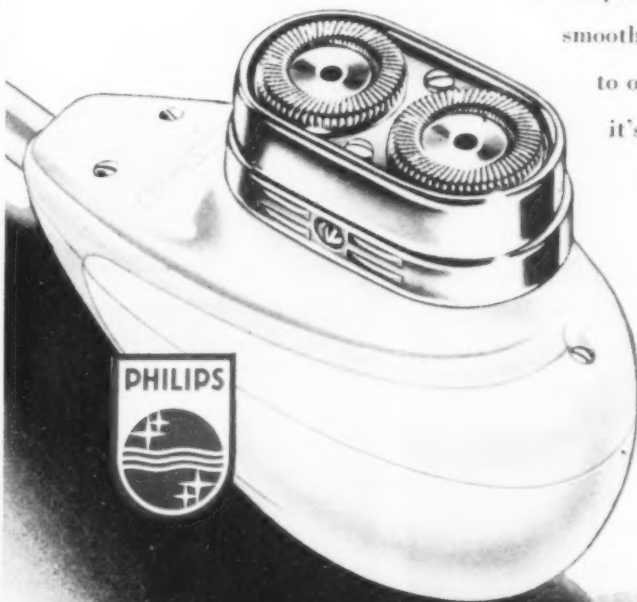
it's a cinch to clean. See the electric

shaver preferred by men the world over.

It's the Christmas gift of a lifetime!

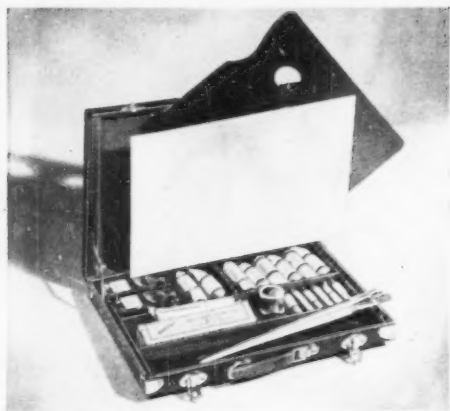
PHILIPS

PHILIPS INDUSTRIES LTD.
116 VANDERHOOF AVENUE,
TORONTO, 17, ONT.





Gifts of Distinction—



REEVES OIL PAINT SETS—Year 'round fun for all—from \$2.95 to \$32.50. No. 500 Sketching Outfit as illustrated — \$13.95 contains: 9 large tubes, 6 small tubes, linseed oil, turps, charcoal, palette cup, panel 10 x 14, palette and 3 brushes. At your Art Supply dealer or Hobby Craft store.



LOVE LOCKET BY CORO. Put your picture in this sentimental locket pin, and you'll always be close to her heart! It's a miniature album with spaces for 4 photos. Black enamel on gold plate, set with simulated pearls. Locket about \$5.00. Matching earrings about \$3.00. One of many designs available at your jeweller's.

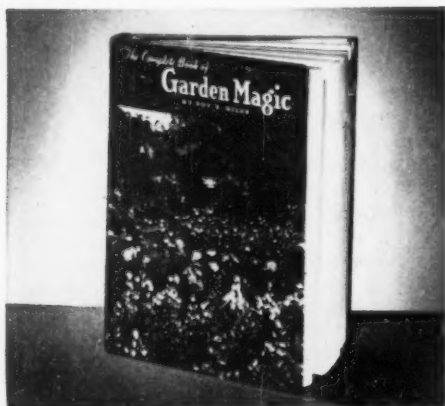
UNUSUAL GIFT FOR THE HOME

—Wonderful for Christmas giving. Utilite is a beautifully crafted triple purpose lamp that will be appreciated all year. It banishes cooking, smoking and all household odors . . . provides an attractive indirect light that will enhance any room . . . and kills moths and all insect pests. Available in a choice of dark green or chartreuse at appliance, hardware or department stores. Manufactured by Utilite Corporation, 2013 Avenue Road, Toronto.



MAKE HER HEART GO PITY-PAT

with a *Ciro Peti-Pat*. Lovely way to have her favorite *Ciro* French perfume wherever she goes. The handsome golden cylinder releases just one drop at a time of *Surrender*, *Acclaim*, *New Horizons*, *Reflections* or *Danger*. Spill and leak-proof. A jeweller's piece for a pittance — \$1.50.



THE COMPLETE BOOK OF GARDEN MAGIC

This great 320-page book is the answer if the man on your list has a "green thumb". Has 27 complete chapters covering every aspect of gardening in easy-to-understand language. It shows what to plant — when, where and how! A ready reference library for either the experienced or amateur gardener. Only \$3.95. Home Book Service, 210 Dundas St. W., Toronto 2, Ontario.

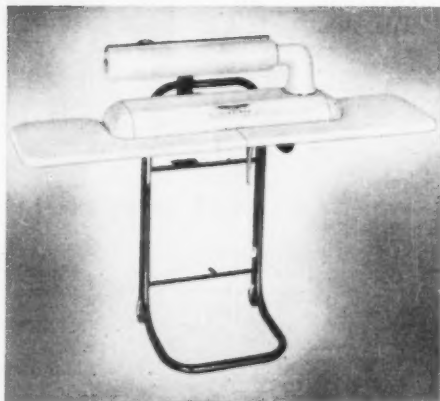


SHE WILL TREASURE HER HALSA WATCH FOREVER

. . . when she experiences the thrill of owning this shock-resistant 21-jewel *Halsa* Ladies' Watch, in 14 karat gold case . . . designed for elegance, as well as precision accuracy. Expert craftsmen build into this watch the finest trouble-free performance in all the world. Like all *Halsa* watches, this beauty is unconditionally guaranteed at leading jewellers everywhere. Approximate retail price: \$33.50 with silk cord wrist band; \$61.50 with matching expansion bracelet.

THOUGHTFUL MEN GIVE A THOR GLADIRON.

They know that the Gladiron will lighten her work all the year 'round. Only the Gladiron irons everything from shirts to sheets easily, quickly. She sits down comfortably and simply guides the work through. The Thor Gladiron automatically solves her ironing problem and your gift problem. See your Thor dealer today!



FOR HER AT CHRISTMAS

and every gift occasion . . . For Christmas, birthdays and anniversaries . . . start her on a set of famed *WALLACE "Third Dimension Beauty" STERLING*. A few pieces now, and on every special occasion . . . will give her a table service of the world's most beautiful sterling. See *Wallace Sterling* at better jewellers everywhere. Top—Grande Baroque. Right—Stradivari, Rose Point, Grand Colonial.



...for the women on your list



PURE WOOL BLANKETS by Ayers of Lachute. Make her dream come true this Christmas with a gift she'll treasure long, long after—genuine pure wool blankets by Ayers. Super-fine quality wool and expert manufacture provide luxurious softness, warmth and lasting wear. Ayers blankets, internationally famous since 1870, are available in a wide range of designs and shades to please every taste. At leading stores across Canada.



GAINADAY IRONER—A gift you'll be remembered by every time she sits down to iron the Gainaday way . . . Knee control leaves both hands free to guide materials . . . it's the easiest, fastest way to perfect ironing. When finished she just folds it — rolls it — stores it away! Sold only by Northern Electric dealers.

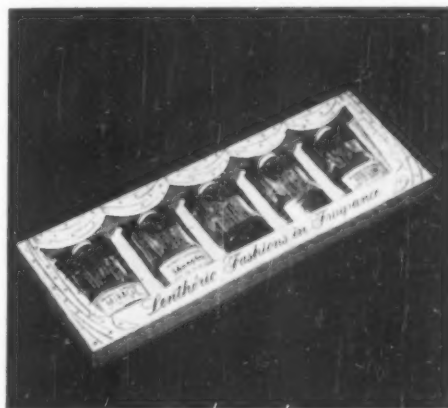
THERE'S ROMANCE, SUSPENSE

the enchantment of life and love in the pages of these best sellers! **THE LOST GENERAL** by Elswyth Thane \$4.00; **BEYOND THIS PLACE** by A. J. Cronin \$3.95; **LENY O'CONNOR** by Audrey McKim \$3.00. At all booksellers. McClelland and Stewart Limited, The Canadian Publishers.



LENTHERIC

FASHIONS IN FRAGRANCE: Not one . . . but five famous fragrances from the House of Lenthéric . . . beautifully packaged for giving . . . carefully selected for keeping! Five one-half ounce bottles of Bouquet Tweed, Red Lilac, Dark Brilliance, Shanghai and Miracle . . . a fragrance to suit her every whim . . . \$1.95.



PETAL BAG — Charm her with Corticelli's beautiful PETAL BAG containing 3 pairs of nylons (60 gauge, 15 denier) . . . \$1.95 complete. Entirely new, entirely glamorous, Corticelli's fine satin Petal Bag is available in red or gold and is lined with white satin, too . . . Three pairs of exciting, sheer 60 gauge, 15 denier nylon hose in the new Gaytime and Frolic shades repose safely within in separate pockets. It's a gift that you can depend on to really please her.



THE NEWEST SUNBEAM appliance—the Sunbeam Cooker and Deep Fryer. It makes preparation of meals easier and the results more delicious. Accurate thermostatic control eliminates the guesswork when preparing Deep Fried chicken, doughnuts, potatoes, etc., and when used as a Cooker for soups, roasts, stews and other main dishes. Famous Sunbeam quality throughout. A most acceptable gift.

MAGIC IN THE MOONLIGHT

—She'll dream she's an angel in this nylon nightgown lavishly designed by Harvey Woods. Trimmed with permanent fluting, drifts of lace, yet perfectly practical, too. Harvey-Woods lingerie is so beautifully made, she'll wear it and love it for years. About \$15 at better stores. Matching slip \$8.95 — pantie \$2.95 and \$3.95.



MINIATURE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A charming little gift that will be treasured as an heirloom of tomorrow. A miniature portrait of Her Majesty, faithfully reproduced on a fine Tuscan china plaque. Supplied with display stand. In beautiful Royal purple and gold presentation boxes. At your favourite china, jewellery, or gift-shop for only \$2.50.



Elastoplast

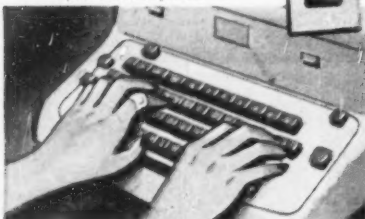
THE ORIGINAL ELASTIC
FIRST AID BANDAGE



ALL
THE SHAPES
AND SIZES
YOU'LL EVER
NEED

2 KINDS

REGULAR FABRIC
Safe protection of cuts, blisters and
other minor injuries.



WATERPROOF PLASTIC

Special protection against water, grease and oil.



- *STAYS PUT through work or play.
- *COMFORTABLE... stretches with your skin.
- *PROTECTIVE & HEALING... seals wound from dirt and germs, medicated pad aids healing.
- *FLESH-COLORED... unnoticeable.
- *CONVENIENT... a variety of shapes and sizes of bandages in the red tin.

Elastoplast

FIRST AID BANDAGES

20¢ and 40¢ red tins at your druggist

The Most Heartbreaking Job in Canada

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

window. These are intended as safety precautions to prevent children falling out of the windows; girls who wish to escape at night get out through the top half of the windows, lowering themselves to the ground by means of sheets knotted to the ornamental grille.

Fewer than twenty-five percent of the girls try to escape, but some of them run off as many as fifteen times. All but a few are returned within a week because the staff know the girls well enough to be able to figure out where they will head for.

One of the five buildings contains the administration offices, the schoolrooms, an auditorium and the domestic-science room; another is the infirmary which is generally deserted except during the annual epidemic of flu. A dentist and doctor from Galt attend the children and the school has two resident nurses. Each new child is given a thorough medical on arrival, including tests for venereal disease: the school once had a nine-year-old with a raging case of gonorrhea.

The other three buildings are the residences, one of them double-size and joined by an annex containing the dining room and kitchen, with the detention cells upstairs. The six cells are for seriously disturbed girls who fight with the other children, break furniture, refuse to go to classes or have been returned to the school after running away. The girls are kept in the cells from two to six weeks, depending on their conduct, during which time they attend classes if they are calm enough, and receive their normal meals. At night they are locked in their rooms, with a covered pail for a toilet. The house mother checks the rooms every hour.

Miss Macneill intended at first that the detention cells would resemble the bedrooms in the residences—single or double rooms with pink or blue walls, flowered curtains and pretty spreads on the bunk beds, with the only addition some light mesh screening covering the window. This turned out to be impractical because among the cells' earliest occupants were six psychopaths, girls with what psychologists call "inadequate personalities," who can't learn from experience. The six girls, none older than fifteen, ripped radiators out of the floors with their bare hands, smashed solid marble partitions in the bathroom, and tried to set fire to the building with smuggled matches. Since then the cells have more of a prison atmosphere with heavy mesh screens protecting the windows and radiators. Sheets, spreads and curtains have disappeared because of the danger that some mentally sick girl might use them to strangle herself.

The bedrooms in the residences, locked in the day to prevent thieving, are pathetic reflections of their mixed-up occupants—sophisticated youngsters who long at the same time for the childhood they never had and for womanhood which they trust to solve their present miseries.

The first Christmas Miss Macneill was at the school she asked a Rotary Club to supply dolls for her thirty children under thirteen. The older girls, even those seventeen, promptly stole them. Now every child has a doll, which she places in its freshly ironed dress on top of her bed.

The walls are hung with pictures of movie stars, mixed with cherubic soap-advertisement babies and newspaper clippings of jockeys, stock-car drivers

and wrestlers. The girls display all their possessions on top of their varnished dressers: empty perfume bottles, lipstick cases, a length of red satin ribbon, a dime-store brooch, an embroidered handkerchief and a scuffed powder box full of bobby pins—all mounted on a crocheted lace doily.

They keep their clothes in narrow closets in the bedrooms and have almost as much choice as the average adolescent living at home. Most of them arrived at the school with only the clothes they were wearing. The school spends an average of one hundred and forty-four dollars a year on each girl's clothing.

Running the school is a job that requires considerable mental agility. One dull morning when Isabel Macneill was walking into the administration building, sunk in gloom because one of the paroled girls wasn't making out successfully, a tiny twelve-year-old, her eyes wide with terror, popped up beside her.

"Miss Macneill," she shrieked. "Do you believe in hell?"

The auburn-haired superintendent stopped and stared. "That's a very difficult question," she began.

"Please Miss Macneill, oh please," cried the child with tears running down her face. "I have to know. Do you believe in hell?"

The superintendent thought a moment. "You come to my office around eleven," she said. "I'll answer you then."

It wasn't an answer to be given lightly. The child had been a prostitute and the prospect of eternal damnation might unsettle her reason. Conversely Miss Macneill could deny no religious teaching since belief in God is the strongest therapy for a sick mind.

"I can't tell you about a hell after death," Miss Macneill later told the child, "but I'm sure of this: By our mistakes we make our own hell on earth. You have already known that kind of hell. I don't think you can ever again be as unhappy as you already have been."

The youngster considered this and then, cheered by the assurance that the worst was behind her, went outside to roller skate.

Girls and Staff Talk it Over

Miss Macneill is a firm believer in letting the girls meet in the long pleasant living room of her home on the school grounds to iron out mutual problems. A teacher once remarked in class that the purpose of the school was to give the girls the same kind of guidance they should get at home. One of the students contested this and a meeting was called.

The first point the girls brought up was that they weren't free to wander into Galt for a movie in the evening, as they would be at home.

"But you made that choice yourself," Miss Macneill pointed out. "You were all given warnings that if you didn't change your behavior you'd be sent to the school and all of you decided to continue your old habits anyway."

One girl observed that the school differed from home because no one beat her.

"We don't believe hitting you will help you," Miss Macneill answered.

There was a long pause. "We aren't locked in our bedrooms at home," a child said spiritedly.

"That's because at home when you're sent to your room for being bad it's easy to supervise you and make sure you stay there and think it over," replied Miss Macneill. "You aren't locked in at night here but only in the daytime when you need to be alone to



MODEL 33

WEIGHS ONLY 20 LB. COMPLETE!
\$265.00
f.o.b. VANCOUVER

Back Yard or Backwoods

McCulloch Power Saws Make Your Woodcutting Easy

Take this speedy little McCulloch Model 33 chain saw. It weighs only 20 pounds, costs only \$265.00 f.o.b. Vancouver. With this new gasoline-powered tool, you can cut as much as five cords of wood a day! It saves you money while it saves you time and labor on any woodcutting job.

For big timber and production logging, take your pick of the high-speed chain saws in the McCulloch line. Every McCulloch saw has automatic clutch... automatic rewind starter... diaphragm carburetor for full-power sawing in any position... convenient controls... many other features.



Fast-Cutting, Low-Priced Model 47... Saws large or small timber, weighs only 30 pounds. Priced \$311.00 up, f.o.b. Vancouver.



Big Timber Model 7-55... High power with light weight—only 55 pounds with 20-inch blade. Priced \$523.00 up, f.o.b. Vancouver.

MCCULLOCH

World's Largest Builders of Power Chain Saws

DISTRIBUTED IN CANADA BY:
LEMERY DISTRIBUTORS, LTD.
Vancouver, B. C. • Quebec, P. Q. • Peterboro, Ontario

NEW WOODCUTTING MANUAL

32 pages of useful information. Shows how experts cut wood. Illustrates many techniques of felling, bucking, limbing, pruning, topping, ripping. Use handy coupon, please enclose 15c to cover handling and postage.

LEMERY DISTRIBUTORS, LTD.
220 W. First Ave., Vancouver, B. C. or
861 Lansdowne St., Peterboro, Ontario, Dept. M

Send illustrated literature on items checked and name of nearest dealer. (Literature free, except manual.)

☐ Model 33 ☐ Model 47
☐ Model 4-30 ☐ Model 7-55
☐ 32-page Woodcutting Manual (Enclose 15c)

Name _____
Address _____

5-3030

cool off. The school's too big to supervise a child who is supposed to stay in her room but if you'd like to try the honor system we'll try leaving the doors unlocked next time." (The next child sent to her room for an hour for misbehaving was discovered a few minutes later waltzing down the corridor. The school reluctantly returned to locking the doors and the miscreant had to bear the indignation of the other students.)

The last point brought up at the meeting was, "We don't get the affection here that we get at home."

Miss Macneill asked the group, "How many here aren't getting as much affection as they get at home?" Half the girls in the room raised their hands. "How many are getting more affection here than they get at home?" The other half shot their hands in the air. "We're not doing too badly," Miss Macneill said with a grin.

Isabel Macneill sometimes describes her school to strangers as "just like a private boarding school—except that it isn't as strict as most." This is true: the girls run and laugh in the halls, straggle from building to building with

cence was once the natural choice to play the Virgin in the school's Nativity play a few years ago; when she left the school she promptly became a prostitute.

The troublemakers in the school, paradoxically, make the best adjustment to normal living. They work out their bitterness and frustrations in cursing the staff, breaking furniture, running away, going on hunger strikes, writing obscenities on the walls (which they are required to wash off later) and throwing screaming, kicking temper tantrums. One child whose constant response to all suggestions was "Go to hell" is now a model wife and mother.

Another child used to smash windows with her fist, until the nurse warned her that she was in danger of crippling her badly slashed right arm. One night she punched out thirty-six panes of glass in staccato succession and sat on the floor holding her bleeding arm and crying. "Why don't you beat me? Why don't you!" Later she whispered, "I want to pray, but I don't know how." Dorothy Barrass, the assistant superintendent, nursed her through that crisis. Now that girl is a nurse's aide in an eastern Ontario hospital and the police chief of her town recently told Miss Macneill, "There is one girl you can really be proud of."

Most girls in the school attend classes most of the day. There are three academic classrooms teaching grades three to ten, and two vocational-guidance classes where the girls learn typing or dressmaking. A beauty shop provides instruction in hairdressing and girls who want to be waitresses can volunteer to be kitchen girls and draw a dollar a month in goods from the tuck shop. Last year only about fifteen percent of the academic students failed their year. The school arranges for some of its high-school students to be driven into Galt to attend classes at the Galt Collegiate Institute.

In spite of Galt's acceptance of the Training School on its outskirts, the girls who go to the collegiate require considerable courage to face a classroom of contemporaries who stare and giggle. Each year a few Training School girls abandon the effort in tears but last year one girl not only stuck it out but was so popular that she was elected captain of the junior basketball team.

One of last year's Training School students is attending a collegiate this year in a western Ontario city. Her new teacher asked the routine question of where she had attended school the previous year.

"The Training School at Galt," she told him honestly. There was a long pause.

"Well," said the teacher clearly, looking around the crowded classroom.

"Then you're a bad girl."

"No I'm not," she said quietly.

"Then why were you sent there?"

"For a lot of reasons, but they don't matter now."

The girl wrote Miss Macneill in great glee. "He's calling me 'jailbird' all the time," her letter read, "but it doesn't bother me. I know I've got my problem licked."

Miss Macneill always advises her departing charges never to lie about their commitment to the Training School. "If a boy wants to marry you and he's wondering about your past, bring him here to me and I'll talk to him," she tells them. "If your employer is doubtful, have him phone me, collect. There's no sense in going around being afraid all the time of being found out. Most people are understanding."

The school receives dozens of applications from people looking for cheap domestic help and often places girls in approved homes. Wages of thirty dol-



no effort at regimentation and dress becomingly in a variety of clothes that bear no institutional stamp.

An average day at the school is a balance between education, work assignments and recreation, as in all boarding schools, with the mighty difference that the Training School has five staff social workers who have appointments with the girls throughout the day in an effort to get at the cause of their social maladjustment. They invite the girls to talk out their problems and some girls can speak of it at once. One child had been raped by her father when she was six years old and she told the social worker of it in a mildly aggrieved tone. Most girls, however, spend several appointments with their social worker (called a counselor) describing their boy friends and then, gradually, as they gain confidence in the young university-educated girl across the desk, they begin to reveal the tragedies in their young lives. One Indian girl placidly told of watching her mother cut her father's throat.

"What did you do?" asked the counselor, keeping her voice calm.

"I went across the street and had a cup of tea," said the child. She was then ten years old.

Some girls never confide in their counselors, keeping dozens of appointments and filling them with meaningless chatter. They are usually the best behaved girls in the school, polite and respectful and conscientious about their work assignments. They are also the school's worst failures.

"We never get at girls like that," Isabel Macneill explains. "They keep everything to themselves and figure they are putting something over on us. They bide their time until they get out and then hurl themselves with zest into their old activities." A child with a constant expression of abiding inno-



**When these little feet
fit these big shoes—
I'LL NEED \$5,000**

"H'E'S just a little fellow, but one day he'll be college size and I intend to have the money ready for him to go to university if he wants to.

"I put aside a set sum each month and as the money accumulates, I invest it. These investments and the income from them, will give me the \$5,000 when I need it."

Investments for an educational plan should be selected with extra care to provide maximum income yield with safety of principal.

We are often called upon for advice in connection with such plans. If you have this kind of problem, we shall be glad to help you. Come in and talk it over with us . . . or phone or write.

No obligation involved.



McLEOD, YOUNG, WEIR & COMPANY
LIMITED

50 King Street West Toronto 276 St. James Street West Montreal

Telephone: EMpire 4-0161 Telephone: HARbour 4261

Ottawa Winnipeg London Hamilton Vancouver
Calgary Kitchener Quebec New York



**Make it snappy
with the Red Cap Pappy!**

Everything ends on a happy note when you serve Carling's new Red Cap Ale. Its NEW, LIGHTER ALE TASTE adds to your good times . . . no wonder more and more people are joining in the chorus for Red Cap.



CARLING'S

NEW Red Cap Ale

IT'S LIGHTER THAN ALE
IT'S DRIER THAN LAGER.



Roman & Vercor Pilsen Brewery
Kristmann Löwenbräu, Zurich
Gulzig Tuborg, Denmark
Moreau Artis, Belgium

Henninger-Bräu
W. G. Müller Z. H. B. Holland
Thurley Schwechat, Austria

* The only beer in the world endorsed by brewmasters from seven other breweries... look at the BACKS of the labels!



The swing is DEFINITELY to Labatt's

More Canadian
"74" Port
is sold in Canada
than any other
premium port.

Why?

Bright's Wines
fine Canadian Wines
SINCE 1874

For your free copy of the 30-page full-colour booklet "Bright and Cheery Recipes", write Bright's Wines, Lachine, Quebec.

lars a month are not uncommon, but the school holds out for as much as it can get for the girl. The placement is supervised and, although more than half the girls fail to adjust to their new life at the first try, perseverance has often been rewarding.

"Our greatest need is for people who will tolerate a slip or two," Isabel Macneill tells the applicants. "We can't expect these youngsters to be perfect at once—bear with them and give them some warmth."

One family took in a child who had been an alcoholic when she was fifteen. Soon after she arrived she went on a sensational bender and disappeared for three days. They found her, helped her to join Alcoholics Anonymous and now she is back at high school, a brilliant and sober student.

When a girl fails in her first placement she comes back to the school humiliated and despondent and the work of building up her self-respect begins again from bedrock.

The school has a staff psychologist, Mrs. Mary Robinson, who examines new girls to determine their intelligence quotients, which range from an imbecile thirty-two to a genius one hundred and forty-two.

Fights Dissolve In Laughter

Mrs. Robinson is conducting experiments in group therapy at the school, watching the girls in the classroom and at play to discover their degrees of social adjustment. A few weeks ago she was teaching a class in vocational guidance while a social worker unobtrusively noted each child's reaction and behavior. "I hear there was quite a disturbance this morning in one of the residences," she began. "Who was it? Mildred and Dorine? I understand there was quite a fight and everyone else piled in." The girls laughed and Mildred and Dorine exchanged embarrassed smiles.

"Now, if you girls wouldn't mind coming to the front, I'd like you to reenact the whole thing for me so we can see what went wrong." The girls, accustomed to this routine, joyfully portrayed how Mildred asked Dorine to bring her a pail of water to wash the steps without saying please and how Dorine responded with explicit directions as to what Mildred could do with the pail, the water and the stairs. The argument began to seem funny to both of them.

"Let's suppose you didn't want to bother having this fight," suggested Mrs. Robinson. "Let's see you show us how it could have been avoided."

Both girls responded enthusiastically. Mildred said "please" three times while requesting the pail of water; Dorine insisted she would be delighted to help; Mildred responded that she was extremely grateful. The class howled with laughter and the social worker in the corner scribbled rapidly on her report.

Later in the week the report was compared with a dozen more from house mothers and teachers at a staff meeting intended to give a whole picture of each child's behavior. This technique helps to discover as early as possible when a youngster is trying to withdraw into a shell; when this is noted everyone on the staff will make unobtrusive attempts to include the problem child in every activity.

Withdrawal is an urgent problem at the school, a symptom of the mental illness which is a danger in highly disturbed personalities. Five or six girls break down every year and must be sent either to the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital or the Ontario Hospital at St. Thomas. Last October the psychologist checked one particular child every

day—she was insisting that God was talking to her, advising her to steal.

A problem that has the psychologists baffled is the current fad in the school of "carving." For some months the girls have been absorbed in cutting names on their arms or legs with broken pieces of glass. An Indian girl who carved her boy friend's name on her leg last fall was equally unable to explain it. "I dunno why," she shrugged. "I just felt like it. I'm glad it just had five letters because it sure hurt." She cut the name deep enough to retain the scars all her life. A few of the girls prefer to have another girl burn the name on their backs with matches. One girl proudly bears the name "Isabel Macneill" in deep scars on her back; she refused an offer by her foster mother to have it removed by plastic surgery.

In the evenings Miss Macneill and her assistant Miss Barrass, who shares her home with her, sometimes change into slacks and visit the girls in the residences, which are still called Drake, Collingwood, Nelson and Beatty, a hangover from the Navy's occupancy of the buildings. The girls have a choice of activities: movies, folk dancing, Girl Guides, Bible class, sewing instruction, choir practice, arts and crafts. Before bed they sit in the common room of their residence, listening to the radio, watching the fire in the fireplace or doing their homework. Girls over sixteen are given three cigarettes a day, which they smoke under supervision at this time; non-smokers get three candies.

One evening recently when the two women were having a cigarette with a group of sixteen-year-olds in their dressing gowns a younger girl dashed in the common room barefoot to report wildly that two girls were getting ready to "run," the school's word for escape.

Miss Barrass and Miss Macneill rounded up the two youngsters who had been struggling to open the top half of their bedroom window. They were fourteen, both pretty and gentle looking. The taller one explained that she had only been helping. Miss Macneill studied her a moment and accepted her story.

"Why were you running Joan?" she asked the other. No answer.

"If I unlocked the front door and held it open, would you still run?"

"Yes," the child said in a choked voice.

"You know what could happen if you hitchhiked a ride in a truck. Some of those men don't pick up girls without expecting payment. You don't want that kind of trouble, do you dear?"

There was no pause. "I don't care what happens to me," the child said distinctly.

"If you can't tell me about it, would you like to try and write it down. Go out in the corridor with this paper and pencil and see if you can write what's bothering you."

After Joan had left the two women waited in an expectant silence. Suddenly there was a crash of breaking glass.

"There she goes!" cried Miss Barrass, leaping to her feet. She rushed out of the library to find the child huddled against the wall crying bitterly. She had thrown a shoe through a window.

"You'll feel better now," Miss Barrass said soothingly, putting her arm around the shaking shoulders. "Come on dear, we'll go for a walk."

As Miss Macneill left the residence a few minutes later the girls called good night to her from their windows and their young voices echoed on the concrete parade square where the Wrens used to drill.

"Good night mom, I'll be good tomorrow."

"Good night dear. You try." ★

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

misunderstanding would almost certainly wax and not wane with time. Apolitical meetings between heads of government usually produce a communiqué of some kind, an agreed statement in which all differences of opinion are putted over with suitably ambiguous platitudes. Previous experience with the Russians has shown that when they get one of these bland documents they treat it as if it were an international treaty; they make quotations from it skilfully removed from context, and accuse their erstwhile guests of a breach of faith.

According to reports in both Washington and Ottawa, some eminent Britons also share these views. Anthony Eden, for one, is said to be very dubious about the Churchill-Eisenhower-Malenkov chat. About the only person heartily in favor of it, apparently, is Sir Winston himself.

And this, indeed, is another reason why Americans and some Canadians are so shy of the whole idea. Sir Winston at seventy-nine is understandably anxious to crown his career by proving himself as great a man of peace as he was a man of war. He believes he can achieve something, by bringing two leaders of the great powers together, which perhaps no one else could achieve. And of course he may be right.

But Americans recall that one reason for the calamities at Yalta, a reason which the British were quick to point out, was President Roosevelt's conviction that he and nobody else could do business with Stalin. It would be ironic if Churchill, the hard-headed realist of the Yalta Conference, should be moved to play Roosevelt's role ten years later.

CANADA'S own disagreement with the United States, the twenty-year-old one about the St. Lawrence Seaway, seems at last about to disappear. It really looks as if the sod for this long-delayed project might be broken in the spring.

Pearson's trip to Washington in October was not, as some Washington reporters thought, a last-minute attempt to persuade the United States to take part. It was an appeal to John Foster Dulles, U. S. Secretary of State, to do what he can to remove legalistic impediments to the power development

on the American side of the border.

Dulles cannot, of course, prevent any American citizen from going to court to try to stop his government from doing anything he doesn't like. Neither can any other agency of the U. S. Administration. What the U. S. Government can do, and has indicated that it will do, is use its influence to put any such legal action through with a minimum of delay. If the law were to take its ordinary course, a mere application for injunction might hold up the seaway for another two years.

If United States courts put all such

actions through as rapidly as possible, lawyers think the last legal obstruction could be removed by next June. A request from the U. S. Attorney-General would have great influence in producing such haste, and such a request is now probable.

Incidentally, Pearson went to Washington loaded down with briefs and documents on every conceivable aspect of the seaway. He had the answer to every question except the first one Dulles asked.

"What," said the Secretary of State with a grin, "will these dams of yours

do to my summer place in the Thousand Islands?"

Pearson didn't know, but he enquired. The answer turned out to be, "Nothing at all."

SPEAKING of misunderstandings, an eminent civil servant was recently addressing a women's club in Pembroke, Ont. The president, new to the job and a bit flustered, introduced him thus:

"I know that our guest is so well known to all you ladies that I won't go into any biological details." ★

Canadian Pacific to MEXICO and SOUTH AMERICA

HONG KONG
TOKYO
MONTREAL
VANCOUVER
HONOLULU
MEXICO CITY
TO FIJI
AUCKLAND
SYDNEY
LIMA
RIO DE JANEIRO
SAO PAULO
BUENOS AIRES
SANTIAGO

Fly to exciting Latin America the Canadian Pacific way — non-stop Vancouver to Mexico City, 10 hours [excellent connections from Eastern Canada] then, 10 hours non-stop to Lima, and connections beyond — Santiago, Buenos Aires, glorious Rio . . . Intercontinental pressurized Super DC-6B's . . . world-famous "Empress of the Air" cuisine, and personalized service aloft.

See more, in less time, the Canadian Pacific way . . . the glamour of fabulous night clubs . . . the thrills of the bull ring . . . excitement of great resorts. See your travel agent.

Canadian Pacific also offers you all Latin America the inexpensive tourist way.
Example: Vancouver to Mexico City, only \$264 return.

Canadian Pacific AIRLINES

WINGS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

HAWAII AND THE SOUTH PACIFIC ♦ THE ORIENT ♦ 61 POINTS IN CANADA



For Christmas...

A Special Issue of Maclean's

THE STATE OF CHRISTIANITY

Revival or Decline?

Is the church declining? In a Maclean's National Report, Fred Bodsworth probes the answers.

SCOOP For the first time



The Polish Art Treasures In Full Color

By Yousuf Karsh

Six full pages of exclusive color photographs commissioned by Maclean's as a Christmas gift to its readers and never before published.

Plus FIVE MORE GIFT BONUSES:

- A Just Mary Story for Children at Christmas by radio's own Mary Grannan. Full color illustrations by Oscar.
- A Budget Trip to Florida with Robert Thomas Allen as your guide.
- A Lively Account of Charles Dickens' Travels Through Canada a Century Ago. By James Bannerman with sketches in the 'Phiz' tradition by Duncan MacPherson.
- A Christmas Shopping Game You Can Play with wonderful cartoons. In full color by Peter Whalley.
- "The Twins of Lucky Strike." A new poem about Christmas in the Klondike. Commissioned by Maclean's from the author of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," Robert W. Service.



DON'T MISS MACLEAN'S CHRISTMAS SURPRISE PACKAGE
WITH TWELVE PAGES IN FULL COLOR

December 15 Issue

On Sale Dec. 4

THERE IS STILL TIME TO SEND MACLEAN'S FOR CHRISTMAS. SEE SPECIAL OFFER ON PAGE 47

MAILBAG



SAVING THE TWO-PARTY SYSTEM

Bruce Hutchison, as a distinguished journalist, is entitled to respect, yet is it good enough to say—as he did in his article, *Is the Two-Party System Doomed?* (Oct. 15)—that the Canadian people "are too sensible" to let it happen? The only thing that will prevent it from happening, certainly, is support for the Opposition party. General condemnation of what are claimed to be the Progressive Conservative Party's faults, and kicking the defeated party a little farther down will only help the one-party state forward.

Turn the guns around. If writers like Hutchison and other people, including leaders in business, industry and other fields, are really concerned about the condition of democracy in Canada their course is to oppose the strong party with might and main, before it is too late. —R. J. Boyer, Bracebridge, Ont.

• The Hutchison article . . . shows up very forcibly the inherent weakness of the party system of government. Party politics assure elections costing millions of dollars. The party system is outmoded, antiquated and is an obsolete system of financial groups or financial parties—rather than a democratic institution to elect the federal and provincial government members. —W. S. Bill Beaton, Sudbury, Ont.

• . . . The Conservative Party is dying a natural death just as the Liberal Party has done in England, with a return to the two-party system—Conservatives and Labour. In Canada, it will be the Liberals and the CCF forming the two main groups. —Mrs. Marjorie Pinney, Burlington, Ont.

• Hutchison should know that most mature countries have long since abandoned the two-party system which is a travesty of democracy. As Canada matures it will adopt—as is already indicated—the multi-party system. To obtain stable and democratic government under this system, proportional representation is necessary. This is shown by the stable and progressive governments of the Scandinavian countries, Finland, Holland, Belgium and, above all, Switzerland. —C. Burbridge, North Vancouver.

• Bruce Hutchison's masterpiece . . . reminds me of a bridge player, who having had nearly all the honors dealt to him, presumed to tell his defeated opponents how they should have played their hand.

I suggest that a new leader would help, but not necessarily in the PC party. If Mr. Hutchison is perturbed at the top-heavy Liberal majority, which does not embarrass Mr. St. Laurent, he might try promoting the idea of an "English" Canadian leader for the Liberals in the next election. —W. L. Watson, Naramata, B.C.

• . . . I think Hutchison's article . . . should have as wide a circulation as possible in the interests of the welfare of our country. —F. Homer Zwicker, Lunenburg, N.S.

Five Geese a Day

The Happiest Hunting Ground (Sept. 15) contains erroneous information. . . . We point out that the Migratory Bird Regulations have been changed this year and that season bag limits have been removed completely. Goose hunters around James Bay and in other parts of Ontario and Quebec will be allowed a daily bag limit of five geese and a possession limit of ten geese during the 1953 season. There are no season bag limits.

Natives in Ontario and Quebec hunting for ducks and geese must abide by the same daily bag and possession limits. In the Northwest Territories (which include the waters and islands of James Bay) natives are allowed a daily bag limit of fifteen geese, with no limit on possession.

The article also states that "Twice a year the Cree fills his larder with geese for when the birds return in the spring he calls them down again. . . ." Spring shooting of migratory birds is absolutely forbidden. —W. Winston Mair, Department of Resources and Wildlife, Ottawa.

Nellie Had the Touch

I much appreciated the Flashback on Nellie McClung (Oct. 1). To us old sodbusters it brought many pleasant memories of the days when her first



story was published in the old *Nor'-West Farmer*. We couldn't wait to get home to read it and did so while the oxen plodded slowly homeward. —William Barnett, Elfros, Sask.

Dr. Jackson and the Telephone

David MacDonald's Flashback, *How Bell Invented the Telephone* (Sept. 15), was a very welcome selection. I would like to mention that a young physician, the late Frederick Jackson, of Brockville, made an outstanding improvement in Bell's invention.

Jackson was quite musical and often spent a Sunday evening in Bell's company and they discussed the instrument. Bell was using the tympanic membrane taken from a bull's ear-drum as the diaphragm. Jackson suggested they go to a Brantford photographer's shop and secure a used tintype. Bell got one and cut the metal to the desired shape. It proved an instantaneous success.

In the Anglican burial ground of the Brockville cemetery, where the doctor was buried in 1935, his tombstone bears testimony to the foregoing. "Invented the metallic diaphragm basic element of the telephone, 1874." —John Turner, Chesterville, Ont.

• I am shocked to see the picture of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell and his

Three grandchildren printed without a copyright notice or credit to the photographer, Gilbert Grosvenor. — Robert J. Reynolds, National Geographic Magazine, Washington.

To Dr. Grosvenor, distinguished president of the National Geographic Society and a son-in-law of Alexander Graham Bell, Maclean's extends a warm apology.

The 27th's Homecoming

I agree with Mrs. K. Hollywood's letter, Mailbag (Oct. 1). The men of the 27th gave their time, and some their lives, and now they receive criticism and a bad reputation that many do not deserve. . . . How about an article about those decent fellows, few as they may be, who deserve a good homecoming this November? . . . Miss R. Dutton, Newmarket, Ont.

From a Prairie Schooner

Even a yachtsman as far from his element as I am caught Robert Thomas Allen's mistake in Everybody Wants to Own a Yacht (Oct. 1). The mizzen



mast of a yawl is aft of the helm and that of a ketch forward of it. — C. A. Lavery, Saskatoon.

● In a two-masted boat where the mizzen is the smaller mast, the ketch has its mizzen before the rudder post and a yawl its mizzen abaft the rudder post. — D. M. Waters, Victoria.

The Nuns on the Cover

Congratulations on James Hill's most delightful cover (Oct. 15). It is the embodiment of the Quebec Catholic spirit combined with a sense of beauty only equalled by the famous Gauguin of Van Gogh's time. . . . It was so refreshing in this age of atomic research to think that people still plant tulips and educate the young in complete disregard for the monstrous developments in world-killing discoveries. . . . M. V. Fitzgerald, Verdun, Que.

● Do you feel that you must compete with the "funnies"? . . . Have you not shown poor taste in choosing a cover representing a sacred order that spends its all in alleviating the suffering of the lone and down-trodden for not one farthing in return? . . . Mrs. Alice Tinney, Sundridge, Ont.

● On Oct. 15 you grew a little finer. Your cover was beautiful. Your pages were very gracious. Believe me, sometimes it is difficult to put up with your failings (that damn whirlpool cover, Oct. 1) but if you achieve occasionally what you have achieved this time everything will be forgiven. — D'Arcy Pickard, North Vancouver.

The Power to Influence

The article on Ken Sobie, Exhibit "B" in the Great TV Debate (Oct. 15), demonstrates once again that this is an era in which mediocrity reigns supreme in North America. . . . "If I like it, they all like it," he is reported to have said. What an inspiring statement from someone who has the power to influence for good, or ill, the cultural tastes of thousands. Thank heaven for the CBC, although that is not all it might be. — F. L. B. Marston, Ottawa. ★

Will Diefenbaker Lead The Tories?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

convention next year or the year after. In that event John Diefenbaker will almost certainly be a candidate for the third time running, and this time he will probably be the favorite.

Diefenbaker is a tall, thin, curly-haired widower who at fifty-eight (sixteen months younger than Drew) looks boyish in spite of greying hair and a rather frail physique. A non-smoker who drinks seldom and very sparingly, he retains enough of a Baptist upbringing to decline political speech-making on Sunday, and he looks more at home at a church supper than at a stag party.

Nevertheless he has been the Conservatives' sharpshooter and parliamentary hatchet man for a dozen years—almost since he first entered the House in 1940. He is usually rated as the party's ablest debater and he has probably made more Liberals more indignant than any man in public life except maybe George Drew.

On Conservative audiences he has the opposite effect. In last summer's election campaign he was the speaker most often requested by candidates; except in Quebec, Drew ran him a poor second. Organizers give Diefenbaker credit for winning three Ontario ridings which they had crossed off as hopeless. Even his enemies in the party, who number not a few, concede that the Conservatives would have won more seats under Diefenbaker. In six Ontario and seven Maritime ridings the Conservative was beaten by a thousand or less. Many party men think Diefenbaker could have taken these thirteen and maybe more.

I talked to one of the unlucky thirteen last month. "A lot of people said they'd have liked to vote for me but they didn't like Drew," he said. "I figure half of them were just making an excuse—they'd have voted Liberal anyway. I think the other half were telling the truth—and that would have been enough. If we'd had John instead of George, I'd have been elected."

Yet it's by no means a foregone conclusion that Diefenbaker could win the party leadership. Even though few dispute his ability to win more seats than the present leader or any other now in sight, a powerful fraction of the Conservative Party is still against him.

This is just one paradox in a paradoxical career. Diefenbaker the Conservative sharpshooter was elected in Prince Albert by eight thousand Liberal votes (the total Conservative vote there in 1949 was far less than Diefenbaker's majority in 1953). Diefenbaker's personal popularity, especially out west, is partly due to the very fact that he's unpopular with a section of his own party. Diefenbaker has struck many people—including the late W. L. Mackenzie King—as a natural Liberal unaccountably strayed among Tories.

This political ambiguity is regarded with profound distrust by some old-line Conservatives. It explains in part why Diefenbaker is not a sure bet for the leadership of a party in which he seems the most popular figure, and why he failed to win that leadership at two party conventions.

Actually the 1942 defeat needs no explanation because Diefenbaker was not a serious candidate. In 1948 he really tried to win and still thinks he would have if delegates had been allowed to make up their own minds. Diefenbaker was opposed and Drew was supported by a group of men, mostly Torontonians, who have much to do with collecting party funds. Be-



An occasion worth celebrating!

A brilliant baby—whose health deserves to be drunk in lighter, smoother Anniversary Ale. It's brewed especially for occasions like this, with a lightness and smoothness that will make tomorrow as happy as today, combined with all the body and character traditionally Labatt's*.

For you—feeling thirsty is enough occasion for a bottle, or better still a case, of lighter, smoother Anniversary Ale. John Labatt Limited.

*The swing is DEFINITELY to Labatt's

TRY the world famous

MARTINI & ROSSI

VERMOUTH

and discover the DIFFERENCE

CHOSEN by connoisseurs for perfect cocktails. ENJOY Martini & Rossi Vermouth straight—well chilled, with a twist of lemon peel.

Try a jigger of Martini & Rossi Vermouth, jigger of rye, add ice and Soda. Delightful!

Contents now increased

IMPORTED IN THE BOTTLE

MARTINI & ROSSI • TORINO, ITALY

V-14

SAIL THE "SPANISH MAIN"

this winter Empress of Scotland
WEST INDIES CRUISES



Canadian Pacific again offers you three wonderful West Indies cruises aboard the deluxe Empress of Scotland, visiting St. Thomas, St. Lucia, La Guaira, Curacao, Cristobal, Canal Zone, Havana, Port of Spain, Jamaica and other gay ports-of-call.

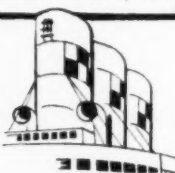
No passports required. Cruise membership limited to 425. Reserve now.

Full information on itineraries from your travel agent or any Canadian Pacific office.

CHOOSE FROM 3 CRUISES—LEAVING NEW YORK

January 29 17 day cruise—from \$425	February 17 18 day cruise—from \$450	March 9 17 day cruise—from \$425
---	--	--

Canadian Pacific



MAKE EXTRA MONEY

It's Easy to be a success! Sales are growing so rapidly we need more and more part-time agents to meet the ever-increasing demand.

Here, then, is a ready-made opportunity for YOU to make TOP PROFITS in your spare time. No experience necessary, no cash outlay — sales kit and instructions supplied FREE! Write NOW for full details to:

Fidelity Circulation Company of Canada, 210 Dundas Street West, Toronto 2.



"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE

REPLACE YOUR RUSTED TANK



with a
**Long-lasting
TANK of**

Everdur

✓NO RUST LEAKS ✓NO RUSTY WATER

You can have hot water when you need it—free from tank-generated rust—with a storage tank of Anaconda's non-rusting Everdur® Metal. You are sure of sparkling clear hot water for bathing, laundry and dish washing. See your plumbing contractor.

*Trade Mark Reg'd.

ANACONDA AMERICAN BRASS LIMITED

Main Office and Plant: New Toronto, Ontario.
Montreal Office: 939 Dominion Sq. Bldg. C-5519

First IN COPPER, BRASS AND BRONZE

sides helping to finance the party's election campaign they financed George Drew's campaign for party leadership on a scale far beyond anything the Diefenbaker forces could match.

That's what Diefenbaker men mean when they say he was "beaten by Bay Street." They claim that watchers were posted outside Diefenbaker's headquarters in the Chateau Laurier, noting who went in and ostentatiously writing their names in a little black book. Later the delegates would hear the blunt warning:

"You want campaign funds, don't you? Drew can get the money; Diefenbaker can't get a dime."

According to Diefenbaker's friends, the "Bay Street Colonels" think he is too progressive. Some, they say, are suspicious of his good relations with organized labor (Diefenbaker has been giving free legal advice to trade unions for years). Still others dislike his campaign for a Canadian Bill of Rights, which to them has a radical sound.

A few years ago some Conservatives decided on a campaign to "outlaw Communism." George Drew had no objection; the project got so far along that the literature was actually printed and awaiting distribution. Diefenbaker fought the idea in caucus, using the same arguments as Stuart Garson, the Liberal Minister of Justice, uses in public—that to outlaw Communism merely drives the party underground; that you can't put a man in jail for his beliefs, no matter what they are. Diefenbaker carried his point. The campaign literature, still in bales, was carted away and burned. But the incident did nothing to allay the suspicions of those who call Diefenbaker a "Leftist."

However, there are some who share Diefenbaker's concern for civil liberties and still don't like his Bill of Rights. They say it's unsound constitutionally and some of them add that Diefenbaker is too good a lawyer not to know this.

Perhaps the doubters of this type are more often Liberals than Conservatives, though. What worries Conservatives more is their doubt of his ability to swing his own personal following to the Conservative Party.

Help From the Opposition

His election campaign last summer was a perfect case in point. Prince Albert has been Diefenbaker's home town for thirty years, but not his parliamentary constituency—he sat for Lake Centre, in central Saskatchewan about halfway between Regina and Saskatoon, until it was wiped out by redistribution last year.

Prince Albert hadn't gone Conservative since 1911. The Conservative candidate in 1949 got only twenty-two hundred votes. Local Liberals were thunderstruck when Diefenbaker got ten thousand, a plurality of more than three thousand, and put his Liberal opponent in third place.

It was a personal triumph of the first magnitude, but Conservatives are still wondering whether it was a party triumph. Many think it wasn't.

Diefenbaker's principal backer, financial supporter and campaign manager in Prince Albert was self-made merchant Fred Hadley, who had always been an inactive but loyal Liberal. Another leading organizer, Ed Jackson, is still a member in good standing of the CCF. Jackson's approach to the Prince Albert voter went something like this:

"I'm no more a Conservative than you are, but I think John Diefenbaker deserves a seat in parliament."

Hadley and Jackson started work six months before Diefenbaker had

even decided to run in Prince Albert. They studiously avoided the old Conservative organization there and made their campaign a personal appeal for Diefenbaker as "The Voice of the North."

His old Lake Centre organization turned out to be personal, too. Most of its key men came up to Prince Albert to "help elect John." They showed no interest in the hapless Conservative in Moose Jaw-Lake Centre, the new riding which contained at least two-thirds of the voters who'd elected Diefenbaker in 1949. This time the Conservative ran a bad third to the CCF's Ross Thatcher and a Liberal.

This personal support is only partly due to Diefenbaker's parliamentary renown. Much of it he earned as a prairie lawyer with a reputation for defending little men's interests.

Ten years ago, for example, a group of farmers near Prince Albert sold alfalfa seed to a big grain trader who'd been their agent. They lost money on the deal and he made a big profit. They decided to sue him, but seven lawyers told them they had no case. They went to Diefenbaker, who won the case for them and recovered a substantial sum.

In previous elections these farmers had voted solidly CCF. Last summer they all voted for Diefenbaker.

Roman Catholics in Saskatchewan are mostly Liberal—they've never forgiven the Conservative Party for the school law, passed more than twenty years ago, forbidding nuns to wear the costume of their order when teaching in public schools. However, Diefenbaker once successfully defended a Catholic school trustee against a charge of violating school laws; and last summer one solidly Catholic village which had never before voted anything but Liberal gave Diefenbaker a majority.

Such incidents raise doubts in many Conservative minds as to whether these personal Diefenbaker supporters would ever vote for the Conservative Party as such—even if Diefenbaker were its leader.

Another doubt, and this one is shared by some of his best friends, is whether Diefenbaker has the physical stamina for party leadership. He is not robust, he has had pneumonia several times in the last ten years, and even admirers wonder whether he could stand the heavy strain that falls on a party chief.

Aside from physique, Diefenbaker has a vulnerable temperament. He is by no means a recluse and he enjoys good conversation, but he is not gregarious as most politicians are. Except for annual fishing and hunting trips with old Prince Albert friends, he has no hobbies. He and his wife Edna, who died two years ago, used to lead a very quiet life in Ottawa, usually living in one room at the Chateau Laurier and returning to the small house in Prince Albert they occupied until they moved to a new, bigger house not long before Edna Diefenbaker died.

Diefenbaker is almost morbidly sensitive to criticism. He can be cut to the quick, and thrown off stride, by things a tougher politician would shrug off. He even seems to have infected some of his workers with this tenderness of skin.

In Prince Albert last summer the Liberals circulated half a dozen anti-Diefenbaker cartoons. Diefenbaker workers told me about them in tones of horror. Diefenbaker himself said "they made votes for us, not for the Liberals," but he plainly thought they were a pretty low smear. In fact the "smear" consisted mainly in the charge that John Diefenbaker was running as a George Drew Conservative. But one Diefenbaker man said: "I just don't

think John is the type of man who should be cartooned."

If Diefenbaker ever gets to be party leader he and his followers will be cured of that notion.

Diefenbaker's thin skin is related to another charge made by his critics—the most frequent and the most serious. This is the charge that he doesn't work well with other people, that he's poor at team play, a good stick-handler who won't pass the puck.

It is certainly true that Diefenbaker has had differences with other Conservative leaders, and it's probably no coincidence that the Diefenbaker supporters in parliament are mostly, though not all, backbenchers who have little voice in policy. It is also true that Diefenbaker doesn't always manage to conceal his low opinion of certain colleagues. He has a sharp

elder Diefenbaker's death. In 1903 the family moved to Saskatchewan, where Conservatives were almost as scarce as now.

The 1915 Class Prophet of Saskatchewan University predicted that Diefenbaker would end as Leader of the Opposition—Sir Robert Borden's Conservative Government was then in office. In 1923 when he was a young lawyer in the village of Wakaw, Diefenbaker was even elected secretary of the local Liberal Association, a fact which Hon J. G. Gardiner exhumed in parliament with obvious relish a few years ago.

Diefenbaker says these appearances are misleading—that he has always been a Conservative. The Liberal post in Wakaw was just a mistake, he says; he wasn't active in politics there and the Liberals elected him when he was out of town. He isn't sure what switched him over from the family's politics—maybe it was the election of 1911, when the reciprocity issue was often presented as the Empire versus the U. S. A. Diefenbaker at seventeen was a strong British Commonwealth man, as he still is.

After he graduated in Arts he spent two years in the army—got overseas but was invalided home in time to finish his law course by 1919.

Northern Saskatchewan in those days was a lawyer's paradise. It had lately been settled by European immigrants, many of whom were free citizens for the first time. There is no better way to prove you are a free citizen than to take your neighbor to court. Young Diefenbaker got his share.

His first case was heard on his twenty-fourth birthday. His client was accused of attempted murder—he had shot a neighbor after threatening to do so for years, and could think of no better excuse than to say he thought the victim was a wolf. The judge gave a charge which, it seemed, practically directed the jury to convict, and Diefenbaker resigned himself to losing his first case.

Ten minutes later the jury was back with the verdict "not guilty." The judge was furious, and scolded the jurymen before dismissing them. Diefenbaker concealed his elation and his astonishment with equal difficulty. A few days later he met the jury foreman and asked:

"Frankly, how on earth did you find that fellow not guilty?"

"We talked it over," said the foreman, "and somebody said 'After all, it's the kid's first case.' Then somebody else said 'And it's his birthday.' That settled it—we all voted for acquittal."

That story isn't typical but it is symbolic, for Diefenbaker has always had a way with a Saskatchewan jury. In a great wave of fraud cases that followed the collapse of a farm co-operative, Diefenbaker had sixty-two jury trials in his first twelve months of practice. He won about half of them, and came out with a tremendous reputation as a defense counsel.

It wasn't entirely a local reputation, either. Diefenbaker became mildly famous in the early 1920s among the lawyers of Saskatoon. Rumors spread about a youngster just out of law school who was making pots of money in some godforsaken place called Wakaw, and putting his money into safe investments so that he could afford to go into politics as soon as possible.

Neither rumor was groundless. Diefenbaker had wanted to be a member of parliament since he was ten years old. After five prosperous years in Wakaw he moved to Prince Albert and plunged into Conservative politics.

In the 1925 election he was beaten



This is Anna, aged 3½. She and her mother have known only loneliness and endless despair. Her parents, driven from their native Latvia met in a forced labor camp in Germany. Here, Anna was born. Broken in health and in spirit, Anna's father died in anguish for his loved ones. With little more hope than at the beginning, and in spite of utter misery, Anna and her mother fled into the Western Zone, driven by a fierce longing for home and roots. Home has been a DP barracks, cold, bare and damp. To them all is lost. There is no chance to emigrate. The young mother now has TB . . . Who will look after Anna . . . Where will she go?

There are thousands of children like Anna. For them war's end has brought no respite from hunger, cold and terror. Your help can mean hope and security . . . the chance to live in a free world in peace and love. The Plan is dedicated to peace in one world where our children will have to live with these children. We need your help to help them!

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will immediately be sent the case history and picture of "your" child upon receipt of application with initial payment.

Who will
look after
Anna . . .
where will
she go?

Your relationship with "your" child is on a most personal level . . . we do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his/her needs.

Your child is told that you are his/her Foster Parent, and correspondence through our office is encouraged. At once that child is touched by love and a sense of belonging. The Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian independent relief organization, helping children in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, England, Western Germany and South Korea. International headquarters are in New York. Financial statements are filed with Montreal Department of Social Welfare and full information is available to any competent authority in Canada.

Funds are needed desperately for plastic surgery, artificial limbs, artificial eyes, that the children who have suffered so cruelly may have the necessary aids to give them some comfort, hope and love. Your help is not only vital to a child struggling for life itself—but also toward world understanding and friendship. Your help can mean—and do—so much. Won't you share with one of them, please, and let some child love you?

All contributions deductible for Income Tax purposes

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN

PARTIAL LIST OF SPONSORS AND FOSTER PARENTS

Dr. R. P. Baird, Kitchener, Ont. — Mr. & Mrs. Peter D. Curry, Winnipeg, Man. — Mrs. L. B. Cutler, Vancouver, B.C. — Rev. Dr. E. R. Fairweather, M.A., Toronto, Ont. — Anna Freud — Thomas Mann — J. Q. Maunsell, Q.C., Montreal, Que. — Chief Justice Thibault, Rinfret, Ottawa — University of Toronto—United Church Group, Grand Falls, Nfld.—Keweenaw Club, Peterborough, Ont.

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN, DEPT. L-3

P.O. Box 65, Station "B" Montreal, Que., Canada

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a War Child for one year. If possible, sex _____ I will pay \$15 a month for one year (\$180.00). Payments will be made quarterly (_____) yearly (_____) monthly (____). I enclose herewith my first payment \$____.

B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing \$_____.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____ Date _____

NOTE: Contributions are deductible from Income Tax.

ANALYZE HANDWRITING
MORE INCOME . . . MORE PRESTIGE AND MORE SUCCESS!
FASCINATING, untold professional business, full or spare time. Free illustrated lesson and year-book shows how men and women in home and business find opportunity in analyzing handwriting. Understand People—Make Money. Free lesson and information about amazing opportunity if over 21. Write today! I.G.A.S., Inc., 96 Wilhoit Building, Springfield, Missouri

Make a Christmas note
TO SOLVE YOUR GIFT PROBLEM WITH
Cash's WOVEN NAMES
A personal gift for everyone on your list. Permanent, attractive. Easy to sew on, or apply with CASH'S NO-SO CEMENT. Order early—from dealers, or direct . . .
Cash's—Belleville 15 Ontario
CASH'S 3 doz \$1.80 9 doz \$3.00 NO-SO CEMENT
NAMES 6 doz \$2.40 12 doz \$3.50 per tube 25c

First Aid for CHAPPED HANDS
USE ONLY GENUINE
Vaseline
WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

tongue and some talent for mimicry, and he can be very funny at the expense of colleagues.

In some relationships, though, Diefenbaker has proved he can work very well with other people. Friends have been equally amazed and amused to see how he gets men to work for him in his own riding.

On an organizing tour of Lake Centre some years ago, Diefenbaker was told by his representative lining up delegates for the nominating convention in one district: "There'll be nobody but me, my wife, my sister and her husband. We're the only Conservatives hereabouts."

"That won't do," said Diefenbaker briskly. "I'll have to get someone who can do better than that. Who's the leading Liberal around here?"

It turned out to be a farmer down the road a piece. Diefenbaker drove there at once, found his quarry was at work in the field, and said: "I'm John Diefenbaker and I'd like you to organize this poll for me. Will you do it?"

The erstwhile Liberal said he would, and he did.

It's part of Diefenbaker's inheritance to be politically ambidextrous. Like his personal friend and political foe Mackenzie King, Diefenbaker had an ancestor on both sides in the Rebellion of 1837. Great-grandfather Diefenbaker, who'd come to Upper Canada from Germany in 1818, was a Loyalist. His Scottish great-grandfather Bannerman, who came out with Selkirk to the Red River and who paddled and portaged to a spot near Toronto when that venture failed, was a supporter of William Lyon Mackenzie.

By 1895, when John was born, both sides of the family had become Liberal. Diefenbaker remembers most clearly a childhood admiration for Sir Wilfrid Laurier. His father had taught the young Mackenzie King at Berlin, Ont., and they remained friends until the



... and because of this lasting beauty, Irish Linen will still be in proud use — still luxurious to look at and to touch — years, even generations from now.

Choose your Irish Linen gifts from the wide selection now being shown in your nearby dry goods or department store.

THE IRISH LINEN GUILD



137 WELLINGTON ST. W., TORONTO

When guests drop in...

Serve
'Cinci'

BRADING'S
Cincinnati Cream
LAGER

by a Liberal named Macdonald. Macdonald resigned to give his seat to Mackenzie King, so in 1926 Diefenbaker was beaten by King. In the provincial election of 1929 he was beaten by Hon. T. C. Davis, now Canadian ambassador to West Germany.

Looking back now, Diefenbaker thinks all his defeats were blessings in disguise, and particularly the one in 1929; he escaped the taint of association with the Anderson Government, the only Conservative regime Saskatchewan has ever had, and still linked in western minds with the Ku Klux Klan and the Great Depression. Instead of a colleague Diefenbaker became a successor; he took over the provincial Conservative leadership when ex-Premier Anderson resigned in 1936.

Diefenbaker did his best, with no money and no encouragement, to get a field of candidates nominated for the provincial election of 1938. Many dropped out before nomination day for lack of funds. All the rest were beaten, including Diefenbaker himself in Arm River, which by a portentous coincidence is part of the federal riding Lake Centre.

Diefenbaker's wife Edna had the same low opinion of politics at that time as most politicians' wives have. To her enormous relief John said he was through with politics for life. After five defeats in thirteen years (he'd run for mayor of Prince Albert, in a momentary aberration of judgment, and lost that too) he was ready to give up all idea of becoming an MP.

Drafted Against His Will

One year later he and his wife were at Humboldt, Sask., where Diefenbaker was counsel in a law case, when he got a call from Lake Centre. A federal nomination meeting was being held there next day. Would he come down and speak, just to thank the voters of Arm River for having come within three hundred votes of electing him? Diefenbaker said he would.

"You're not weakening, I hope?" said his wife as they set off.

"Certainly not," said Diefenbaker. "I'm driving down there to make a speech, that's all."

When he got there somebody put his name in nomination. Diefenbaker said it would be a great honor, and if there were no local men available he might accept, but there were three Lake Centre men to choose from and he withdrew in their favor. He thought that was the end of it—the convention went ahead and nominated the local Conservative Party president.

The Diefenbakers were just getting into their car to drive back to Humboldt when the new candidate came running out: "We're re-convening the convention; don't go for a minute. Come on in."

Inside, the new candidate addressed what was left of the convention: "John Diefenbaker said he'd accept nomination if there were no local men available. I and the other two local candidates think John would be a better man than any of us, and we are retiring in his favor right now."

Before Diefenbaker could think of anything to say his nomination was confirmed and the convention broke up. He got into the car beside his indignant wife and they drove for twenty miles before either of them said a word. (Edna Diefenbaker got over her resentment in the end; for the last ten years of her life she took as much interest, and almost as active a part, in politics as her husband did.)

But it didn't look then as if he'd be back in politics for long. In many

a Lake Centre village he couldn't find a single Conservative. He became so self-conscious that he'd park his car outside town and wait until dark before slipping into a Grit stronghold to confer with some lone Tory. But to everyone's surprise, not least his own, he won by eight hundred and fifty-six votes.

That election was perhaps the worst of the Conservative catastrophes. The party was not only decimated, it was decapitated—its new leader, Hon. Robert Manion, was defeated in his own seat, and resigned. With a few exceptions like Howard Green of Vancouver and the late Gordon Graydon of Peel, there were no distinguished figures among the bedraggled handful cast up on the beach after the shipwreck of 1940.

Against this dun background, newcomer John Diefenbaker stood out. He became a leading Conservative debater almost at once, and got more favorable publicity than any of his colleagues. He has been doing so ever since, with mixed effect on his popularity with other Conservatives.

Toward the end of Diefenbaker's first term, the Mackenzie King Government introduced its Family Allowances Bill. Progressive Conservative Leader John Bracken, who had no seat in the House at the time, called it a "political bribe." George Drew, then Premier of Ontario, promised to do all he could to prevent it from going into effect. It was taken for granted these views would be endorsed by Conservative MPs with a unanimous vote against Family Allowances.

Diefenbaker, supported by Howard Green, stood up in caucus against the party leadership. He remembered his own childhood on a western homestead, he said, and how much a family allowance would have meant to his own parents. The rest might do as they liked, but he would vote for the bill. Other MPs were emboldened to take the same stand. In the end not a single Conservative vote was cast against Family Allowances—the one diehard opponent, Dr. Herbert Bruce of Toronto-Parkdale, was persuaded to be absent when the vote was taken.

In three campaigns since then the Conservatives have spent much time denying that they're against Family Allowances. A recorded vote on the Bracken-Drew line would have made this denial sound pretty hollow. Diefenbaker's revolt against the party line of 1944 made possible the party lines of 1945, 1949 and 1953.

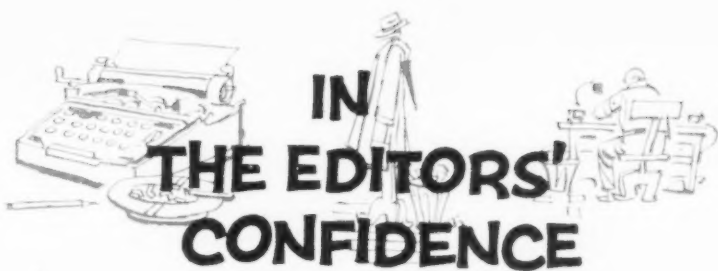
Naturally this did Diefenbaker very little good. Politicians don't like a man who was right when they were wrong. They prefer the loyalty of the Light Brigade or the Boy on the Burning Deck.

But though his tendency to follow his own judgment has not made Diefenbaker a favorite with party leaders it hasn't by any means disproved his capacity to be a party leader himself. The open question, among friend and foe, is "How much difference would it make?"

Certainly the party would not move any further to the Right, but would it move to the Left either? In most of the big choices of the past ten years, Diefenbaker and those who think like him have, anyway, been able to halt the Old Guard's rush to the Right.

Probably the party would gain more seats—but would it gain the ninety more seats that it needs for a working majority?

If Conservatives decide that the answer to that question is "yes," a convention will certainly be held and Diefenbaker will certainly win it. Meanwhile, most of them are still undecided. ★



A Surprise Package For Christmas

EVER since last February it has been Christmas around our office, for that was the time when we began to think of producing a special Christmas Surprise Package for our readers. Admittedly, it isn't too easy to be Christmas-minded in February, when bills from the previous Christmas are still lying around unpaid, but we girded ourselves for the task and the results we think are pretty happy. They will appear in our next issue and we hope will serve as pleasant relaxation between bouts of Christmas shopping.

The first thing we did was to ask that indefatigable researcher, Fred Bodsworth, to look into the state of Christianity. A simple question, by the sound of it, but a fantastically difficult assignment. Bodsworth has been talking to ministers, laymen, church officials of all creeds, and even atheists ever since, and the result is a ten-thousand-word document which we think you'll find as thought-provoking as it is comprehensive.

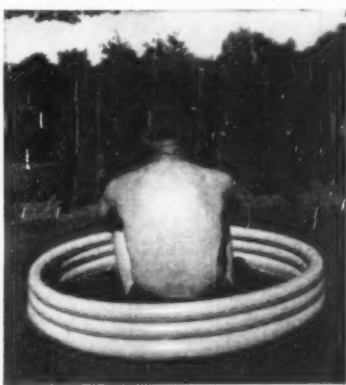
About the same time we ran into Robert Thomas Allen, the wealthy free-lance writer back from his annual trip to Florida. Allen said he *wasn't* wealthy and that he could go to Florida cheaper than he could go to Muskoka. We asked him how, and he told us so convincingly that we thought it might make a nice Christmas present to give the formula to our readers. Which is just what he's done.

Christmas and Charles Dickens seem compatible and as we couldn't get a new piece from Dickens we asked James Bannerman if he'd like to take our readers along with Dickens on a tour that the novelist made through Canada more than a century ago. The result has been illustrated by Duncan Macpherson in the best Phiz tradition and we think you'll be intrigued by some of the things Dickens had to say about this country, all reported in Bannerman's best CBC-Wednesday-Night style.

At the same time we asked three other specialists to prepare gifts of their own for our readers. From Mary E. Grannan, whose Just Mary stories for children are well known to radio listeners, we have a special children's Christmas story, and we asked Oscar Cahen to illustrate it in full color. It's meant to be read to the kids around bedtime. From Peter Whalley we commissioned a special Christmas Shopping Game which adults and children can play

around Christmastime. It conveys, we think, the same sense of frustration you get in department-store elevators around this time of year, and there are in addition eleven wonderful cartoons in full color to accompany it. Finally we wrote to Robert W. Service, the poet of the Klondike, and asked if he'd care to compose a Christmas ballad for our readers. Service, who is in his eighties and now lives on the French Riviera, answered spryly in the affirmative. The Twins of Lucky Strike, which reintroduces some famous Service characters, is the result.

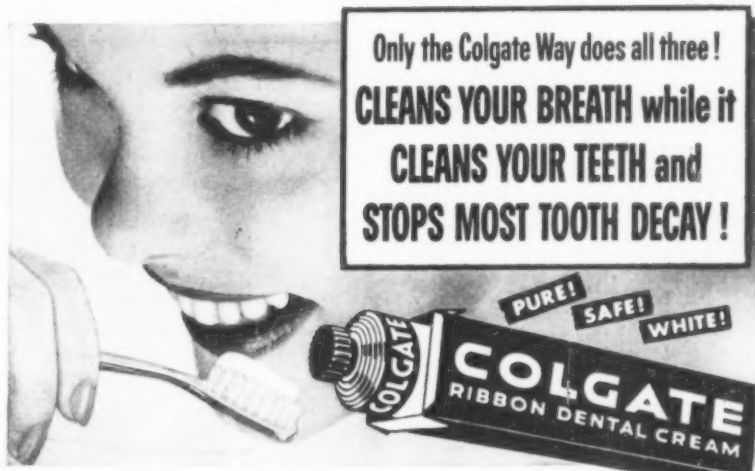
Then, last summer, when Yousuf



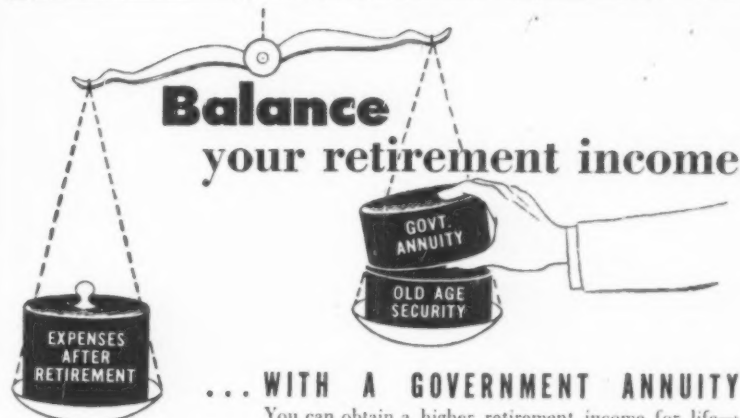
Candid lens shows wealthy Bob Allen sunning himself in his private pool.

Karsh was taking the photographs of Quebec City, which appear in this current issue, he asked Premier Maurice Duplessis for permission to photograph the famous Polish art treasures which have been under lock and key since the war. (See, Who Will Get the Polish Art Treasures? July 15.) Negotiations were delicate but Karsh got his pictures. The job involved immense difficulties, such as commandeering an entire art gallery and closing it to the public, and building a giant scaffolding to hang rare tapestries on (not to mention installing a block and tackle to haul the tapestries into place). One photograph took two hours to make but the results are simply magnificent and the treasures will appear for the first time anywhere in full color in Maclean's next issue, in a special six-page section. The whole issue will be published early in the Christmas season in plenty of time for readers to mail it to their friends in other countries who don't see Maclean's, and will be our way of wishing you all a very merry Christmas. ★

Now! ONE brushing with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM removes up to 85% of odor- and decay-causing bacteria!



Gives you a cleaner, fresher mouth all day long!



FEDERAL
DEPARTMENT OF LABOUR

... WITH A GOVERNMENT ANNUITY

You can obtain a higher retirement income for life—at lower cost—by incorporating a Government Annuity with Old Age Security. Ask for details of this Level Retirement Income Plan.

You can purchase Government Annuities outright, or in monthly instalments.

Payable immediately, or at a designated age.

Won't lapse, even if you miss a payment.

No medical examination required.

Assure TOMORROW'S Income TODAY!

MAIL COUPON (POSTAGE FREE) TODAY!

Mail to: The Director, Canadian Government Annuities
Department of Labour, Ottawa (Postage Free)

MM23

Please send me information showing how a Canadian Government Annuity can bring me retirement income at low cost.

My name is.....
(Mr./Mrs./Miss)

I live at.....

Date of Birth.....

Age when Annuity to start.....

Telephone.....

I understand that information given will be held confidential

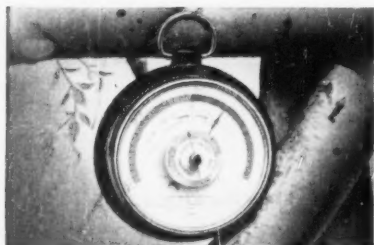
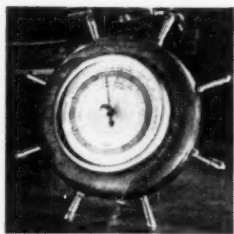
GIFT SOLUTIONS for all the men in your life!



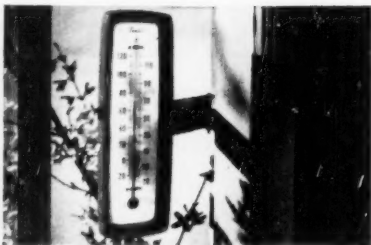
Solve your Christmas problems with famous Taylor instruments! Available at department, gift, jewelry, drug, optical or hardware stores. Taylor Instrument Companies of Canada Limited, Toronto.

◀ This Miniature Pendant Barometer tells tomorrow's weather today. Easy reading Stormguide* dial and thermometer. Beautiful inlaid mahogany case with brass trim. Looks like twice its modest price of \$23.50.

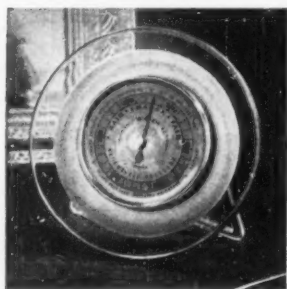
▶ Your sailor can avoid "soupy" weather with this sporty Ship's Wheel Stormguide*. Hand-rubbed walnut case with polished brass spokes. For wall or desk. A real man's gift. Just \$13.00.



Does he fish? Give him this Fisherman's Barometer. It tells when fish are in a biting mood. Veteran fishermen swear by it. Forecasts the weather too! Easy reading dial, plastic case, 3 1/4" diameter. Altitude adjustment on back. \$10.50.



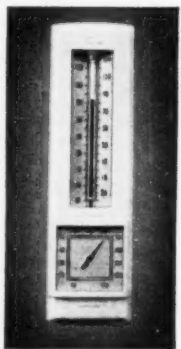
Every man appreciates a good window thermometer. This is Taylor's newest, modern-design model. Translucent back silhouettes the figures and markings of the thermometer scale in bold relief. Attractive aqua-green Tenite case. A weather-proof, practical present for only \$3.50.



Taylor Avondale Baroguide* Barometer was styled by Walter Darwin Teague to harmonize with any setting. 5" crystal clear plastic case, with gold and ivory tinted dial and gold toned trim. A distinctive gift for home or office, \$9.00



Weather forecast, temperature and humidity are all indicated on the Fairmont Baroguide* Barometer. Deep maroon plastic case has gold-finished reed trim. Adjustable for altitudes 0 to 3,500 ft. 8" x 5 1/4", just \$17.00.



Taylor's famous Indoor-Outdoor Thermometer tells how to dress comfortably by showing the outdoor temperature indoors—room temperature too! Walnut or ivory plastic case, \$9.00.



◀ Brand new Pendant Comfortguide* Combination tells relative humidity, recommended temperature zone for comfort at that humidity, and actual room temperature. Case of warm grey plastic, white figures on maroon dial. And only \$5.50.

Taylor Instruments
MEAN ACCURACY FIRST

*Trade-mark.



A CALGARY resident used to bore his wife by telling her over and over what a good buy he had made in their new house—how well-built it was, how sturdy, and so on. It did lack an electric plug in the basement, so he decided to put it in himself.

When he drilled the first hole, and a shower of felt sprinkled down into his eyes, he exultantly bounded upstairs to brag that the house was even insulated with felt between the floors.

His wife silently pointed to a ragged circular hole in her living-room carpet.

...

A recent Parade story about Wolfville, N.S., being a Tory stronghold has brought forth some pungent denials, and one piece of documentary proof. When two spinster sisters went to the cemetery to pick out a plot they enquired about upkeep. The caretaker said payment of a certain sum assured perpetual care.

"But how do future caretakers know that our plot is entitled to perpetual care?" they asked.

The caretaker said, "We affix to each headstone a marker engraved PC."

The two sisters broke off negotiations, swearing that never would they have those two letters attached to their names.

...

An eager young teacher at an Edmonton public school greeted a well-dressed man in the teachers' lounge in a friendly manner, "I have



twenty-three children; how many have you?"

He was startled. "Two," he said, "but we're expecting another next month."

A few minutes later she paraded her twenty-three pupils in front of him. He was the fire inspector.

...

A housewife in Winnipeg tended to her mending one chilly evening recently before the furnace was started up. For comfort—and to save a trip upstairs—she simply slipped on her husband's long underwear which she had been mending.

Presently, she heard her husband's key in the door, and in he walked—with three of his friends. She has been known as Eskimo Sal ever since.

A know-it-all fisherman took his brother-in-law out on Okanagan Lake one afternoon and completely flustered him by a series of contradictory instructions. The novice capped it by throwing his line carelessly so that it tangled into big loops. The experienced fisherman was decrying the bungling when



there came a terrific tug on the line.

When the line was reeled in there was a fish on the hook and another in one of the loops.

...

A garage proprietor in Pigeon Lake, Man., got a telephoned request from another garage a few miles down the highway to flag down a car with a certain Ontario license. The driver had apparently gone off without his passenger, a lady who was now cooling her heels impatiently.

The garageman stopped the Ontario car, but the driver emphatically denied leaving anyone behind. He was so certain that the garageman thought this must be the wrong car; but just then the driver looked into the back seat and immediately yelped, "My gosh—my wife!"

...

A beauty parlor in Edson, Alta., has this card in its window:

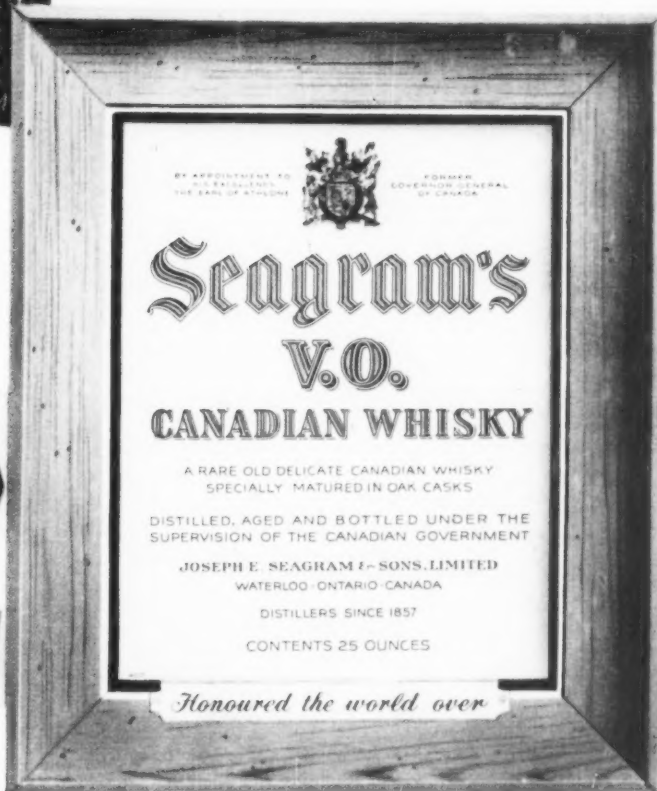
**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR HAIR BACK**

...

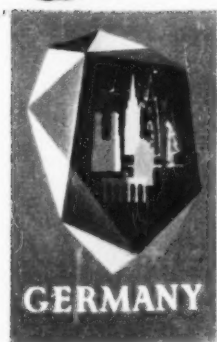
A junior naval officer gave a lecture illustrated by some of his own marine films to an audience at RCN headquarters at Ottawa recently. To operate the projector, he enlisted the help of a pleasant gentleman in civvies, giving him brisk instructions in a commanding quarter-deck manner.

After the film, the chairman rose and asked if Vice-Admiral E. R. Mainguy, Chief of the Naval Staff, would thank the lecturer. The volunteer projectionist strode to the platform while the junior naval officer shrank into his chair.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



VENEZIA



O f all whiskies exported throughout the world from any country,

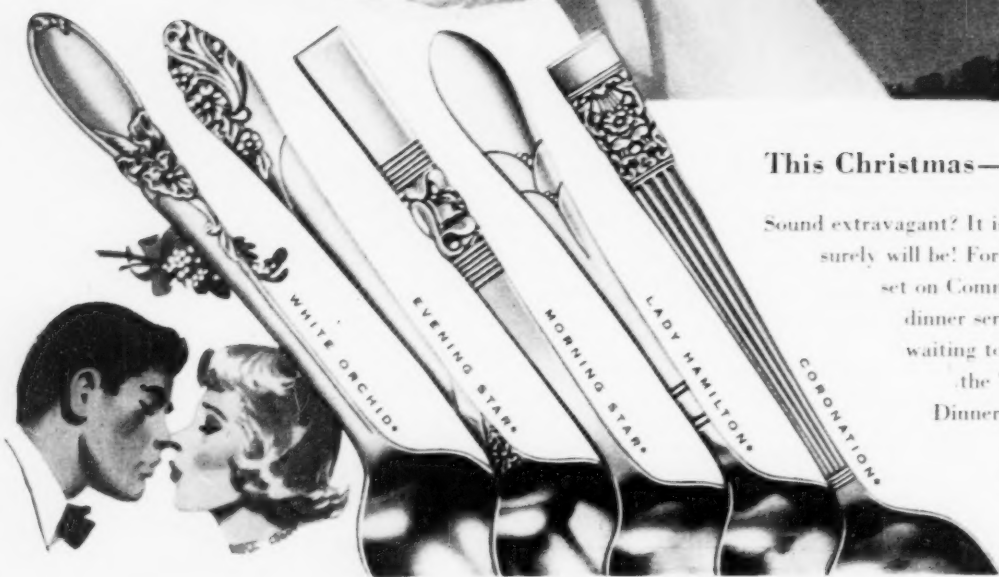
more Seagram's V.O. is sold than any other brand.

she's in love
... and she loves

Community



for Christmas



This Christmas—give her a service for 8—complete!

Sound extravagant? It isn't, but the thanks you'll get from the one you love surely will be! For every bride (and sweetheart and wife) has her heart set on Community. Not just a place setting or two—but a whole dinner service. All she needs, when she needs it. Your dealer is waiting to show you Community's five world-famous patterns; the "Overlay" of pure silver for lifetime wear protection. Dinner services for 8 from \$68.75 including chest lined with anti-tarnish fabric. (Easy payments, if you wish.) Word to the wise shopper—order early to be sure of Community*... the finest silverplate.

*TRADEMARK OF ONEIDA LTD., COPYRIGHT 1952, ONEIDA LTD.

